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• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST
1944

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The Letter

He builds Curtiss Commandos — and the letter was from his son, who flies them. It told of 3,000,000 miles of flight each day by pilots of the ATC alone — of shuttling state officials, military cargo and wounded men between the four corners of the earth — of a trans-ocean flight every hour of the day and night.

And it closed by saying: "I wonder how many people at home realize what this all adds up to — the millions of trained flyers and ground men in the services, American bases all over the world, and the priceless skills of the people who build airplanes . . . It is one of the few dividends this war can pay, if the people only realize it!"

"If the people only realize it!" Realize, for instance, that in the time it takes you to read this page, 2,000 miles will be flown by the planes of the Air Transport Command alone!

Realize that the vast energy of American aviation resulting from this war can be the greatest instrumentality of world peace ever created by the skills and the planning of men.

Realize that billions of dollars and thousands of man-years of training have been invested in those skills . . . that failure to use them wisely and well, after this war is won,

will mean the squandering of jobs for the flyers who come back — the waste of the training and the faith of millions — the loss of a power more effective than any statesmen's blueprints to break down localism, promote trade, and bring the nations of the world closer together in understanding.

But many problems must first be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action both *outside* as well as *in* the aviation industry:

Problems of reconversion and finance, of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security — of the distribution of surplus military aircraft and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

Solution of these problems will depend upon *all* of us, not alone upon those of us who build airpower.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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FIELD MATTRESS. Spare the frame, Bub, no need to flop on cold, hard terra firma when you could sleep in comfort (?) on a soft field mattress. Made of shredded latex foam rubber, equipped with hundreds of tiny holes to give adequate air circulation and coolness. The mattress is vermin-proof, doesn't need inflation, weighs 10½ lbs, and rolls into a 9" diameter by 30" long.



SLEEPING ON AIR. Blow some of that hot air of yours into a plastic air pillow. Just a 13"x8" case of khaki waterproof cotton fabric, treated inside with vinylite plastic. All the seams are cemented airtight and the plastic tube seals itself and holds the air in the pillow without clamps. Blow up to the desired size.



POUR LES DAMES. There's a jeweler who specializes in making up rings in appropriate birthstones according to the month in which your Love was born. The rings are 14 kt. gold and set with real jewels and surprisingly inexpensive considering that they're the real McCoy. January's Lady gets a garnet; February, an amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond (or a zircon which looks like a sparkler and is one third less in cost); May, an emerald; June, pearl; July a ruby; August, sardonyx; September, sapphire; October, moonstone or opal; November, topaz; and December a turquoise. The rings are designed so that they are swell for wedding rings, engagement rings, anniversary



or birthday rings. An idea worth considering.

FRESH FLOWERS MISTER? A certain florist goes to town on sentimental bouquets for men in uniform to send the Ladies in their Lives. You simply send in the amount you want to spend... with orders for a single flower, corsage or cut flowers to be sent to her every month, say, or every week or even daily for a specified time. Here's a stunt that will keep you constantly in her mind. Sure, your order will be wired anywhere in the country.



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DUO POLISHER. Another simplified item that lends itself to easy use in transit, is a double surfaced polishing cloth chemically treated with the polish right in the cloth itself. You first brush articles with one side of cloth, then polish with the other. Does a job on brass buttons, belts, bayonets, rifles, spurs, watches, knives, mess kits, etc.



Ranger

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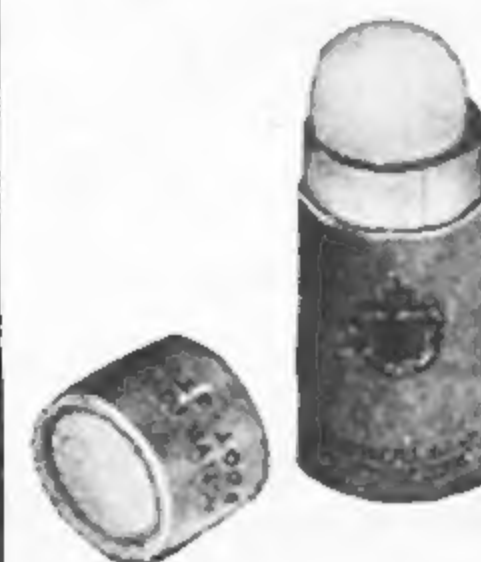


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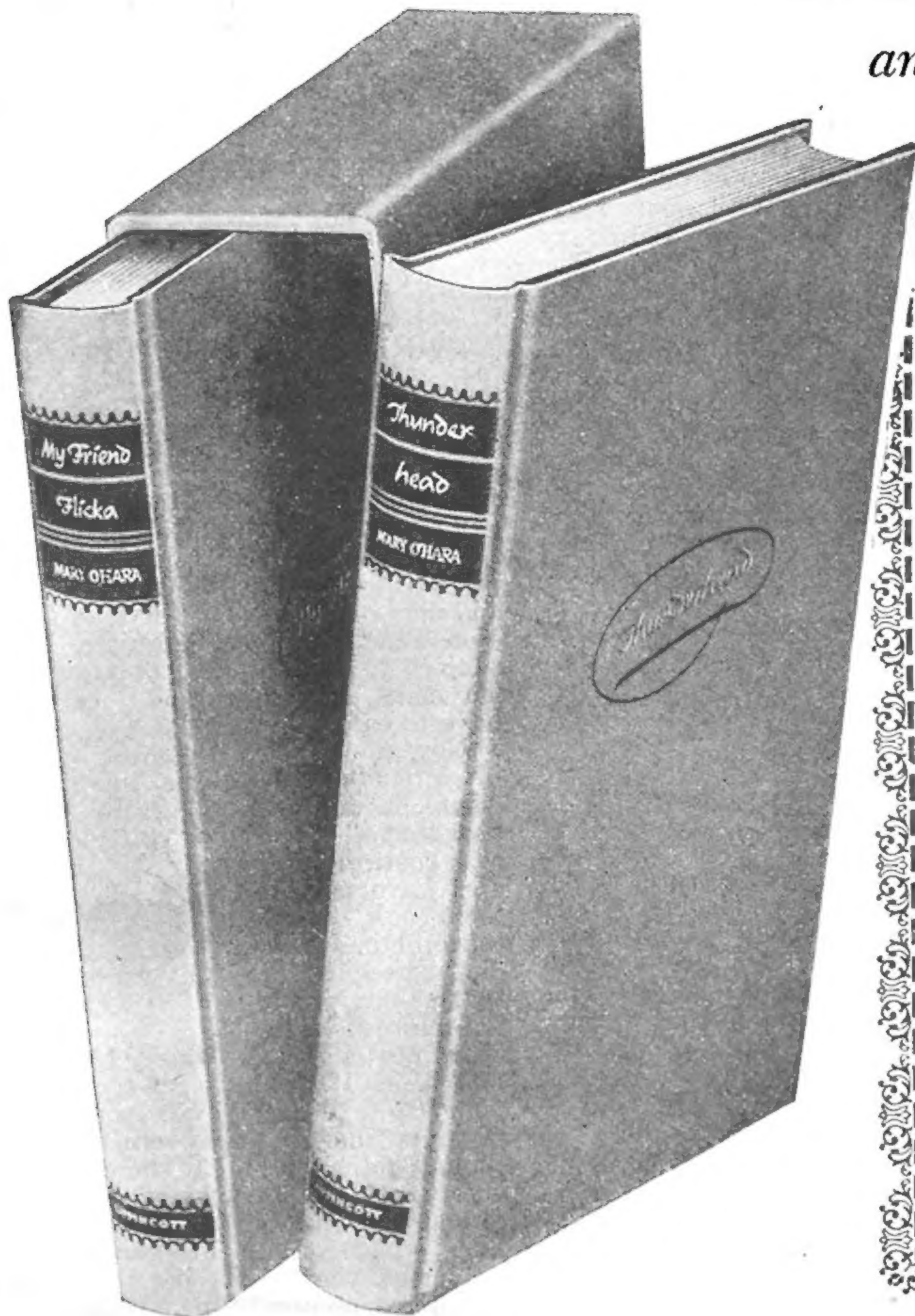
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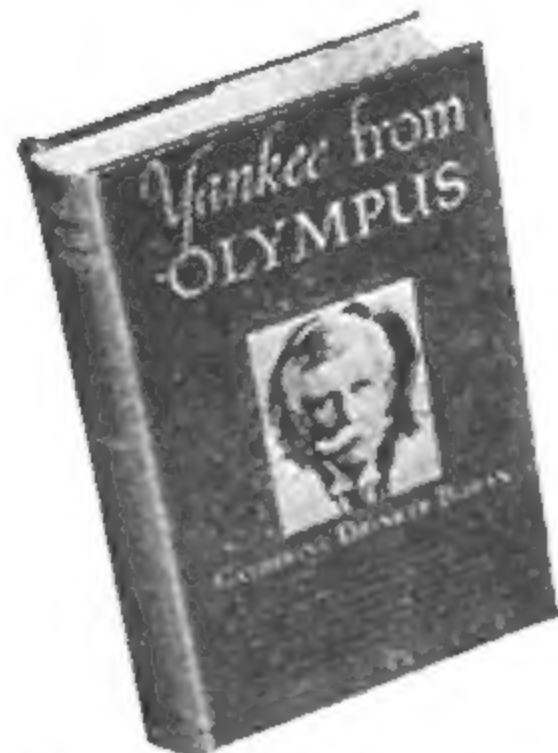
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AVOWALS THAT "ALL GOD'S CHILDREN CAN FLY"

Read your May magazine, referring to article by James W. Burke; I think this piece is what every instructor, Army and Navy man and every C. A. A. man should read. They won't like it because it is the gospel truth, in most points.

I am an Army instructor and believe that all of the cadets can fly, provided the Army will give them enough time; and when the slower ones do learn, they soon pass up the ones who learned fast. There is little excuse for so many washouts.

After the war I think that all pilots ought to be sensible enough to forget the glamor of flying and take it as a simple, everyday chore. Then we'd get someplace faster in post-war flying.

I enjoy your magazine very much and admire your spirit in printing bold articles of this type. More of them, please.

Sincerely,

ELLIOTT McDOWELL

Sikeston, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To avoid undue duplication in this limited space, let the record simply show that letters in complete agreement with that of Elliott McDowell's were received from Thomas Cushman, Senior Test Pilot, Republic Aviation Corps; Lt. Carl T. Moore, Army Air Forces, Wright Field, Ohio; Jess Gaugh, Civilian Flight Instructor, Indianapolis, Indiana and Capt. George M. Robertson, Air Transport Command, Memphis, Tenn.

BIRDS OF ANOTHER FEATHER

We beg the opportunity of publicly denouncing that eminent birdman and doctor of letters, Mr. James Wakefield Burke, as ill-informed, prejudiced, misleading and libelous to the civilian instructors, officers and men of the Army Air Corps.

Mr. Burke's qualifications for writing his edifying epistle must be his birdmindedness, plus his ability to fly an airplane "from Memphis to Los Angeles and back without mishap" after only one hour and fifty minutes' instruction. Oh, and since then has flown everything everywhere and under all conditions.

We will leave Mr. Burke's outrageous attack on the C. A. A. to those who, we are sure, can and will spring more capably to its defense. But we have a word concerning the Army.

Mr. Burke says that in many cases boys are washed out of flying training because the instructors, civilian and military, actually believe they are saving a youth's life. That is quite true. It is not the duty of the Army Air Corps to spend valuable time and money to teach a student to take off, fly straight and level and land a small aircraft so that after the war he may go home and fly the local grocery's delivery our post-war dreamers promise us. The Army is training men in the short time of twelve months to hurtle through the sky at 400 miles an hour, kill the enemy, destroy an objective and return to the airdrome to fly another mission.

Army flying is today a highly specialized force directed toward the quickest possible means of winning a world war, and of bringing back to a peacetime world as many members of our aircrews as is humanly possible. The Army is teaching men the business of death, teaching them quickly and efficiently, so that those men may go out and help us to a world of dreamers like Mr. Burke.

We've seen some of God's children

OK OK OK OK
OK OK OK OK
OK OK OK OK
OK OK OK OK

who cannot fly. And it most certainly was not because they had been psychologically bludgeoned before their first flight. They were strong, eager men, confident and brave, but they made only one training flight.

We willingly, gladly, grant that thousands of persons will take post-war wings—but does that mean that every applicant for aircrew training is mentally and physically capable and fit to fly on the United States air team? The flying officers and men of our Air Corps have made their particular grades because they were better fitted for a job that has to be quickly done.

"Pilots must have moments when they admit privately they are merely stuff and dust..." Yes, we do have those moments—and those moments are more commonplace now than they ever were when we were civilians. They are more commonplace by a thousand-fold than are those moments when we feel we are "dauntless, daring, gifted."

It is men like Mr. Burke who, flying tin cans from "Memphis to Los Angeles and back without mishap" after only one hour and fifty minutes' instruction, gave the public the idea that pilots are "dauntless, daring, gifted." It was not us—our kind is daily dying over Europe and the South Pacific. Our kind is too busy—we're helping to win a war.

When we do think about our wings, we feel tremendously lucky for a wonderful opportunity, overwhelmingly grateful to our instructors.

It's too bad Mr. Burke can't see the men who gave us our wings and our opportunity to fight in the sky as they strain every fibre of their beings to teach more men to fly.

Mr. Burke should have decided before he started his criminal act whether he was going to convince the public that it could fly or whether he was going to denounce the Army Air Force and the Civil Aeronautics Authority. He bungled miserably in both attempts. But he did succeed admirably in parading his ignorance by writing the most shamefully misinforming article it has ever been our displeasure to read.

LT. JOHN W. O'BRIEN

LT. WILLIAM E. SEAY

Bluethenthal Field,
North Carolina

ERROR CALLED AND ACKNOWLEDGED

I hate to call attention to an error by a favorite author of mine, Peter B. Kyne, particularly so since he once was a pupil of mine in a Field Gunners Class, School of Fire for Field Artillery, Ft. Sill, Okla., during the last war. I refer to his article or story, *The Faith That Failed*, June issue of Esquire, wherein there seems to be a slip of ten years in the dates of the Cleveland panic and the Wm. Jennings Bryan campaign.

Of the same age as Peter B., and living as we did in a hole in the woods up in the State of Washington, I probably remember even more sharply when the Cleveland panic broke in 1893 than does Peter B., living down on a comfortable ranch in California.

Column 1, page 54 of the June Esquire gives the date of Bryan's 16-to-1 campaign and his "Cross of Gold" speech as occurring in 1906 whereas the events took place in 1896. Perhaps the ten-year error is just a typographical error on the part of Esquire, for of course Peter B. recalls that these things happened two years before the Spanish war, when as a boy of 17 he enlisted and went off to fight the Philippine campaign.

Very truly,

H. C. JACKSON
San Bernardino, Calif.



FILE UNDER "TELL IT TO THE POSTMASTER"

On March 4th my son in the Marines in the Southwest Pacific wrote, "My January Esquire came today. The waiting list on it now is as big as the squadron roster."

A later letter said, "My tent gets calls from all hands to see my pin-ups."

Made cardboard frames for pictures in the January issue, and the February one is here now. The waiting list is long.

My other son on Anzio on May 4th wrote, "I'm 'sweating out' waiting for my April Esquire, along with the rest of the fellows. By the time every one is through with it, it is worn out."

"My February issue is still going around and is due to four more fellows so you can see it is not wasted mail space."

Thought you might like to know Esquire is enjoyed overseas.

Respectfully,

Mrs. T. M. JELICO
Summerville, S. C.

FIRST CALL FOR DOGFACE GIRLS

Upon receiving your April, 1944, issue of Esquire this morning, as per usual, the gorgeous gals were approvingly received by us G.I.'s. One of the sergeants, absorbing the beauty and charm of the lovelies depicted therein, sighed and said, "Gee, why don't Esquire ever print pictures of homely girls for us ugly guys?"

Sincerely yours,

Overseas BERNARD D. WILLAGE

ON DR. SCHACHT AND THE FOURTH REICH'S SHADOW

I know it is late to write a comment on an article in the February issue, but I just had my first opportunity to comment on the article *The Fourth Reich Casts a Shadow*. This was one of the finest articles in any magazine recently, straight and to the point.

The give-away paragraph in your article was, "There is, finally, the clique of bureaucrats... *The Republic could not get rid of them because they could not be replaced* (italics mine)... Now they figure that this is why they are going to survive Hitler."

For in a larger sense this includes the Schachts and Thyssens. We cannot with one stroke replace completely the entire managerial or other administrative personnel of any country, although key leaders—Hitler, Roosevelt, etc.—are expendable. The "spirit" of the ruling class, and the ruled as well, remains. As long as we have Germans, we shall have the German upper crust.

Of course, as Curt Riess pointed out, it is possible for the also-rans to take over. But the only difference between them and the rulers is that the former are not so competent. This fact, however, makes the present rulers more able to grasp opportunity when the Fourth Reich comes.

We must realize that the winning or losing of a war is not a discontinuity in the feeling of a people, for the real development of peoples is very slow and continuous.

History itself, in fact, is not a disconnected series of chance ups and downs. Winning a war does not firmly establish any nation that is not already on the upgrade, nor does losing one destroy a nation other than one in decline. Examples of this were the Spartan victory in the Peloponnesian Wars and the defeat of England in the American Revolution.

Morally we may be against the German leaders. If so, the only solution is to annihilate the German people. If we do not do this, we must be prepared to do business with Schachts and Meissners.

Needless to say, the same is to be said of Japan, Italy, and/or any other conquered people. This policy has already been pursued. And much as vain idealists may decry it, it is the only practical way to meet history on its home ground.

Respectfully,

Overseas CPT. WILBUR LAKIN

WHEN IS A MINCE PIE?

Having noted with great glee for many months your culinary page, or "How to Cook" in installments... I wish to pose a question, and of course, expect an answer. One by means of a letter, would be of infinite value to me.

Having been a cook of no mean proportions in the good old civilian days, and now working on an Air Wac Team as a Team Member Recruiter, I am subject to a great deal of traveling. To make that short and lucid... I have to eat in restaurants.

Now mince pie with me is a great favorite, but along the line somewhere, it would appear that all the bakers, restaurateurs, etc., have neglected their cook books in the building of said pies. It seems to me that mince pie, the real mince pie, should have meat in it. Of course, I may be mistaken. It would be, it seems, the policy to take a few raisins, some beat-up nuts and a doughy crust, throw them together and allow these ingredients to assume, under false pretenses, of course, the name of mince pie.

At length, arguments became hot, no longer the "O.K., it's mince pie, I don't want any" type. It has come to a point where I must for once and for all be certain of the recipe, for when entering into such a disagreement there must be some one who is willing to help a soldier fight his private war in the interests of democracy.

Should I receive from your cook editor a recipe for mince pie, the real old-fashioned mince pie, *with meat*, I shall go into the aforementioned restaurants, preceded of course by stalwarts in red uniforms bearing banners of purple and gold, trumpets and other impedimenta of victory, and literally run the other side into the ground.

And say, in a future issue, not too future, how about a plug for the Air Wacs, those women of the Women's Army Corps who are assigned to the Army Air Forces. They are a grand bunch, doing a great job.

Sgt. EDWARD A. STAR

Army Air Forces
Air Wac Headquarters
Lewiston, Idaho

OKAY, YOU TELL ONE

Do you really pay people for articles like Arthur Poe's *Little Man Bites Big Bulldog?* (Jan.) If so how's about me telling of some of my great feats!

Of all the self back-slappings, this really takes the cake. Since Poe was all the brains and informed the coach how to run the team, why wasn't he made coach?

Imagine the gall of a player, who never tried a field goal, stepping up and insisting that he make the attempt (when there was another who could kick) since Yale *had* to be beaten—Poe, to his readers over here is obviously the type that won't play unless he's captain!

The boys over here wish to know if Poe is really such a big 'I am' as he so states.

Yours truly,
LIEUT. GARDNER MULLOY, U.S.N.R.
Overseas





Why the grass is greener on the other side of the fence

THERE'S NO denying that the other side of this fence looks more inviting.

But you can easily remedy that—simply by creating a fragrant-cool Four Roses Mint Julep of your own!

Here's all you have to do to achieve this frosty midsummer triumph . . .

Take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if

you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Then pour in Four Roses until the glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till the frost forms thick.

Just one thing more: Although Four Roses, as any Julep-lover will tell you, is *the* Julep whiskey, this superlative whiskey isn't so plentiful today as it was before the war. So, if you can't get Four Roses the first time you ask for it, please be patient and remember

we're doing our best to allot the available supply so that *everybody* will have a fair share.

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*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
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The medal that made the sergeant homesick



1 SGT. GUNNER CASSIDY looked at his brand-new medal and sighed. "Well," he said, "I guess now I'm officially a hot shot or a hero or something—being as how the citation says I knocked down a hatful of jerries. But gosh, instead of busting my chest buttons I get homesick." "How come?" I asked.



2 "WHY," HE SAID, "because knocking down those kraut crates sorta reminds me of the duck hunting I used to do back home. I've got the sweetest-handling shotgun you've ever seen—same model the Army issued us for skeet shooting in gunnery school. It's a Remington Model 31, the one the fellows call 'the gun with the ball-bearing action.' And when I think of ducks and that gun . . .



3 "GOSH, HOW I WISH I was back home and it was hunting season right now! I'd take that Model 31 and a box of long-range Remington Express shells (what a combination *that is!*) and head for a certain marsh I know . . .



4 "BOY, THAT MARSH is a combination tourist camp and convention hall for ducks! Millions and millions of 'em—and all flyin' around every once in awhile just for the exercise, I guess." "Now you're getting me down," I told him. "You know, I'm a

duck hunter too." "Look," he said, "if we ring up enough combat missions on the record so that maybe we can get back to the States by next hunting season, suppose we—" "It's a date!" I said. (*And it was—a swell one!*)

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Remington Model 31 pump action shotgun.

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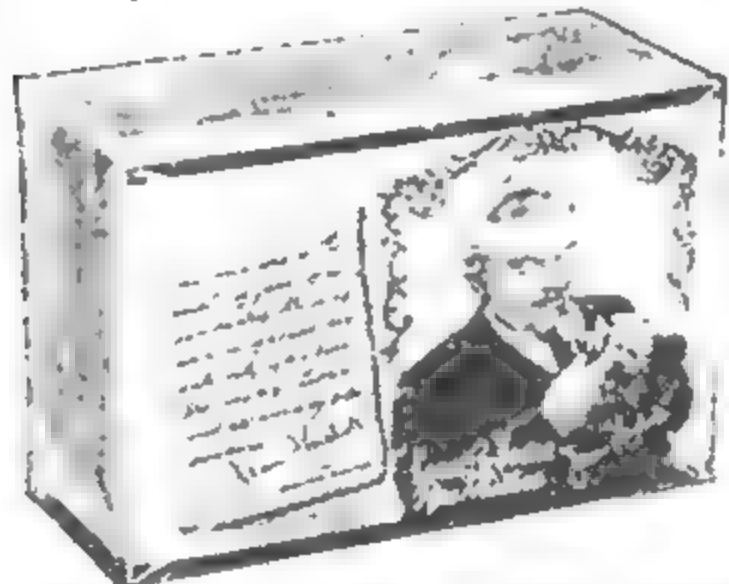


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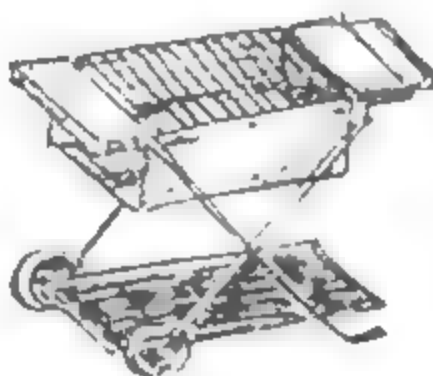
A SOLDIER'S-EYE-VIEW of the wackiest front of the war—the home front. The St. Louis Globe Democrat says: "Rollicking, rowdy, roystering, roughneck, ribald, Rabelaisian."

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Talking Shop
with Esquire

GRILL WAGON. Barbecuing season brings a new type of grill wagon with a fire brick lining and a fire box that is adjustable to the need of a small or large fire. There are two cutting boards at either side, and the frame is of metal tubing with bottom shelf to hold supplies. The wagon trundles around on gay painted wooden wheels. Whole thing weighs 82 lbs. There's also a new portable spit that fits any fireplace (base 19½"x7½", spit length, 30"). The spit has 3 cooking levels and has a handle for easy turning.



CHEF'S SET. Every barbecuer has to have an apron and cap set. This one is particularly rugged... the high cap has "What'll it be" emblazoned across the band; and the apron, of white canvas, is appropriately decorated with barbecue trivia. Beauty of the apron is that it snaps around the waist... an adjustable feature that caters to waistlines of any dimension.



STAKE TRAYS. One of the handiest contrivances to appear this season is the wooden serving tray which slots into a round wooden stake which can be staved into the ground at will. The stake (or table leg) also fits into a wooden standard or base for use on porches or in the house. This obliging portable affair comes with 3 trays and 3 bases to a set. Another practical server is the wooden tray with built-in holders at either end to keep glasses from sliding or tipping. High sides keep sandwiches and snacks within bounds.



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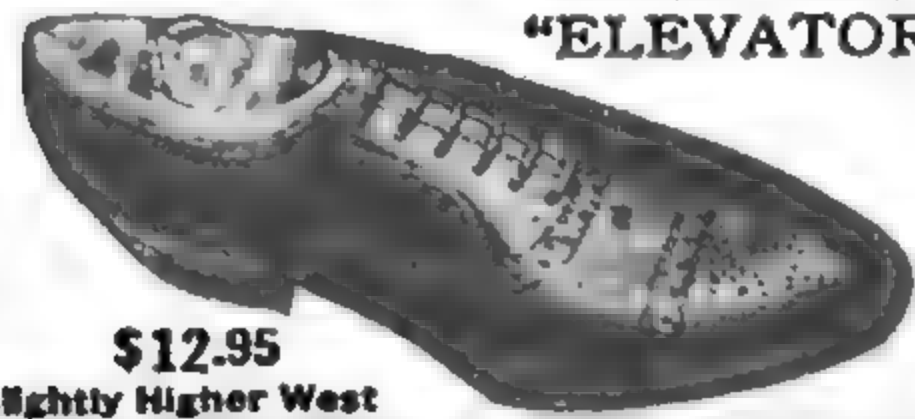
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Talking Shop with Esquire



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THE BAR BOX. Many a host will be serving rum drinks in various guises this summer. That's where Bar Box comes in.

This snappy paper tweed covered box holds five bottles of ready-prepared non-alcoholic juices to

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CANDY JEWEL BOX. As a lavish gesture you might offer 4 lbs. of candy stored in a hand-painted wooden box, tied with ribbon and decorated with artificial flowers. Inside the box there's a mirror and numerous compartments so it can be used as a jewel or vanity box when the guests have done away with the candy contents. The assortment includes old fashioned creams, peppermint wafers, almonds, etc.

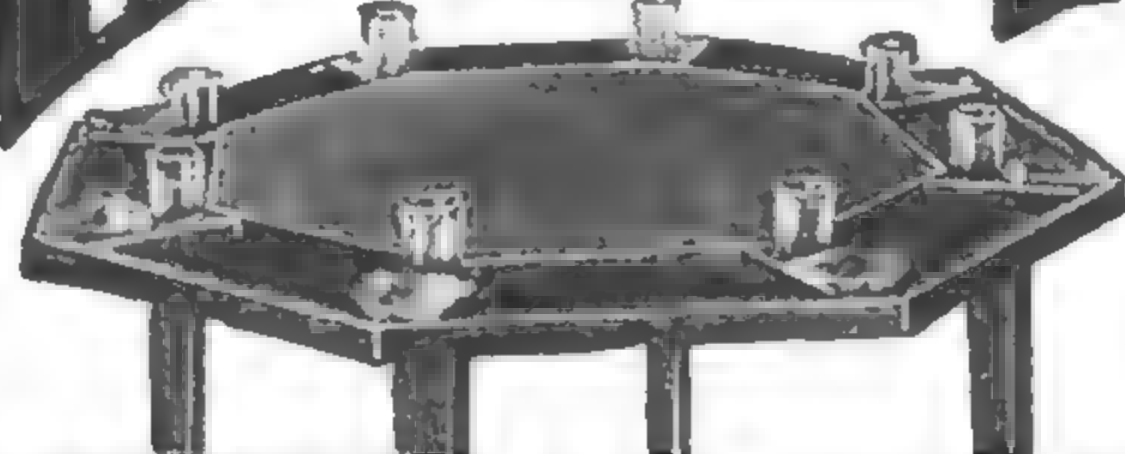
TABLE REFRIGERATOR. Want to ice a bottle in a hurry? Try the new handblown glass tank (13" inside depth) covered with a decorative cork jacket. You fill the lower compartment with a tray of crushed ice plus 12 ounces of salt. Then add water till compartment is filled. Insert your bottle, and move up and down. It's actually a brine pump in which the bottle serves as a piston plunger in the piston chamber formed by the lower cylindrical part of the glass tank.



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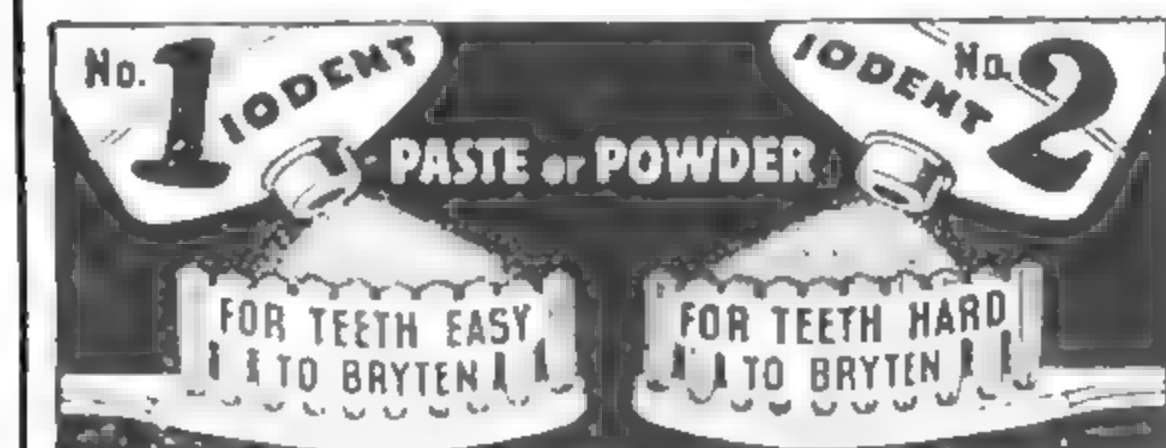
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Talking Shop with Esquire



ROVER IN THE RAIN. It's about time we gave out with some dog data. We find that, despite the war, Fidos and Fifis are as pampered as ever. There's the vinylite raincoat, for instance, custom made to fit any canine chassis! In such snazzy colors as turquoise, green or navy tackle twill bound with braid. Should he venture forth in a hurry, sans raincoat, bouncing back into the house drippy and doggy, simply give him a good rub down with his own super-sized absorbent beige towel mitt.



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securely into special washable cotton pajamas which fit tightly over his legs, preventing him from scratching infected portions. If he is suffering from posterior ailments, he can wear a rubber protector in the shape of a striped cotton house coat. Splendid temporary security. When mating season rolls around and the little lady's rarin' to go . . . you can ward off droves of male contenders by laving Fifi's vulnerable parts with a certain liquid which works with the efficiency of saltpeter and doesn't harm Fifi or her ardent friends.

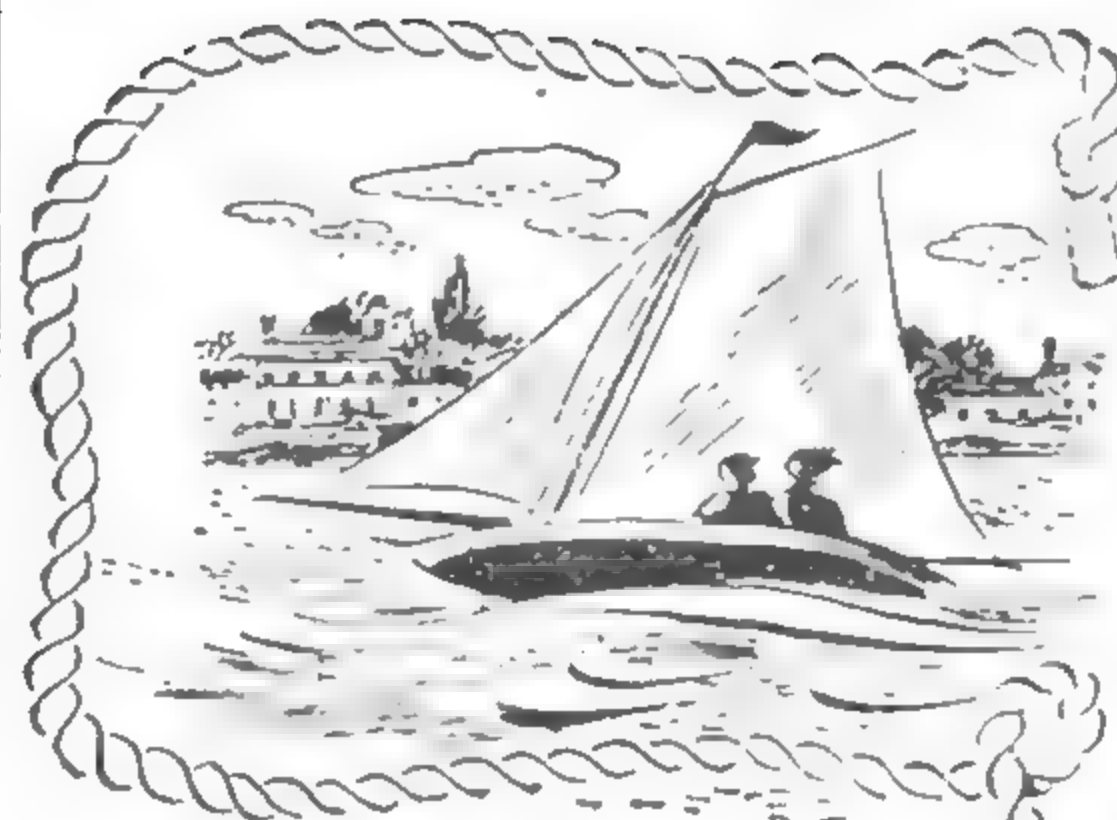


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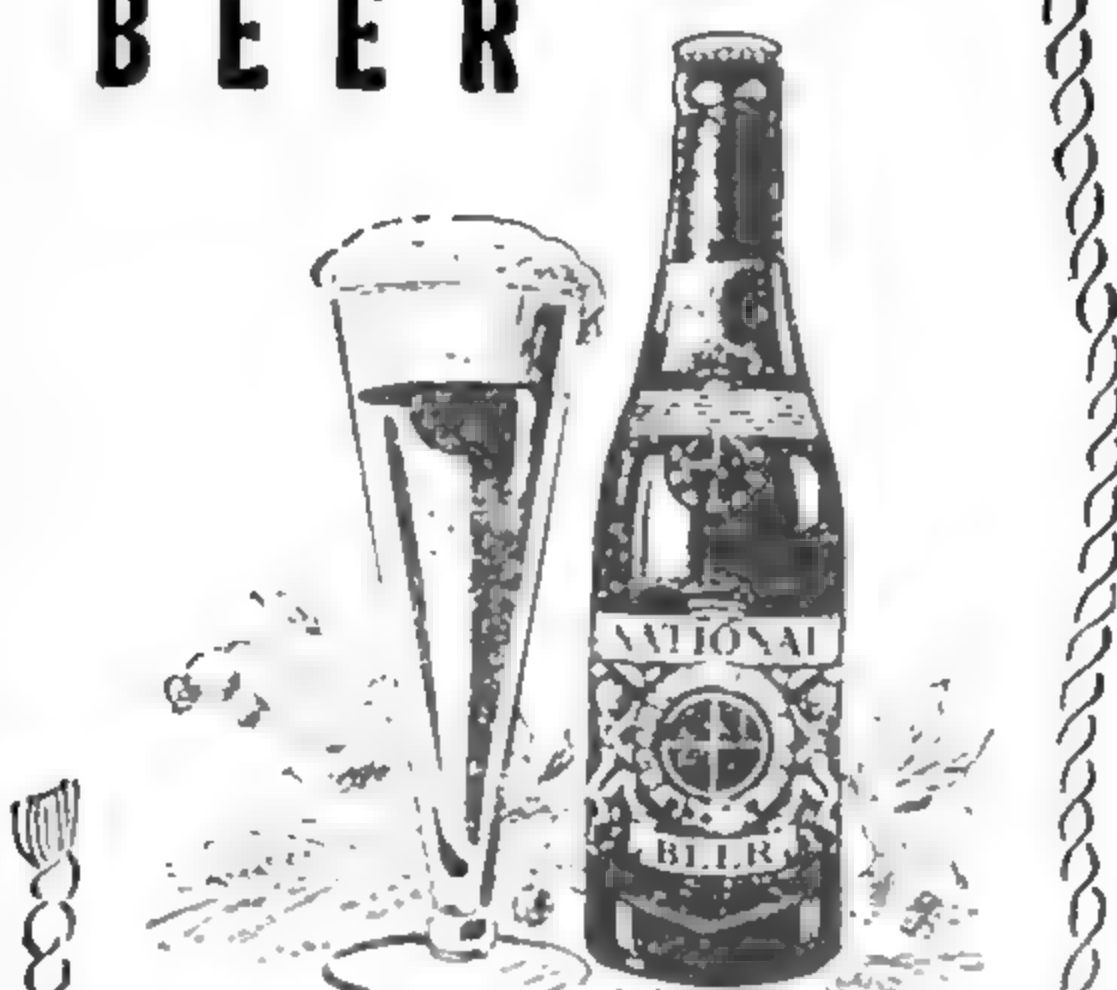
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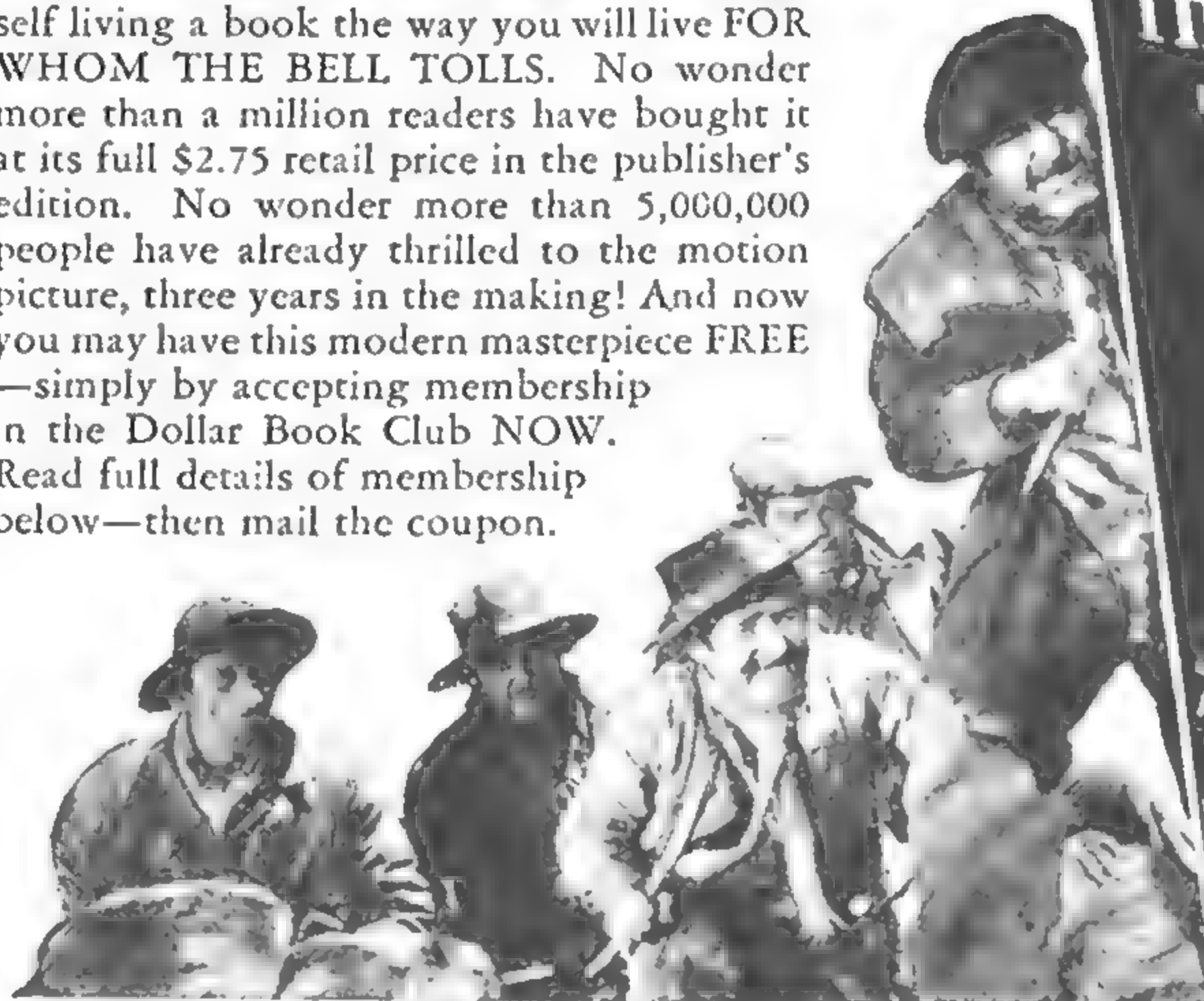
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Painting the Town with Esquire



IT'S a little late for guests at Riverside Drive's hump-perched Claremont to clink luck to Robert Fulton's steamboat which he named after it. In fact, they've missed the boat entirely and don't seem to care, for there's dancing both indoors and out, to two bands, and the eats are as sustaining as the drinks... Out-gazers at the Pent House Club, atop 30 Central Park South, could gluttonize engrossedly on the free buffet of lakes, trees and winding roads if it weren't for counter-attractions—baked clams à la Pent House, frogs' legs Provençale, artichokes vinaigrette, casserole squab, rum-bonfired Babas, and other wares of chef Georges Clouet. Mood of the evening is keyed at the small bar with a Pent House Special, contrived of rum, lime juice and Curaçoa; and America's vineyards are tappable by the glass.

His Rumba Majesty Xavier Cugat, his chorus and his soloists, are Starlight-Roofing at the Waldorf-Astoria, with Mischa Borr's band alternating... Lush-plush Monte Carlo has acknowledged summertime by installing live fountains encased in glass so that their gush doesn't intrude into your conversation. Designer

Franklin Hughes has also switched the color schemage to lemon and lime to harmonize with your Daiquiri or Collins. Even the blue-plumed doorman on the sidewalk is a tangle of yellow ropes.

MIXED fry à la Napolitana, lasagna (outsized noodle-do) with meat sauce, knuckle of veal à la Milanese, lobster Fra Diavolo, and home made rum cake are easy victims of the human palate at the rosy-walled Vesuvio Restaurant (163 West 48th), with host Patsy available as friendly decoder of menu lingo. Confidentially, there's nothing on the list that Chianti won't take under its loving wing... Lots of G.I.'s and their Jills are tumbling for a 12-minute rumble on the 8th Ave. Independent subway (GG train) to the huge gala Boulevard dine-and-dancery at Woodhaven station on Queens Blvd. Here a sheet of ice acts as climate conditioner and accommodates the De Lories Ziegfeld Ice Follies—Miss De Lories being a niece of the one and only "Zieggy". If host Hank Conklin greeted less than a thousand incomers a night he'd think he was on a desert island instead of boom-proud Long Island.

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Painting the Town with Esquire



THAT treasured mess sergeant to the dowagers and debs of Park Avenue, epicureanly erudite Ercole Marchisio, who came out of the kitchen of the great Escoffier in London with a wealth of wonder dishes, has set up his tidy chow tent, as per his annual custom, in back of the classic Restaurant Marguéry which he has been operating at 270 Park Avenue these 30 years. It isn't that he gets tired of the charms of his old oaken Cloister Room or his chic Parisian Room—it's just that he loves the great outdoors with canvas over it and a fine parade of Marguéry specialties of the summer, such as subtly contrived Vichyssoise soup, well chilled, Kenebec salmon Parisien with vegetables à la Russe, gallantine of capon with truffles, and breast of fowl in the manner of Jeanette. Accompanying white wines are frost-bucketed; reds are cradled at Pavillon temperature.

CUCUMBERS are heat prostrated compared to the social relaxers at the oh-so-agreeable 1-2-3 club (now in its summer trappings) listening to host Roger Stearns play favorites... Those idle fellows, the members of New York's Society of Restaurateurs,

not content with the fun of paying taxes and wrastling with scarcities and help shortages, have been free-mealing War Bond buyers. Roughly \$12,000,000 worth thus sold to date, garnering more than 50 U. S. Treasury citations... Stove scribe James Cook *It Outdoors* Beard (smooth-shaven) is back in the kitchen with his latest, *Fowl and Game Cookery*, telling how to pot what you've potted... Ye ultimate in distingué dancing—Pierre d'Angelo (honorably discharged by the Army) and his dainty blonde partner Vanya at the subliminal St. Regis Roof.

TO THE profound delight of his fans, jive keyboarder Art Tatum is re-installed at The Three Deuces, small boite at 72 West 52nd, which also offers droll Harry "the Hipster" Gibson on the loose on the ivories. Between the two of them this spot's cooling system is kept panting... Seabreezemen in Atlantic City report that the re-civilianed Hotel Brighton has opened with new bedizenments and a tall frosted enigma called Brighton Punch which enthralled slakers are poking straws into, trying to figure what causes its sweldom.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Wm. T. Campbell

While the lift WILLIAM THEODORE CAMPBELL got from his sale of *The Dare-Devil's Last Jump* to this magazine was chiefly a moral one, it inspired this reminiscence: "Once I was drilling a well in Oklahoma. I had nursed myself and a bride of a few months through a ghastly epidemic of duds. Our phone had been cut off, we were on a strictly currency basis with the grocer, and the finance company had taken our car. It was tough digging, especially with a new bride who was trying to convince herself her parents were intolerant old things who just didn't know. The oil well was running low and had all the earmarks of another dry hole. But it wasn't. It was a nice little well of forty-two gravity oil which we immediately sold for a lot of money—long since spent. But the money came at one of those times when it never does come. It was wonderful."

Before discovering that it is easier to invent stories than to dig them up, RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS spent nine years on *The New York Sun* and three as associate editor of a popular magazine. In the course of hunting for an easy place to work he and his wife and daughter have wandered



Richard Howells Watkins

from Riverside, Connecticut, to live in such small spots as St. Ives and Fowey, down in the Cornish corner of England, in Beaulieu, on the French Mediterranean Coast and Deerfield, Florida. Between wars he has done some sailing, but the Navy distrusts his eyesight. He spent the last war at a Navy desk in New York City as a chief petty officer and this time the Navy turned him down altogether. For awhile he helped guard an Atlantic Coast inlet on a picket boat, but after a few months they put him ashore in a tower to spot submarines. (Glasses are permitted in this work.) His only sniff of the war was a few runs in the Winter of '42 and '43 in several types of Canadian war craft, including a corvette on convoy duty, to get story material.

CLYDE JACKSON says: "I was born forty years ago in Abilene, Texas—out west. Since 1918 I have lived in Dallas. Although I took a premedical course at



Clyde Jackson

Southern Methodist University, I received my degree in English; and about fifteen years later, after four long years of high school, acquired a degree in law. I am employed in the home office claim department of a firm specializing in workmen's compensation insurance. I have written many short stories, plays, articles, songs, even a little book on how to play the piano without music. My writing ambitions, which grew robust in college on the sale of a short story, weakened on a diet of rejection slips. *Little Joe and a Full House* is the result of a renaissance, was written expressly for *Esquire*."

DONALD BARR CHIDSEY calls Tahiti home—he owns a piece of property there—but has visited almost every Polynesian group and most of the Melanesian islands as well, usually in small sailing boats. When Pearl Harbor happened he chanced to be in the States, getting material for his

seventh published biography, this one of John L. Sullivan (*John the Great*, which Doubleday Doran published last year). He signed up with the American Field Service as a volunteer ambulance driver, serving without pay in the British Ninth Army, in Syria, The Lebanon, Palestine and later with the celebrated Eighth in the chase of Rommel from El Alamein to Tunis. His only wound was a head cut suffered when he fell down a hole while sightseeing among some Roman ruins; his only decoration a magnificent moustache which he shaved in order to save his right or saluting arm. Attached in turn to the Highland Scots, South Africans, English, Indians, Americans, New Zealanders and Fighting French, he quit reluctantly when his savings ran out. Now he's in Florida, writing assiduously in order to be able to get back into trouble.

VICTOR L. RENSBERGER spent the last six years of his civilian life editing copy at the Indianapolis



Victor L. Rensberger

olis News. He is now serving the Army in Public Relations—what time he can be spared from K.P. and guard duty. All this worldly experience led naturally to his writing *Americanism in Little White Pills*, which you'll find on page 58.

EDWIN LANHAM (*Whatever Happened to Big Head*) is approaching the year when *Life Begins*. Meanwhile, he has written six novels, lived four years in France as an art student and done newspaper work, currently for the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

As a young boy, FRANK HENIUS ran away from home and sailed the seas on a British four-masted barque, which on its first trip took him around Cape Horn to Lower California, Chile and back to Europe. Later when he decided to stay on shore he naturally got into shipping, in Antwerp and Hamburg as well as his native city, Copenhagen. After many



Frank Henius

years in the export field, he wrote such books as *Trade with Latin America*, *Songs and Games of the Americas* and *Tales of Latin America* (now on Scribner's presses for release this fall). His travels enabled him to learn many languages, of which he reads, writes and speaks ten without recourse to dictionaries. Recently, being well above fighting age (he is sixty) he decided to help the Army's language unit with dictionaries and sentence books which enable the soldier to learn through sound-writing enough of any language to get around with ease. These books were published by the *Infantry Journal*. *Languages the Painless Way*, on page 56, describes his method.

A sports writer and columnist on the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, STAN BAUMGARTNER has been in turn coach and athletics director at Delaware University, official in the National Football League, wrestling referee, radio commentator and script writer. During his undergraduate years at the University of Chicago he played baseball, basketball and football, being an end on the championship team of 1913. His contribution to these pages is *Connie Mack Takes Them Young*, on page 30. ##



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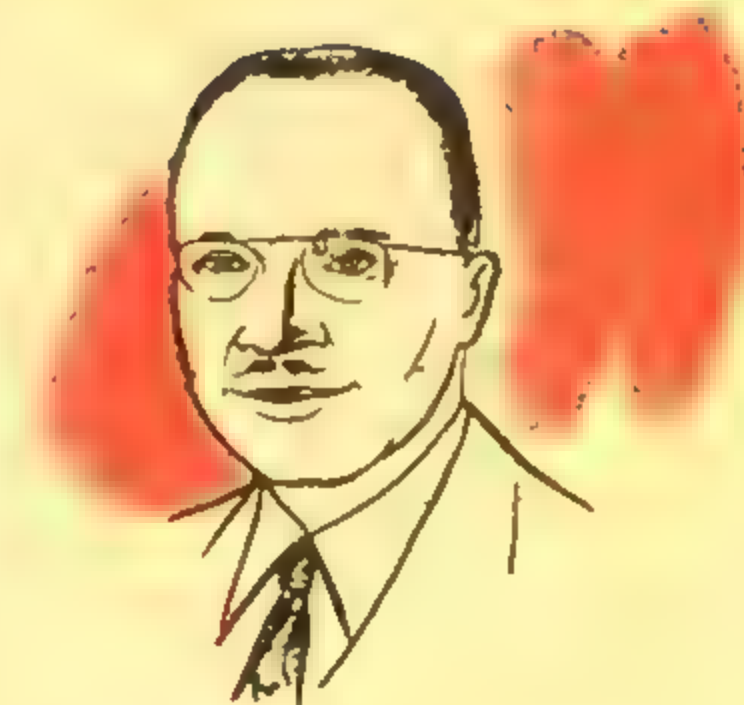


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The Meanest Man in the Army

If you spot a staff sergeant with a harried look and a wild light in his eye, you can be sure he's a supply man

by SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

• ARTICLE •

PRIVATE Snafu entered the supply room full of righteous indignation. These so-and-so shoes were ruining his feet. The supply sergeant tried to be calm. "Just one week ago you were here with a medical certificate declaring your shoes were misfit. We gave you another pair—the size you wanted. You have had four different sizes of shoes during your six months in this man's Army."

So the supply sergeant took Private Snafu to the Quartermaster warehouse of the post. Shelves from floor to ceiling were filled with shoes, from 4½AAAA to 15½EEEE.

"It's this G.I. fit you've been giving me," complained Snafu as both his feet were measured again on the gadget. For the next hour Snafu tried on shoes until he was perfectly satisfied. No matter how much trouble he causes, no matter whose fault it is, a soldier has to be clothed and equipped and it is the supply sergeant's job to do it.

Exactly five days later Private Snafu entered the supply room full of righteous indignation. "These so-and-so shoes don't fit," he said. "They are ruining my feet."

Every soldier in the Army has his pet anecdote of a G.I. fit. The supply sergeant is notoriously the meanest man in the Army. The job makes him that way. He might have been Little Sunshine previously but within two weeks after taking over, his greeting to anybody who sticks a nose in the door is a loud bellow, "What do you want?"

With the exception of rations, he receives, distributes and is responsible for about everything a company uses. He also takes care of laundry, dry cleaning, shoe and clothing repair and runs a lost and found department. Constantly he listens to gripes. His work extends far into the night. And a word of thanks would stun him.

He always hates his job and, in fact, almost everything. He has a consuming hatred for inanimate objects, such as small screwdrivers which get lost, for light bulbs which disappear, for toilet tissue and brooms and scrubbing brushes, of which there are never enough, and he will throw a tantrum at the mere mention of vehicle tools.

Everything a company or a soldier uses is governed by an Army table, circular, regulation, letter or directive. Circular 1-18

authorizes the issue of toilet tissue at the rate of one roll per forty-five men per day. Private Snafu uses toilet tissue to wipe his hands after washing, to rub mud off his shoes, as a substitute for handkerchiefs, to polish his rifle. A few rolls wrapped in a shelter half make a lightweight substitute for full field pack on a hike. It's excellent for drying his mess kit. But try to explain all that to an inspecting officer who finds a scant supply in a latrine.

The supply sergeant's hatred of tool sets is proverbial. No tool set is ever complete. He must keep a running record of just what screwdriver or hacksaw blade or gimmiel is missing from any of a dozen sets—when the shortage was requisitioned, when cancelled, rerequisitioned, when the requisition was back-ordered in part, and, as the tools begin dribbling in, where they belong.

SNL means Standard Nomenclature List. There is an Army name for everything. A hacksaw blade is "blade, saw, hack, hand, Type A, all hard, 12 inches, 24 point." A mess kit is "can, meat" or a calendar, "pad, calendar, folding type, ordinary." A green supply man called on for a meat grinder for the cook thumbs the books looking for "grinder, meat." What section is it in? Quartermaster property, along with axes and rifle scabbards? Ordnance, along with rifles and wrist watches? Engineers, with compasses and fire extinguishers? Or is it Chemical property? Or Medical and Signal? Finally an old-timer tells him. A meat grinder is "machine, C & G."

The company is authorized, say, fourteen vehicles, from a jeep (known as "Truck, ¼ ton, 4x4") to a ten-ton wrecker. They are all short of tools. But truck tools do not come in sets as do standard tool sets. A particular jack might be listed in SNL J-4, a wrench in N-57, a snatch block in N-3. The complete SNL's fill a set of volumes that make the *Encyclopedia Britannica* look like an index. The supply sergeant making up a list of tools needs a week or so to find the nomenclature and number and SNL group of every item. So at last he makes up his requisition and sits back with a deep groan of relief.

"Say, Sergeant," his supply officer announces that afternoon, displaying a pamphlet, "this just came in. Our T/O has changed.

Our Table of Organization. Under the new T/O we are authorized 2½ ton trucks instead of 1½ ton, and a couple of tractors. We'll ship all our trucks out today and draw the new ones in the morning. And I want to get the tool shortages fixed up right away."

"Yes, Sir," the sergeant gulps. Maybe he doesn't explode until the supply officer has left the room.

If the supply sergeant's head ever threatened to stop aching, then upkeep and replacement of clothing would alone keep it at a hammering throb. The instant a man is put into uniform the man wants it to fit as if he were hammered into it. If Private Snafu can't plague the supply sergeant into making an exchange of a perfectly fitting uniform for something too small then Snafu will go to a tailor and pay to have the seams taken in. Ninemen out of ten gain weight on Army food, exercise and regular hours. Also when winter comes Private Snafu will find the added bulk of wool underwear too much for his buttons. Then he gripes. "Another G.I. fit." He says he is abused, browbeaten and taken advantage of.

The supply man has a dual personality. However he may bellow at Snafu, the sergeant is working for him. Despite all regulation and red tape, personality and the human element enter into Army transactions. So the supply sergeant dusts off his pleasant per-

sonality, assumes an engaging smile and goes to bat for Snafu. He cultivates the requisition clerk and the warehouse sergeants. No week passes without the necessity of asking some favor not authorized by Army regulations. Snafu was rushed from bivouac to the hospital to have his tonsils extracted. The man sharing Snafu's pup tent neglected to bring in Snafu's shelter half. Should Snafu have the price taken from his pay? Not if the supply sergeant can pick up an old shelter half somewhere that Snafu can salvage for a new one. There is give and take. The sergeant might find himself long a couple of shovels a warehouse would gladly accept without a tally. But this sort of thing is definitely limited because the requisition clerk, the supply sergeant and the warehouse sergeants are between the sword of inspection and the wall of Circular 1-18.

Laundry to a supply sergeant is an institution of the devil. Each

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"It's under that one!"

The Monkey Wrench Murder

Things were surely screwy in Colusa if funny, fat Chris Aeland could be accused of clubbing a man to death

by **RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS**

• FICTION •

R

IN his civilian seersucker suit, Sam Robbins felt low. Just because of a shell splinter in his shoulder and a few ribs knitted in a queer way, the Navy had forced an honorable discharge on him when he didn't want it and had set him ashore.

Home in Colusa, basking in the Florida sun, Sam diffidently approached the county courthouse. A girl was walking toward him. It was Mary Tucker, thinner than ever but just as quick moving.

"Why, there you are, Sam," she said. "So you've come back." But her smile wasn't like herself. "I see you're looking toward the sheriff's office."

"I was hoping Ben Dunn might take me on again," Sam said. "Been enough crime in the county to justify it?"

Mary Tucker looked at him, pale-faced. "As soon as I saw you I knew what you'd be doing. You're back just in time. And none of you can understand anything."

"What is it, Mary?" Sam said. "I just got here. You're all churned up."

"There's been a murder." Her words poured out. "How can they think Chris killed a man, Sam? How can they? They don't know him—at all. They just see him around—talking, making loud jokes—and they think that's him. It isn't! He has to be that way—because he's fat, Sam. Even his lawyer thinks he did it!"

For an instant her eyes stared at him. "I got to get to Gillings's for my job at the soda fountain," she said.

Sam Robbins watched her go. "I sweah!" he murmured.

Ben Dunn shoved his old gun and badge at him. "Get over to the hospital. You're sworn. Tom Chester's guarding Chris Aeland in Room Fifteen. They say Aeland's well enough now to be moved back here to the jail. You and Tom bring him."

"Chris Aeland!" he said. "What's he done? I'm out o' touch 'round heah."

"Murder," said Sheriff Ben Dunn.

"Murder?" Sam repeated. "Oh! So—" Slowly he shook his head. "Look, Ben, Chris never killed anybody. He's too fat."

Sheriff Dunn gritted his teeth. "Don't start that on me. Let the judge worry. You go get him. No funny business." He went crashing out of the door like a startled

bull 'gator going off a creek bank.

Sam sighed admiringly at such energy. "Seems to mean it." He rummaged around in the sheriff's desk until he found the scrapbook with all the newspaper clippings mentioning Ben crammed into it. Sam put his feet up on the desk for greater concentration. He found the clippings he sought. Boiled down, they claimed that one evening Chris Aeland had walked across the highway bridge over Deep River from his little sightseeing boat, the *Chris Colombo*, to the larger rival boat, the *Seminole*, run by Paul Novak. Four witnesses saw him cross. In the cabin and living quarters forward in the *Seminole*, it was charged Chris had clubbed Paul Novak to death with a huge monkey wrench and had himself been beaten and stabbed in the fight.

Then he had come back to his own boat and collapsed. Five people had seen him staggering back across the bridge. Paul Novak's body had been found by Fred Pieta, Cuban deck hand and helmsman for Novak. Later Matt Bond, the boatyard owner, had helped Sheriff Ben Dunn in dragging around the *Seminole* for clues. They found the "murder monkey wrench" on the bottom. The wrench had Chris's name burned on the handle.

Sam walked three blocks to the shed where he had left his old car. The shed owner was glad to see him.

"Was Chris Aeland doing all right with his sightseein' boat befo' this Novak business?" asked Sam.

"He like to have beat off customers with a rubber hose. Sol-

diers and sailors—armies and navies of 'em. And tourists. Novak was goin' even better. Chris, workin' by himself, c'd only manage one trip a day. Novak, having Pieta and a ticket seller, he run two trips."

Sam nodded. "Chris Aeland's sort of a one-man man," he said. "When he wants something done, he always does it by himself."

"Includin' killing Paul Novak."

"Maybe. Where's Chris's boat?"

"The *Colombo*? Up the river at Matt Bond's boatyard. So's Novak's *Seminole*."

Sam rattled loudly over to the hospital. In Room Fifteen Tom Chester and Chris Aeland broke up a heart game.

"What's this I hear about you pretending to have killed somebody, Chris?" Sam asked.

"I ain't pretending—" Chris Aeland started. "Don't you go scrambling me up!" he cried. Before Sam's mild eyes Chris's plump face flushed. "I didn't mean that, Sam," he said. He pounded Sam on the shoulder. "Come for me? No luck, boy! I'm still not well enough to stand electrocution." He roared it out with his ballyhooer's voice. "It would do things to me! My constitution can't take it yet."

His loud laughter compelled Sam to join in politely.

Tom Chester gathered up the cards.

"You'd do even better, with your eyards, if you weren't all the time gawking out that window," he said to his prisoner. "You expectin' some girl to walk by?"

"Not me," Chris said quickly. "Don't you know nobody loves a fat man?" He invited laughter but his own lips tightened.

"Sho' sorry we been bothering you, Chris," Sam said.

"We got an open an' shut case against him, Sam," the other deputy said.

"Ben Dunn, the great sheriff," Chris snorted. "Always acting the human dynamo." He swelled his chest, trying hard. "He can't generate enough juice to burn me! Man, if I could just get clear o' you two an' find a clue I know about I'd crack your case against me into little pieces."

He meditated sadly, a lonely, fat little man. For the moment his front had slipped again.

Sam looked him over attentively. Chris Aeland seemed a bit peaked, for him. Nevertheless his



"Wow!—this'll teach him to go AWOL!"

unvarying blue cotton polo shirt and white striped trousers appeared, as always, to be a second skin around his rotund body. Chris Acland didn't look poured into his pants and shirt; he looked as if his clothes had been shrunk onto him by some new process. Naturally a man looking like that would be a right lot sadder than he'd let on. Mary Tucker was right. He'd have to act funny, to escape being laughed at without him wishing to be laughed at.

"Maybe your lawyer can do something fo' you, Chris," Sam said. "Specially if you know about a clue."

"My lawyer!" Chris repeated. "He won't know I'm alive—until I ain't. Wants me to claim I killed Novak in a fair fight. If I could just—" He stopped. "Well, come on, boys."

Tom Chester looked at Sam. "By rights, him being accused o' murder, we ought to handcuff him," Tom said.

"Don't let's us be too technical among friends," Sam said.

"You promise not to try to escape?" Tom asked.

"I won't promise a thing!" Chris said.

Tom Chester frowned. "I'd take escaping right unkindly," he warned and touched his .38.

They went out to Sam's car. Chris and Tom Chester sat in the back.

Crossing the Deep River highway bridge Chris leaned across Tom to stare at the south bank. There he had moored the little *Chris Colombo* and made his spiels to the crowds. In the hard sunlight the empty ticket booth looked forlorn. Sam looked upriver toward Matt Bond's boatyard. He frowned a little at sight of the big crash boat that Matt Bond had built and the Army had turned down.

"I crossed over to Novak's boat by his asking," Chris Acland said suddenly. "While I was away buying cigarettes Novak left a scribbled note on the *Colombo*. It said to come over right away to see him about money I owed Matt Bond's boatyard for repairs. I was paying it off all right but Novak had bought that debt. He wanted a grip on me—or my boat. I had to see him. Novak was laying for me in the dark cabin. I couldn't see a thing. All I know is he socked me out with his fist."

"You were stabbed," Tom Chester reminded him.

"Novak knocked me out, or somebody did, with his fist," Chris said doggedly. "I was stabbed, too, but I don't know about it or how Novak got killed. I didn't go to row with him. I—"

Sam sighed. He detoured through the built-up part of Colusa. On the back seat Chris stirred restlessly. Near Gillings's drugstore Sam slowed down.

"Look, I want to make a telephone call," Chris said. "Confidential. I still got rights, haven't I?"

"Why, sho'," Sam said.

"'re you nuts?" Tom Chester

asked his brother deputy. "There's a telephone in the sheriff's office and another in the jail."

"I want my fo' o'clock with ice. That cooler in the office has broke down." Sam was looking for a parking place.

"You could say I was faint sort of, an' needed them aromatic spirits at the drugstore," Chris said. "I'm not a well man yet."

"You take full responsibility if anybody sees us?" Tom asked Sam.

"Sho' will," said Sam cheerfully.

They went into Gillings's and parked Chris Acland in the phone booth. He just about made it.

"Confidential," he told them as they crowded round. "I haven't

been convicted yet. I got rights."

He shut the door. They moved away a bit. They heard his nickel drop.

Tom Chester checked the doors of the store—two, front and side. The store was full of folks buying everything. Sam and Tom relaxed with the creeping coolness working down through them. Tom Chester looked with approving eyes upon the latest cashier. The lights reflecting on the glass panels of the phone booth door made Chris Acland's blue shirt hard to see.

Suddenly Tom strode to the booth and jerked open the door. Empty! Tom's head swivelled this way and that about the crowded

store. "What Ben Dunn will do to you!" he snarled at Sam. "You've lost him the election."

"We've all got to take our chances," Sam said. "Includin' Ben—and me."

Tom Chester jumped toward the side door. Sam looked at the phone booth. It was near the forward end of the soda fountain. And at that end, standing close against the inside edge of the serving slab, was Mary Tucker. She was paper white. But her blue eyes stayed defiant.

There was room under that fountain counter for a desperate fat man to crouch.

Mary Tucker was swaying a little. Her thin white hands

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"He's only a buck private, but he's rather lucky at craps"

Connie Mack Takes Them Young

**This baseball seer bets on today's kids
as the stars of tomorrow who will pull
the sport out of the post-war doldrums**

by STANLEY BAUMGARTNER

• SPORTS •

R

CONNIE MACK, veteran president-manager of the Athletics and one of the keenest analysts of the diamond, recently predicted several astounding changes in baseball after the war.

The eighty-one-year-old patriarch prophesied the downfall of the Yankee dynasty; the failure of such stars as Joe DiMaggio, Bob Feller, Sam Chapman and Ted Williams to regain their old form when they return, and the growth of an entire new set of heroes from the thirteen- to seventeen-year-old boys of today.

"Baseball, like every other big industry—and it is a big industry," said Mr. Mack, as he peered out at the throng of 32,000 that packed Shibe Park, "faces many problems after the war.

"Where, for example, are we going to get the men to replace the stars who are now in service? I don't mean those who are not coming back—that is a part of life—but replacements for the fel-

lows like my own Sam Chapman, John Pesky of the Red Sox, Terry Moore and John Beazley of the Cardinals, the men who are going to come back minus much of their baseball ability.

"A few days ago, before I went down to the bench, I took a seat near third base in the Yankee Stadium. It was the Yanks' fielding drill and Johnny Neun, the coach, was hitting fungoes to the outfield. He lifted a long fly to Ed Levy in left. The big fellow turned uncertainly on the ball, stumbled a bit and finally let it drop over his head. A big swarthy fellow sitting near-by turned to his companion and said disgustedly, 'Keller would have caught that one.' 'Yeah,' was his answer, 'and Joe DiMaggio would have stuck it in his back pocket. Wait until they get back. The Yankees will be demselves again.'

"I smiled to myself, first because I knew Levy could have caught the ball without trouble but was protecting an injured back, and second because I don't believe DiMaggio, Keller, Rizzuto, Henrich or any of the Yankees will be as good ballplayers when they come out as they were when they went in.

"Army training, the type of physical exercise the men get, does something to their muscles, robs them of a resiliency that never returns. Some of my players have told their friends—they wouldn't admit it to me, of course—that

they feel they are washed up, that they can't do the things they did before they went into service.

"Baseball is a game that demands a looseness, a smoothness of action, free from bodily contact, that develops long rippling muscles. War is a bodily contact game that demands power, ability to withstand shock and short ironlike muscles. It is easy to develop war muscles but difficult, almost impossible, to stretch the fibers again into baseball sinews.

"I always think of ballplayers in terms of flexible steel rods. You can bend and stretch a steel rod and it will return to its original shape, but once it is flattened it loses its flexibility. Baseball is distinctly a young man's game, to be played when the muscles are supple and young.

"The DiMaggios, Kellers, Williamses and the stars of every other club who have gone into the service are going to lose this suppleness—unless they have been based in this country and have been able to continue playing.

"I cannot recall one outstanding player who gave up the game in his prime for even one year and was able to make a comeback and be as good as he was. Frank (Home Run) Baker, my great third baseman, stayed out a year, then went to the Yankees. He lost thirty per cent of his effectiveness. The layoff does something to muscles, changes the chemistry of them in some way so that they lose some of their snap. Amos Rusbie was another example. He held out one year and that finished him.

"And if you have ever watched an old-timer's game, you know just what I mean. I almost cried in New York one afternoon as I watched Walter Johnson and Babe Ruth play in a War Bond battle. I wanted to remember them as they were in their prime, not as a violin with a broken string.

"The war does something mentally to the players, too. Anyone who has faced shellfire, stared death in the face, isn't likely to get excited at a chance to single over second with the bases loaded. He is going to lack the springboard of ambition. A home run isn't going to loom terrifically important in his scheme of things. His attitude is going to be, Oh, what the hell. And you can't be a star in baseball with a what the hell attitude.

It is this mental attitude more

than anything else that will lick the Fellers, the Applings, the Chapmans and the Mulcahys. I agree with Lawson Robertson (great trainer of track athletes at the University of Pennsylvania) that there is no such thing as 'They don't come back' in athletics. They can come back but once a man has reached his prime and tasted the fruits of success, he will not go through the hardships of long-extended training to reach his peak again.

"It isn't the physical effort alone but the riding he will take from the public. Fans—particularly baseball fans—pass judgment and hand out praise or censure on the results today, not yesterday. And the fellow who strikes out today—even if he is the DiMaggio of yesterday—is a bum today. The player who has never reached the top, who has had more hoots than hurrahs can digest the taunts of a comeback effort, but not the star.

"Al Simmons, one of the greatest players I ever had, decided he would like to make a comeback this year, but I discouraged him, not because I didn't think that he had the ability, but because I knew the heartaches ahead of him.

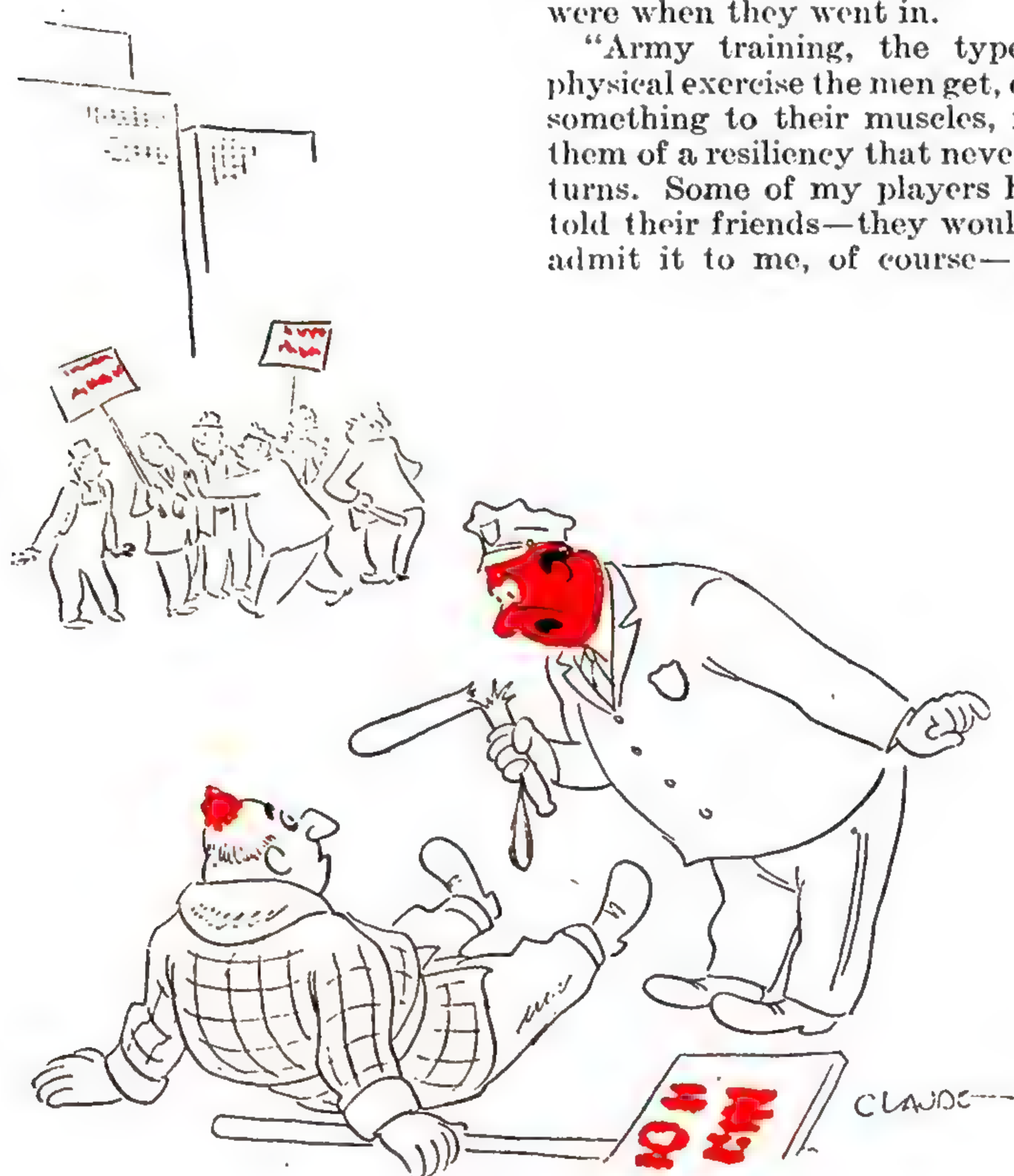
"I watched him in practice, heard him growl and snarl when he failed to connect squarely with the ball, watched his lips draw tight when the fans chided him at failures in practice games. The Simmons I knew ten years ago would have laughed them off, relaxed and socked the ball out of the park. The Simmons of 1944 tightened up. He was trying to be the Simmons who was one of the most feared hitters in baseball. It was costing him too much. I knew that he had too much pride, was too securely fixed financially to take the riding for long and that some day he would come and say, 'The devil with this.'

"The Greenbergs, the Marchildons, the Rizzutos are younger Simmonses but they have the same feelings, the same pride. If the war continues a year or two longer we can count all the stars who see overseas action out as stars in post-war baseball.

"This means that the Yankee dynasty is done. Ed Barrow and George Weiss will have to start from scratch the same as everyone else. They have no stars in the making and their past stars will be just ordinary players.

"After the last war I made the

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"Now lookie what you've done!"



*“Rafe won’t let go his didy-britches long enuf fer Paw to git his
whiskers unketchd—been goin’ on all mornin’!”*

and Flick's answer had been: "We'll fix that up, don't worry. Now listen, the next one—"

Still Dave had felt her slipping away. He knew now that he had always loved her and certainly he had always wanted to write to her, but he was afraid that it was all over now, almost before it had got started. He'd been too bold, maybe. Or maybe, in spite of Flick, too timid.

If he could only see Myrtle! If he could only write what he really felt! But he knew himself and his peculiar limitations. With pen in hand he was speechless.

"Say about how you always think of how she looks sideways at you and smiles, when you're walking with her—"

"I haven't walked with her since we've been kids."

"Well, then suppose we try this angle. Suppose we say—"

Now Flick Lewis limped around the u.s.o. writing room, shrugging at the threats of trouble, sneering at the weakness of the fer-de-lance poison, a bit of a hero, a freak, and loving it. At last he settled to write. But not for long. Soon he was reading aloud what he'd written, and they all listened; and it was while this was going on that Dave Kelt entered. Flick hailed him.

"You and I've got to frame one to that dame of yours, Sergeant."

Dave frowned. He had asked Flick to keep quiet about the collaboration, but it was not in Flick's nature to keep quiet about anything. Everybody in the camp knew about Dave and Myrtle.

"I've written it myself," he mumbled. "Mailed it last night."

"Jeez! Now I bet you've ruined everything! What'd you write?"

Dave shrugged, but he knew that his face was hot.

"Oh, about how it was warm down here, how good the war news was getting to be, and—"

"Jeez! Now there isn't a chance in the world! You would bollux it up like that! Here I try to help you—"

Dave walked out. He thought he heard a titter as he left. They wouldn't have dared to titter to his face.

The bauxite mines were far from home, but planes make distances short, and the Army is solicitous of the morale of its men. Dave Kelt had mailed his own letter Monday afternoon. Saturday morning was the earliest he could expect a reply; but if there was a reply at all it would come the following week, he supposed. Saturday morning would mean that Myrtle had sat down and answered it right away, which was more than he could hope for.

He did not even take the trouble to go for his mail Saturday and it was not until a passing soldier shouted that he had something that he turned that way with dragging feet. It would be from Aunt Flo, he guessed. There was an upriver breeze, and the red dust blew.

It was from Myrtle.

"At last I've got a letter from

you! Do you realize that this is the first time you have come out and said that you loved me? But it's your *own* letter, and that's what makes me so happy! When I started to write you last month it wasn't true that I happened to draw your name in a lottery. I asked for you, telling them that I knew you. And I do know you! But the way you answered, for a while there I began to think that maybe I *didn't*. Until this one, your letters have been so—so different from you. I'm glad you remembered what dress I wore when you last saw me, but that isn't important. What is important is that you write me *yourself*, the way you feel. Where did you

get those other oily things, out of some Fifty Guaranteed Love Letters for Beginners book? Oh, Dave, please forgive me for kidding you, but I'm so crazy about you, and have been for years, only I could never get you even to *talk* to me, but now you have, you really have, and I'm so happy! At first I was blue, the way you wrote, but now it's all right. I love you. Sit down and write me right away. You write! Myrtle."

He stood there in one place on the parade ground, with the red dust drifting past him and over him, and read it; and then he walked to another place and read it again; and then he went to a third place. After a while he went

into the writing room of the u.s.o. shack.

Flick Lewis had received a lot of mail, as he did every time a plane came, and he'd read it, and now he was reading certain juicy portions over again aloud, with clever side remarks.

"Shut up," said Sergeant Kelt.

He went to a writing desk, picked up a pen. "This place is supposed to be kept quiet," he reminded, looking around and frowning.

He began to write about the weather they were having, and how he felt well and hoped that she, Myrtle, did, too. He wrote slowly, but in a stanch, round hand. #



"Everybody comfy?"

Portrait of a Legend

**Ninety thousand people saw the fight
and no two agreed on the punch Firpo
used to knock Dempsey from the ring**

by PAUL GALLICO

• ARTICLE •

ON next September 14th the most famous prizefight of modern times becomes twenty-one years old.

A mere stripling in years, the Dempsey-Firpo heavyweight championship fought at the Polo Grounds in 1923 is already fading from the active memory of man and entering the limbo of legendary events. It will continue to live and grow as a legend as long as the United States remains a sports-loving nation.

The famous canvas by George Bellows has caught the high point in the shortest and wildest roughhouse in the annals of heavyweight championship brawling, the moment when Luis Angel Firpo of Argentina, berserk and battle-blind, clubbed heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey out of the ring and into the press row.

The Dempsey-Firpo fight was the first heavyweight championship I saw and covered.

It lasted exactly three minutes and fifty-seven seconds. During that time Firpo was floored nine times, Dempsey twice.

When Dempsey was swatted out of the inclosure, he fell onto a sports writer by the name of Jack Lawrence who pushed him back to the ring platform. One of the longest winded arguments in the history of boxing was started by the claim that Dempsey should have forfeited his title because he was helped back into the ring.

Lawrence's contribution to the tons of rhetoric and *belles lettres* pursuant to the discussion of this claim was brief and to the point. He said he wasn't helping anybody. He was merely trying to get one hundred and ninety-two pounds of muscle and sinew off his typewriter so that he could go on pounding out the head-shaking details of the Pier-Sixer.

Luis Firpo was managed by the late Jimmy DeForest. Luis knew absolutely nothing about the manly art of self-defense. He swung his fists like the cavemen wielded their clubs. A brief attempt to teach him something about boxing before he entered the arena against Dempsey only confused him. Firpo assumed a ring stance for a few seconds after the opening bell. The first time Dempsey clipped him he abandoned sweet science and charged in, clubbing like a madman. He came within a second of becoming the rawest novice ever to win a heavyweight title.

In Dempsey's corner was Jack Kearns, the man who made him champion. The promoter was the late Tex Rickard, a fabulous figure of the Golden Decade of American Sport; the referee, Johnny Gallagher.

Dempsey's purse was 475,000 dollars. Figured on a piecework scale, it was the highest fee ever paid a professional brawler. He received approximately 100,000 dollars per fighting minute, or 2,000 dollars per second.

Ninety thousand people saw the fight. One man died of heart failure. No two spectators agreed on how many times Firpo had been down, how long Dempsey was out of the ring and what kind of a punch turned the trick. At the first exchange, the entire crowd got to its feet and remained standing for the balance of the fight, yelling, screaming, climbing up on the benches, falling down, clawing at each other, roaring forth a wild, tumultuous cataract of sound in the greatest sustained mass audience-hysteria ever witnessed in any modern arena.

Dempsey won because he hit faster and oftener. Both men were wide open and made not a single effort at defense during the entire 237 seconds of action. In three of the nine knockdowns, Firpo was flat on his face and apparently out cold. Yet each time he managed to roll over, regain his feet before the count of ten and charge Dempsey, snarling like a wounded animal.

Both men broke the rules of the ring, Firpo by charging Dempsey when he knocked him to one knee in the first round and Dempsey by standing over Firpo when he got him going, instead of retiring to a neutral corner, and pasting him as soon as he got up.

Dempsey, now at the age of 49 a commander in the Coast Guard, remembered nothing of the fight after the clubbing left to the temple had swept him from the ring. Thereafter he fought entirely by instinct. Firpo was berserk and out of his mind from the first time Dempsey dropped him with a left hook to the chin early in the first round.

Altogether it was the purest exhibition of untrammelled savagery, truculence and sustained animosity in the history of glove fighting.

It was one sweet quarrel. ‡

Autocrat of the News

Van Anda wasn't the cinema's version of a newspaperman, but his associates said he was tops in that trying field

by J. D. RATCLIFF

• ARTICLE •

STAGE and screen have firmly fixed the type of the boss newspaper man: a loud, tough, shirt-sleeves guy, always in stormy motion, his wild eyes flashing lightning from under a green eyeshade. But the greatest news editor of them all was, even in his vigorous prime, a quiet little man with a small, dry voice who didn't move out of his chair unless he had to—which was seldom enough. From his scholarly manner of speaking, his beribboned pince-nez, his slightly old-fashioned high white collar, you might have taken Carr V. Van Anda for a professor—an expensively tailored one, to be sure. And indeed, he did decipher Egyptian hieroglyphics, master Einstein's theory of relativity and ferret out the errors in the mathematics of distinguished astronomers, to their great embarrassment. But these things were recreation.

His life and his passion was the newspaper he served. For 12 hours a day for more than 20 years Carr V. Van Anda dragnetted his city, the nation and the world for news to lay before readers of the *New York Times*. He was called managing editor; actually, he was the complete autocrat of the news columns. He had unlimited authority, unlimited money to spend, unlimited imagination, too. And he built the greatest news-gathering organization the world had ever seen. Year after year, tirelessly, he kept contriving to get more and more complete news for the American public. It was the creed of the *Times* that full, free and unbiased news was one of the essentials of democracy. Van Anda's achievement was that he put that abstract principle into day-by-day practice with a brilliance and on a scale that was unprecedented. His ideas of news coverage were unique and startling when he began. But long before he retired, he had changed all American newspapers by the force of example.

The public never heard of Van Anda; he was as anonymous at the peak of his career as he is today in retirement. But newspapermen knew all about him and acknowledged him as the top man in the field. Van Anda stories have become classic legends of the craft.

On the night of April 15, 1912, the telegraph editor dropped a bulletin on Van Anda's desk:

"Cape Race, Nfd. At 10:25 tonight the White Star steamship *Titanic* called 'c.q.d.'"

Not another word came through.

The *Titanic*, newest and greatest of ocean liners, was making her maiden voyage with as brilliant a passenger list as ever was assembled. She was—the builders had hammered this into the consciousness of the civilized world—"completely unsinkable."

Therefore, most of the news editors of New York that night disregarded the queer little bulletin. Some went so far as to call up White Star officials, who said emphatically that everything was all right. The 'c.q.d.'—same as today's s.o.s.—must be a garbled signal, a freak, the hoax of an amateur. After all, nothing more had been heard—just the one scrap of message.

But Carr Van Anda dug up plans of the ship. They showed that the radio had two sources of power, one in the engine room, one an auxiliary in the radio shack. So the ship could send messages as long as the highest point of the superstructure was above water. To Van Anda the very fact that no more messages were received was the opposite of reassuring; it was ominous. With that sixth sense which some newsmen possess he knew the great ship had met with tragedy. He set men writing descriptions of the liner. He routed important people out of bed in New York and in London to get scraps of information about the line, the ship, the passengers.

Next morning, the *Times* was full of the *Titanic*. Its competitors offered little. Indeed, one morning newspaper printed a few paragraphs ridiculing the "hoax."

Of course, it is history that Van Anda was right; this was one of the great dramatic news stories of all time. And no news pages told so well as Van Anda's the tales of mingled grief, heroism, cowardice and self-sacrifice which the survivors brought to New York on the rescue ship *Carpathia*. Van Anda had rented half a dozen rooms in a hotel across the street from the pier where the *Carpathia* must dock; he had strung private wires from there to the *Times* newsroom. He had sewed up the story of the radio operators; they wouldn't talk to anyone else. *Times* men pounced upon everyone who came off the

Carpathia. They weren't any smarter or quicker than the reporters for the other papers—but there were SO many of them!

It was Herbert Swope of the *World*, I think, who bitterly but with grudging admiration remarked, "That so-and-so Van Anda had a cat at every rat hole!"

In 1916, before we entered the first world war, the German submarine *Deutschland* slipped through the British blockade, crossed the Atlantic and docked in Baltimore with a cargo of dyestuffs worth millions of dollars. The feat gripped the imagination of the country.

When the submarine was ready to depart, reporters jammed the dock. Van Anda wasn't content with such obvious coverage. For hours he pored over tide tables, channel maps of Chesapeake Bay and offshore positions of British and French warships. He concluded that there was one logical place for the submarine to submerge. That's where Van Anda would submerge if he were commander of the submarine.

He chartered a tug in Norfolk and sent a reporter and photographer to the spot. The reporter thought it was all nonsense—and said so. But presently the *Deutschland* hove in sight—and it submerged right in front of the tug. The *Times* got the only picture.

The first world war was a challenge to all newspapers. Up until then, foreign news coverage consisted principally of society

trivia—which beer baron's daughter had married what duke. Van Anda changed all this. It was he who originated the custom of printing historic documents and important speeches in full, even if they had to be procured by cable. The London newspapers, for example, were accustomed to reporting the speeches in Parliament in third-person summary... "The Prime Minister doubted if the Government would care to act"—and so on. Van Anda engaged stenographers to catch the speeches verbatim and verbatim they were cabled to New York. So, too, were the "white papers," the official explanations of the developments that led up to the war. And when the war was over, it was the *Times* alone which printed the text of the Versailles Treaty—the text in full, eight newspaper pages, all the words 20 telegraph lines could carry in one night. The *Times'* cable tolls reached the unprecedented figure of

Continued on page 130



"May not mean a thing, of course, but there's a rumor Eleanor's taking a course in home management!"

Little Joe and a Full House

Before betting your shirt in craps or stud poker, look into that pertinent question: What are the odds to win?

by CLYDE JACKSON

• ARTICLE •

CRAPS is the best game to start with to learn something about the law of averages. The big question always is: "What're the odds?" Your gambler studies the cards as an insurance underwriter studies his rate book.

In any game you must know the answers to two questions before you can calculate your chance of winning. First, how many combinations or hands exist? Then, which will probably win?

If you are not aware of it now, you'll find that even the most chronic addicts of craps or poker only vaguely understand the probabilities involved. For instance, do you know how many combinations can be tossed with two dice? Each of the six numbers on one die will combine with each of the six numbers on the second die. Six times six gives thirty-six combinations. Now which will win—or lose?

If you roll deuce, trey or twelve, you crap out. Deuce is made one way and twelve is made one way. Trey can be made two ways. So there are four ways out of 36 to crap out. Therefore, the chances are 1 to 9.

Seven is made six ways and eleven two ways, six-five, five-six. On your first roll, you have eight chances of winning against four of losing, or odds of two to one in your favor. On the first roll, a good bet is even money on the side you'll throw seven or eleven before you crap out; or two or three to one you'll not crap out—the odds are eight to one that you'll roll a point, seven or eleven.

There are five ways of rolling either six or eight, four of making five or nine, and three of rolling four or ten. If four or ten is your point, the odds are two to one against you because there are six ways of rolling seven against three of making a four. This little card, Q.T., may interest you:

DICE CHART

First Roll

Odds in favor of making 7 instead of crapping out... 2 to 1
Odds against crapping out on first roll... 8 to 1

After Point is Made

Odds against making 6 or 8 before rolling 7... 6 to 5
Odds against making 5 or 9 before rolling 7... 3 to 2
Odds against making 4 or 10 before rolling 7... 2 to 1

MASTER CHART OF CHANCES AND BETTING VALUES

Draw Poker—No Cards Wild

Hands Dealt	Chance To Improve To	Total Chance	To 3-Kind Or Better	Betting Value
1. 3-card straight both ends open	ST 1/25 3K 1/120 2P 1/40	1/13	1/20	1.5
2. 3-card flush	FL 1/25 3K 1/120 2P 1/40	1/13	1/20	2.7
3. 4-card straight open at one end or the middle	ST 1/12	1/12	1/12	2.9
4. One pair	4K 1/360 FH 1/100 3K 1/8 2P 1/6	1/3	1/7	3.6 1. 4.6
5. 3-card st. flush both ends open	SF 1/360 FL 1/25 ST 1/25 3K 1/120 2P 1/40	1/9	1/10	5.5
6. 4-card straight both ends open	ST 1/6	1/6	1/6	5.8
7. Two pair	FH 1/12	1/12	1/12	7.5 3. 10.5
8. 4-card flush	FL 1/5	1/5	1/5	13.0
9. 4-card st. flush open at one end or in the middle	SF 1/47 FL 1/6 ST 1/16	1/4	1/4	23.6
10. Three of a kind	4K 1/25 FH 1/15	1/9	1/9	26.0 6. 32.0
11. 4-card st. flush	SF 1/24 FL 1/7 ST 1/8	1/3	1/3	34.5

An even-money bet on making six or eight may look approximately right, but in reality the odds are unfair. If six or eight is the point, bet five on the roller against six. Bet two and no more, against three that the shooter will roll his point of nine or five; and never bet more than one against two that a point of four or ten will be made. If you are fading, and after a point has been determined, it's clearly to your advantage to increase the original bet or make even-money side bets that he won't make his point—if you can find takers; that's the rub!

Remember the odds are always slightly in favor of the man who is not rolling the dice. When a crap shooter picks up the dice, he has a 49.29 per cent chance of winning. The one fading has a 50.71 per cent chance, an advantage of \$1.42 in every \$100 bet. While the chance of rolling a natural is 22.2 per cent against 11.1 per cent of crapping out, you have only 27.6 per cent chance of rolling and making one of the 24 possible

points against 39.60 per cent in favor of rolling a seven before you make your point. These odds govern every honest dice game. Next time you crap out be glad. Bet light when you're rolling 'em.

Craps is really child's play compared with bridge and poker and the appalling number of hands possible in these games. In bridge, more than 635 billion different hands can be dealt.

Poker combinations are few compared with those of bridge. In a deck without a Joker, 2,598,960 hands are possible. This chart shows the number of times the various types of hands would appear. No wild cards.

To simplify this table of values divide the kinds of hands into five convenient groups from best to poor. The best two, straight flush or four of a kind, will appear 664 times, or just once in 3,914 hands. Next best, a full house, flush, or straight, once in 136 hands dealt. Three of a kind or two pair, occur once in fifteen hands. Jacks or a better pair once in eight hands.

Four out of every five hands dealt have no more than a pair of tens or less. All this may seem like a lot of detail to learn but you can make a lot more money knowing these things. From now on, with few exceptions, I'll give the value of hands and the probabilities of winning in approximate figures or round numbers. They're exact enough for use in playing poker. Well, since only one out of eight hands will contain a pair of jacks or higher, for betting purposes you have to ignore hands lower than a pair of jacks if there are as many as five in the game. A straight flush or four of a kind shows up once in 800 deals. A full house, flush or straight, once in every 30 deals. Three of a kind or two pair, once every three deals.

From this you readily see that in Straight or Stud, with five players, three of a kind or two pair can be expected to win in 25 out of 26 deals. Jacks or a better pair should pay off in 2 out of 3 deals. Three of a kind is twice as rare as two pair.

If fewer than five persons play, the chance of somebody drawing a good hand each deal proportionately decreases. When only three are playing, a pair lower than jacks will win more frequently. The more players, the more high hands will appear each deal. With a full table, anything under a pair of kings or aces is not likely to win a pot; and three of a kind will win less often.

Before we take up Draw Poker, the betting value of the various kinds of hands which will be dealt must be explained. Study the Betting Value Chart, and it will tell you whether to stay or throw in your cards. As a hand weaker than a pair of jacks will seldom win, this chart gives a pair of jacks a betting value of 1 at the bottom of the values.

To find the betting value of other hands (the theoretical value), you must find out how much rarer they are than jacks or a better pair. This is easy: you just divide the number of hands containing jacks or a better pair (337,920) by the number of hands possible of the type we want to find the value of. There are 664 straight-flush and four-of-a-kind hands; dividing 337,920 by 664 gives a betting value of 500 for this most valuable type of hand.

This betting value is ideal theory and does not purport to represent the actual market value of a

BETTING VALUE CHART

NO CARDS WILD

For Straight or Stud Poker

Straight flush and four of a kind	500
Full house	90
Flush	65
Straight	35
Three of a kind	6
Two pair	3
Jacks or better pair	1

hand. To realize full value, you'd have to place bets of a dollar on jacks and realize 500 to 1 on every straight flush. You don't do that.

The chance of the hand's improving has to be considered in connection with the basic betting value of the hand as dealt.

To illustrate the calculation of the chances of improvement in the draw let us examine sample hands. This examination will be of one hand dealt and 47 cards left. The results are close enough for practical poker. Taking hands in order of worth begin with:

Q J 10 x x

This is a plain three-card straight, wide-open at both ends. Ace-king, king-nine, or nine-eight will fill that straight. The undealt aces with the undealt kings will form 16 ace-king combinations. The kings-nines and nines-eights give another 32, a total of 48 possibilities. The 47 undealt cards will combine to form 1,081 two-card combinations. $\frac{47 \times 46}{1 \times 2}$ equals

1,081. So, we have 48 chances out of 1,081, or 1 in 25, of drawing two cards which will fill our straight.

A 1/25 chance of filling a three-card straight exists only if it is wide-open at both ends. Three-card straights like K Q J x x and K Q x 10 x are open at both ends but can be filled with only two two-card combinations, reducing the chances of success to 1 in 50. Chances to fill a straight like A K Q x x, A K x 10 x, A x Q x 10 or A x x J 10 are 1 in 75. Chances of holding up the three top cards and making three of a kind are negligible. The three cards each can make three sets of pairs. Thus, the chances are 9 out of 1,081—1 in 120.

To match up two pair the possible 27 combinations give you 1 chance in 40.

Now, what's the betting value of this hand? A chance of 1 in 25 can be expressed by the fraction 1/25. The probability of improving our queen-jack-ten to a straight is 1/25. The betting value of a straight is 35. Multiply; you have 1.4. Three of a kind is worth 6; 1/120 multiplied by 6 is .05. The value of two pair (3) multiplied by 1/40 is .08. The total betting value is 1.5.

Total chance of improving this hand is 1 in 13. You get this by adding the fractions.

If you hold this queen-jack-ten combination, what chance have you to wind up with a good pair? There are 3 undealt queens, and you draw 2 cards, so the chances are 6 out of 47, 1 in 8. To avoid

overelaboration the probability of improvement to a pair is not included in the Master Chart. But when you hold three high cards, the chance of getting to a good pair just can't be forgotten. If you retain two high cards, the chance of improving to a good pair is 1 in 4; with three high cards retained, 1 in 3.

Now, let's take a three-card heart flush, like this:

K J 7 x x

This could turn into a flush, three of a kind, or two pair. The 10 outstanding hearts will form 45 two-card all-heart combinations, so there are 45 out of 1,081 (1 in 25) chances of making it all red. The possibility of improving to three of a kind is the same as

BETTING VALUES

DRAW POKER: NOTHING WILD

Dealt	Value
1. 3-card straight both ends open, or 3-card flush	.6
2. 4-card straight open one end or middle, or 3-card straight flush both ends open	1.0
3. One pair	1.4
4. 4-card straight both ends open	2.0
5. 4-card flush	2.4
6. 4-card straight flush open at one end or in the middle	3.0
7. Two pair, or 4-card straight flush	4.0
8. Three of a kind	7.3

for the three-card straight, 1 in 120; to two pair, 1 in 40.

K Q x 10 9

That's good only if you plug the hole with a jack. You have 4 jacks out, so you have 1 chance in 12 of success.

K K x x x

Say that is a heart and spade pair. It could become four of a kind, full house, three of a kind or two pair.

The two outstanding kings will unite with the remaining 45 cards to form 45 three-card combinations which will contain a pair of kings. The chance of making four of a kind is 45 out of 16,215 possible three-card combinations—or 1 in 360.

There are 165 three-of-a-kind or pair-plus-a-king three-card draws which will unite with the two kings to form a full house, giving 165 chances out of 16,215 or 1 in 100.

The chance of getting a three of a kind is 1 in 8. In drawing one card, there are two opportunities out of 47 cards to get a king; in drawing three cards, 6 out of 47.

The chance of getting another pair is 1 in 6, because there are 2,718 three-card draws which would contain pairs out of the 16,215 possible draws.

Suppose you have a three-card straight flush, wide-open at both ends.

Q J 10 x x

There are just three chances of completing a straight flush. That's 1 in 360. There are 45 more two-

card draws which will form a plain straight. Chances: 1 in 25. There are also 45 combinations which will form a plain flush: another 1 in 25. The likelihood of making three of a kind or two pair is the same as for a three-card straight.

K Q J 10 x

A four-card straight like this, open at both ends, can be filled by nine or ace. There are four of each out, and you draw one card; so you have 8 chances out of 47—1 in 6.

K K J J x

If you are dealt two pair, like this, you have 1 chance in 12 of making a full house because there are two kings and two jacks outstanding.

Take a four-card spade flush. You will need just one of the nine spades that are out, so the chances of drawing one are 9 out of 47 or 1 in 5.

K Q J 10 x

A four-card diamond straight flush, like this, open at both ends, can improve to a straight flush, flush or straight. The chances of drawing ace or nine of diamonds are 2 in 47. The aces and nines of spades, hearts and clubs give 6 chances out of 47 of completing the straight. With seven diamonds out, beside the ace and nine, you have 7/47 chance of making a diamond flush.

A four-card straight flush, open at one end or the middle, has just one chance in 47 of making a straight flush and 3 in 47 of improving to a straight, and 8 in 47 of making a flush.

Three of a kind like AAAxx may become four of a kind or a full house. The lone ace out will join with the 46 other cards to give 46 in 1,081 chances (1 in 25) of attaining four of a kind. As for finishing with a full house, there

FREQUENCY CHART

Straight flush	once in 65,000 hands
Four of a kind	once in 4,200 hands
Full house	once in 700 hands
Flush	once in 500 hands
Straight	once in 250 hands
Three of a kind	once in 50 hands
Two pair	once in 20 hands
Jacks or better	once in 8 hands

are 72 chances in 1,081 (1/15). Six pairs to each grade—like 6 pairs of deuces, treys and so on—are possible, or a total of 72.

Now comes the Master Chart. It gives, first, the type of hand which is dealt. Second, the chances of improvement. Third, the hand after taking into consideration all possible improvements, except to a pair. The fourth column gives the chance of improving the hand to three of a kind or better. The last sets out the betting value.

Remember, the betting value shown is not the true or actual cash betting value. Other things must be taken into consideration.

The smaller charts can be carried in your pocket. If you're in a game where you might cash in heavy on tiptop hands, the Mas-

ter Chart on the opposite page is better. But usually the betting stops pretty soon after the draw. This table stops at three of a kind. That's far enough. Straights or better would rate 12.

These charts will indicate when you ought to keep on betting and how far you ought to go. Depending on them is a lot better than guessing. Usually, with a hand less than 1 in value, you'd better throw it away and wait. The frequency chart shows the approximate frequency of appearance of various kinds of hands. It's of assistance in estimating what kind of hand your opponent has.

The betting tables help you decide what to discard. If you were dealt nine-ten-jack-queen of spades, plus the queen of diamonds, for instance, it would be smart to discard the diamond queen: the betting value of the four-card straight flush is higher. The thing to do is take a deck and deal yourself hand after hand and refer to these charts, then figure out what to discard and how high you ought to bet.

Suppose your opponent asks for two cards. He may be trying to fill a three-card straight flush, flush or straight, three of a kind or one pair plus a high card. There's just 1 chance in 50 he has three of a kind. When five are playing, three of a kind will be dealt only once in every ten deals; so 9 times out of 10 he will not hold three of a kind. The chance is just 1 in 13 of improving a straight or flush and 1 in 9 of improving a three-card straight flush. It's better to draw three cards when you have just a pair and high card. The pair has a betting value of 4.6 against 3.2 for a pair and a kicker.

A man plays poker much as he lives. Some are aggressive. Others will retreat before a brisk attack of raises. A few believe they were born to take any chance offered. At the other end is the conservative player who suffers at losing a bet, never bluffs, whose high bets rest solidly on a good hand. A fellow addicted to temper will show when he failed to draw what he wanted. A timid guy isn't likely to bluff. If a fellow is a show-off, he'll bluff plenty. That's just common sense. A few follow the rule of never calling a bet. This keeps you on the offensive. Learning the psychology and the practical side of poker requires plenty of working out at a poker table, but the probabilities you need to know can be learned in skull practice at home by yourself. ##

POKER HANDS

Straight flush	40
Four of a kind	624
Full house	3,744
Flush	5,108
Straight	10,200
Three of a kind	54,912
Two pair	123,552
Pair: Jacks or better	337,920
Pair: Tens or less	760,320
High card	1,302,540
	2,598,960

Energy Career Man

The life and times of one who does his best at what he likes to do and lets destiny push him upstairs

by **DAVID EMORY**

• SPORTS •

GEORGE MCNEAL TRAUTMAN, which is the formal name of Red, president of the American Association of Professional Baseball Clubs, is an energy career man. Red is a guy who simply holds onto his hat and goes for a ride wherever fate happens to lay the track.

McNeal is for his mother's Caledonian canniness. Trautman is for his Pop's Pennsylvania Dutch solid judgment. The George is simply for the American hell of it in keeping in high gear to see what exciting thing will happen next. Red at fifty appears ten years younger. He wriggles and jumps around like a sophomore back awaiting the kickoff in his first varsity game, and though rich in savvy and not untutored in guile, Red has the knob-eyed look of a country kid getting his initial view of a circus giraffe.

Red is a very encouraging example of what happens to a fellow who does his best at what he likes

and lets nature take its course.

Folks around Bucyrus, Ohio, where Red was born, used to think at times that Red's younger brother Fred was going to be the one who'd be the big Trautman in sports. It is to Fred that Red owes his playing record in organized baseball.

Red's record consists of one hit and one base on balls. Period. He dropped off to visit brother Fred at Hartford in 1915 when the veteran slugger Ed Delahanty was managing the team that had Fred on its pay roll. Ed was experiencing a manpower shortage and asked Red if he could play ball. Red admitted that he had been a thrower on Ohio State University ball clubs. Delahanty, being desperate to get nine men on the field, put the older Trautman in the outfield after George had attired himself in socks, bloomers, a cap and a black sweater; stray items of apparel in the Hartford dressing room.

His fielding chance consisted of running in too far on a fly that went for two bases. As Red came into the bench after his misplay a patron gazed studiously at the black sweater Red wore, then inquired of the management, "Ed, where'd cha get that coal miner?"

That quizzical comment is recalled by Trautman as a fairly accurate box score of his collegiate, as well as professional, baseball playing career, although Red as a varsity pitcher for the Buck-

eyes wasn't at all bad. He wasn't sent cordial invitations by major league clubs, either.

Trautman's hurling at Ohio State was part of the introduction to public life of Governor John Bricker of Ohio. Bricker caught Trautman, an experience which Red maintains qualified the governor to be a competent hand at handling the unpredictable. The battery-mates observed the amenities of having signals, but what was called for and what happened to be thrown were not always the same, though not because of any lack of intention on Red's part.

During a game with Purdue they abandoned signals. Early in the contest it started to rain. As the pastime proceeded Bricker's precinct became a bog. About the fifth inning when Bricker squatted to signal his pitcher he dunked his hams in a cold and gluey puddle. After almost an inning of that the governor-to-be plodded to mid-diamond and confidentially counseled his mate, "I am not going into the mud to signal you any more. Toss up anything, and I'll catch it; just as you have been doing all along."

Trautman had become a pitcher to the best of his ability in an earnest effort to do the right thing by L. W. St. John, the school's baseball coach and now its exceedingly capable director of athletics. St. John has been another father to Red ever since the husky Trautman entered Ohio State in 1911. St. John never has been canonized in the sports pages as have been many other university coaches and athletic directors, but to hear Trautman and others who have come under St. John's solicitous and expert attention tell about the man, you're bound to place him as one of the greatest and finest of the characterbuilders.

Red came to Ohio State as a sprightly young musclemans who had quite a home town reputation. He'd been captain, coach and manager of the Bucyrus High School football team. Even in eighth grade at grammar school he'd been big and tough and fast. Local mentors counted on him to take good care of Bucyrus interests in the intense high school gridiron competition of that section.

The enthusiasm of the Bucyrus populace reached the point of taking undue liberties with scholastic sports regulations. Red recalls, in particular, one game with the

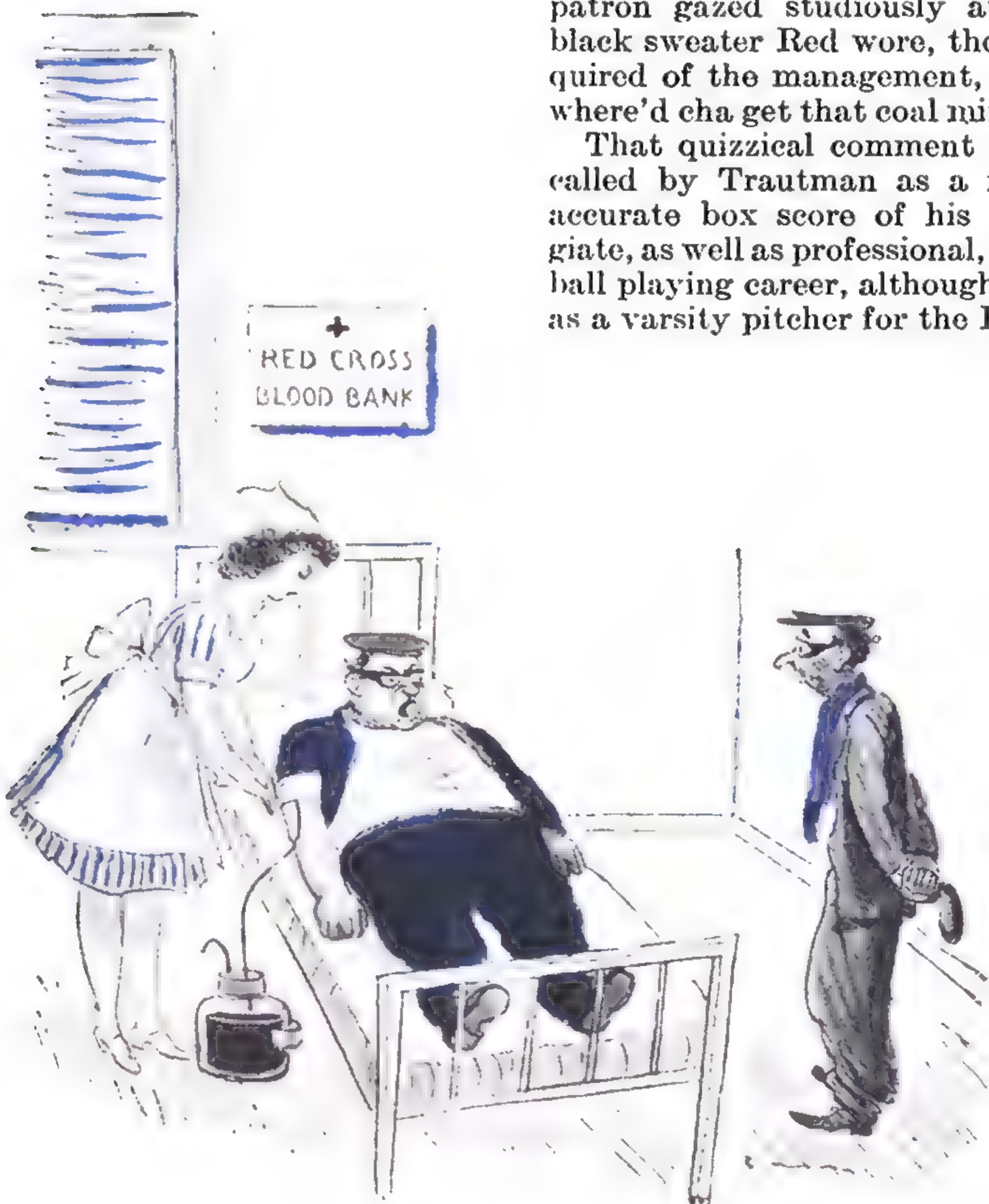
archfoe, Fostoria High School. Fervent partisans dealt themselves a hand in acquiring alien talent for the Bucyrus roster. Principal W. R. Ash of Fostoria High School asked that the Bucyrus principal, R. A. Garvin, accompany him behind the icehouse, a space which served as the Bucyrus squad's dressing room, to accredit the scholastic qualifications of the local representatives. The honorable Mr. Garvin peered intently at what portions of faces he could see unconcealed by the huge nose guards of that period, then confessed in puzzlement, "I don't know a lot of these boys."

Cautious Mr. Ash, having confirmation of his suspicion that "a lot of these boys" were recently imported mercenaries, promptly took his own charges back to Fostoria where they would be undefiled.

It was from this educational league that Red emerged as a high school graduate in 1909. He prepped for civil engineering by carrying a rod for a New York Central surveying gang for a year before entering Ohio State. That is, he believed he was a potential engineer, but the second algebra examination at Ohio State changed his mind. Then he went into the arts for a spell but lost the decision to French. Faculty counselors, after thoughtfully viewing Red's round pleasant puss, concluded that an all-wise providence had designed him to toil under a straw hat and bracketed by plow handles. So he continued his studies at Ohio State as an agricultural scholar until his graduation, whereupon he made a new track record in getting just as fast and as far away from manual labor on the soil as he possibly could, barring exceptions made on golf courses. Trautman now operates several hundred acres in the vicinity of Jackson, Ohio—a farm on which is raised some corn and wheat but which is mostly devoted to the preservation of wildlife native to Southern Ohio.

Red lugged his telescope into Columbus, looking for a student boarding house. He remembers walking past the Phi Delta Theta house and enviously observing the Phi Deltis lolling in grandeur on the porch of their establishment. Trautman fell in with another Bucyrus lad and they roomed together while fraternity rushing was being done. Red's cell mate was a very popular and solvent

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"Next time I'll select the bank!"



"You guys always get the WAVES, but I always wind up with the ripple!"

sharply. "They'd been in Washington and the government sent 'em to Philly to see the exhibition. The biggest fair there ever was. Five big buildings full of everything you ever heard of, but the only thing that caught them Indians' eye was my bicycle. So the government figured it was a wonderful present to give White Wolf and asked me if I'd take it out to the Indian Territory. I jumped at the chance. That was November. Nine months ago."

"Nine months!" Clem said.

"Don't believe it, do you?"

The young man's eyes burned angrily. "Listen, I got it here muleback and they had a big feast." He swallowed. "Dog. Little puppy dogs. They starve 'em for days, then cram 'em full of fruits and herbs and roast 'em whole. They don't even *clean* 'em."

"I know," Clem said. "It ain't bad."

"You mean you *like* roast puppy dog?"

"I've et worse."

The young man gave him a long, curious look, drew in a deep breath. His shoulders now seemed straighter. "I guess life in an Indian camp ain't so bad once you get used to it," he said. "If you can get used to the smells and all that, I mean."

"You get used to it," Clem said.

"A little grease and smell won't hurt you none." He was filling his pipe, tamping the bowl, and Luke Smith asked, "You like a pipe?"

"Why, sure I do."

"Ever smoke an Indian pipe?"

"Yep."

"That's another thing. I got to smoke pipes all the time. They mix willow bark with the tobacco and it's awful. And the food! Meat, always meat. I'm sick from it all the time."

"Just take some snakeroot and boil it," Clem suggested. "Drink a cup of it down and you'll be all right."

Luke's eyes opened wide. "You lived on the plains a long time, I guess."

"All my life, son. Go on about that bicycle."

Luke gave him another steady look and went on washing the spokes. "They sent me here to teach White Wolf to ride, but he just won't learn and he won't let the other Indians try. They won't let me go until White Wolf learns to ride it. The only chance I've got to get away is to teach him, and he'll never learn."

"Oh, it will come," Clem said without much conviction. "It will come to him all at once, I don't doubt. One of these days he'll just get up there and start pumping away."

"It's been nine months and he still rides it like a horse," Luke said. "Soon as he gets on he clamps his knees tight and lays on with his quirt and you saw what happens. And the rest of the time he just likes to watch me ride it around and around the camp." He shook his head sadly. "I've got a girl back in Philly. They

won't even let me write a letter."

"That's sure too bad," Clem said. "But, sonny, I don't know what I could do about it."

"You can get word to Fort Sill. See the Indian agent. Send some troops."

Clem shook his head. "I'm sorry, boy, but I ain't going to mix my hand in it. That White Wolf would just as soon take my scalp as not. He knows I've took Kiowa scalps."

Luke Smith straightened, looked at Clem long and bitterly. Then he shrugged his shoulders, said, "I got to get a piece of dry doe-skin. Will you mind the bicycle? Keep the kids away from it."

When Luke left the Indian boys

moved in closer, admiring the high seat of hand-worked leather and the handsome red rims and silvery spokes. Clem lifted the machine, spun the wheel and saw the heads of the Indian boys rotating as they watched it spin. He chuckled.

Clem had watched Luke ride, and it seemed easy enough. If he could persuade White Wolf it wasn't the same as a war pony, maybe the chief would figure it out, one of these days. There was a ledge of limestone waist-high in the bank of the creek. Clem pushed the bicycle over to the ledge, intending to sit down, but instead he climbed upon the ledge and on unhesitating impulse

sprang to the seat and pushed off. His feet found the pedals, but he had hardly begun to push them when his balance was lost. He landed on his feet, supporting the bicycle.

He tried again, and the Indian boys whooped in delight. This time he actually got the machine going over the flat hard ground at the base of the bluff and managed fifty feet before he was forced to jump to avoid hitting a tree. As he pushed the bicycle back to the ledge among the excited Indian boys he saw White Wolf standing atop the bluff, his arms folded.

"Good," the chief said. "You learn quick, Big Head."

Clem grinned. "The trick of it

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"But, Mom, a Marine is a soldier and sailor both"

Why Get a Divorce?

People who leap from one marriage to another usually learn it's the same old story, only sometimes it's worse

by ERIC HOWARD

• ARTICLE •

R

JIM GAYLORD, four times married, thrice divorced, looked thoughtfully at his highball. He had just come from a visit to his grown daughter, the child of his first wife.

"Damn if I know why we were divorced!" he said. "I mean, practically the same setup of circumstances is repeating itself in my present marriage. Women are all alike."

Not long before, an oft-married woman had said the same thing about men.

Among primitives, with whom divorce is often a simple and easy matter, it is also rather infrequent; they have long known what Jim Gaylord discovered—that one wife, or one husband, is quite as likely to be annoying at times as another.

Past experience indicates that there will be another big jump in divorce after the end of this war. Before World War I the divorce rate per 100 marriages in the United States was 8.76. But two years after the war, 1920, the rate had jumped to 13.3. In 1930 it was 17 divorces for every hundred weddings and the 1940 figures show nearly one marriage in every five breaking up.

After this war a new factor will be present, a factor that has sprung up like a fast growing tree. The factor is millions of girls at work. A large proportion may quit and marry, but their previous independence is no school for wives. A large proportion will marry and keep their jobs, with their support and one foot and most of their brains outside the home. Mr. Husband will be a free companion and likely to act like one.

Divorced persons will try to marry again. They have already shown their marrying impulse. It is nature working. Their hope is that divorce is not the death of marriage but that new and better marriages can arise from the ashes. With a divorce wave hanging over us that will break all records we would better look at that hope.

If A and B are unhappily married, A may decide that he could be blissful with C. He divorces B on some such grounds as "cruelty" or "incompatibility" and marries C as soon as the law will allow. Before long, as a general rule, he discovers that C is beginning to react to his personality very much as B did. The second marriage is a repetition of the

first. He may divorce again and marry Miss D, who seems "different," but he soon discovers that D has a lot of traits in common with his former mates. And he, of course, carried into his second and third marriages all the difficult and trouble-provoking characteristics that made his first marriage a failure.

A well-known lawyer who specializes in divorce cases is of the opinion that nearly all of his clients are children.

"They think," he says, "that divorce will solve a problem for them. In most cases, it won't. Married or divorced, they will still be children, unable to deal with any adult problem that confronts them."

There is reportedly an African tribe that has a traditional custom for the settlement of marital disputes. After a quarrel, husband and wife ceremoniously approach each other, each saying over and over, "I am a fool." After many repetitions, they usually laugh and the marriage endures, readjusted by humility and humor.

Anyone who has observed unhappy marriages must also have observed that the parties thereto, if divorced and remarried, are seldom any happier than they were before. One mistake does not guarantee that others will not be made; usually, indeed, it seems to imply a series of mistakes. Men and women often leap from a fairly comfortable purgatory into a veritable hell.

If a marriage is based upon strong sex attraction enveloped in the poesy of romantic love, and upon certain common interests, it can be reasonably successful if the contracting parties are adults and not spoiled children.

A divorce court judge has said that the basic cause of divorce in most cases, regardless of the grounds stated in the complaint, is sexual maladjustment. But even this problem could be rather easily solved, usually by consulting a psychologist or the family physician. If A and B are sexually maladjusted, they are likely to find themselves in the same boat if they are divorced and remarried.

There are marriages, of course, which involve problems that only divorce can solve. But in these cases, most experts in marital relations would say, one or both of the parties should not marry again. There may be a constitutional incapacity for the married state.

Romantic fiction of the sophisticated type sometimes presents the heroine, usually a very gallant gal, bravely and with a touch of sadness announcing to her husband that she loves another, that she wants a divorce.

"It's Fate," she says. "I can't help myself. Be sweet, darling; give me a divorce."

Or the husband, overwhelmed by a tidal wave of love, asks his wife to be a good sport and set him free. Bravely she does so.

And then what? Divorced and remarried, they discover that the irresistible tide was a very small wave, after all.

In one case a neurotically restless wife divorced her patient, generous, kindly husband and married the man who seemed to promise her the kind of love she hears about in songs. After a very short time she learned that it wasn't like that at all. Another divorce is being prepared. The grounds will be desertion, since her new husband spends little time at home.

Any intelligent onlooker could have told her that of the two men her first husband was by far the better as a marital companion; and that the attraction she felt for the other was a product of her restlessness. Her neurosis should

have been treated. Divorce did not cure it.

This conception of love as an overwhelming force, beyond reason and beyond control, is the theme of songs and novels. Back of it, some psychologists say, is the subconscious desire of people without passion to be conquered by passion.

Marriage clinics in a number of cities have solved problems for their clients and have prevented many divorces. But their clients are relatively few in number, either because the married have little trust in the advice of outsiders or because they are too determined on their course to consult anyone but divorce lawyers.

The real problem in most unsatisfactory marriages is one of personality and behavior. The man who is niggardly and doles out money to his wife as if she were a servant, not to be trusted too far, is behaving badly and stupidly. (Smart men, knowing the feminine capacity along practical lines, wisely entrust managerial duties to their wives and thus free themselves of detail.) The husband who is ugly, ill-tempered and surly around the house knows very well that he couldn't get away with such conduct among his male friends. The

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Chili Williams

ON a hot July day in 1942—later to be called The Year Chili Took Manhattan Island, there arrived in New York a modest young woman aged twenty-one, named Marian Sorrenson. She endured the usual emotions of amusement, bewilderment, heat and doom that takes of the youthful psyche upon arrival in the big city from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Up to now, her life and works had been fairly simple. She was a graduate of Marshall High and had sung in the Number One Girls' Trio. After graduation she engaged in a modest bit of modeling in the Twin Cities, then swung into secretarial work for one long year. Then came vacation time, and New York.

We're still in July now, folks. Jon Abbot, Esq.'s demon-eyed photographer, was the first to see Marian Sorrenson. He photographed her, sent her to Harry Conover, and in one week Marian Sorrenson had become Chili Williams. Six weeks later a picture appeared in a magazine which caused 18,000 gentlemen to write to Miss Williams. By loud popular

request the picture was reprinted twice. Followed radio shows including *We the People*, modeling and now the movie moguls are thinking it over.

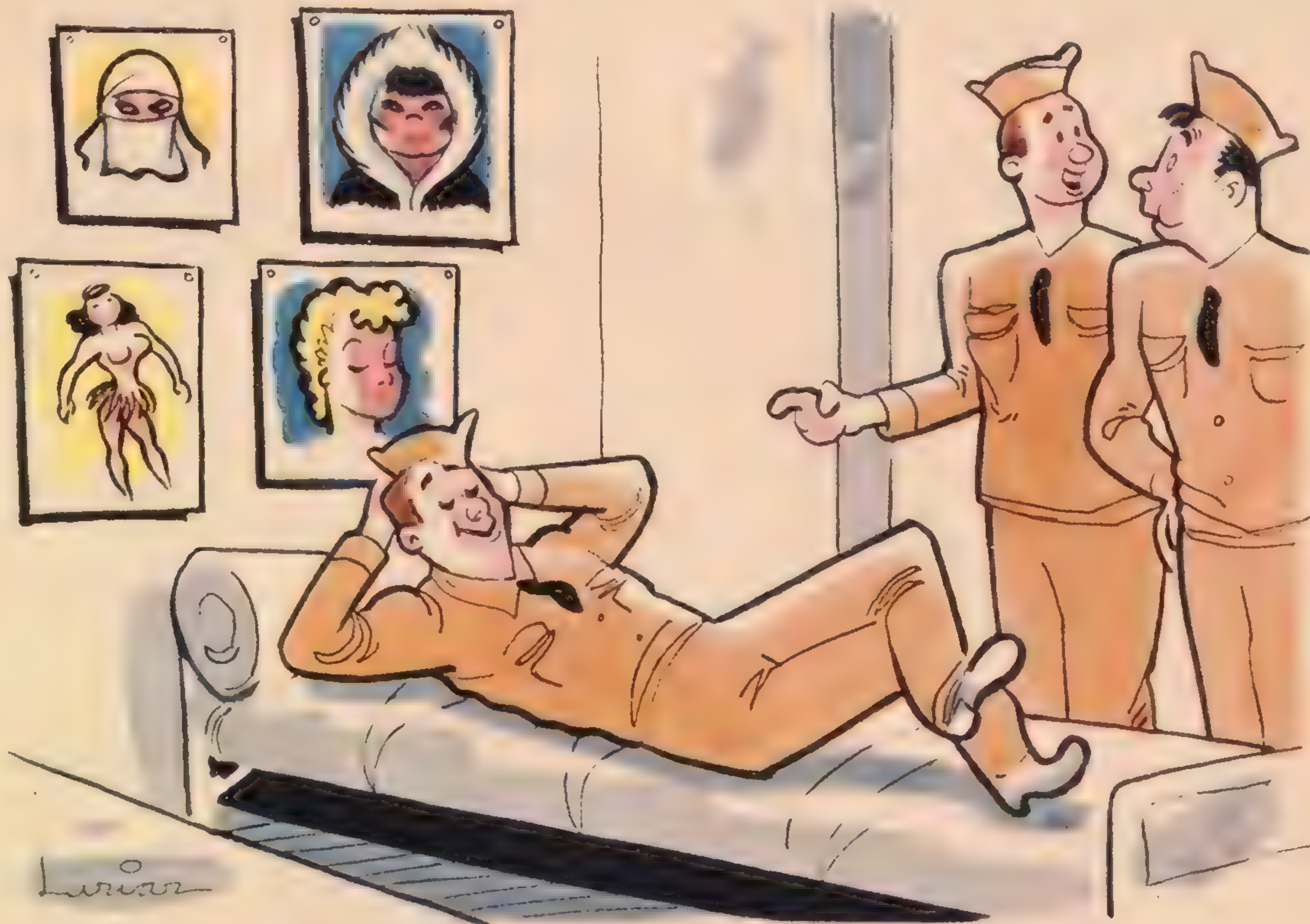
On the subject of men, Chili says: "Frankly, I'm amazed at the appeal my picture has for the boys. It pleases me, of course. As a matter of fact, I love it. But I don't think I'm that good. As for me personally, I'm foot-loose and fancy-free. Meantime, my pet peeve is the man who has a preconceived notion of what kind of a person I am and stubbornly refuses to change his mind after he gets to know me. A man should be able to see that you are entirely different from his idea—and change accordingly. My second peeve is the man who won't talk. Admiration is very pleasing but you must have real friendship along with it. But aside from these two idiosyncrasies of mine, I kinda like men."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Harry Conover; *Age:* 23; *Height:* 5'9" with heels; *Weight:* 119 lbs.; *Bust:* 34"; *Waist:* 24"; *Hips:* 35"; *Favorite indoor sport:* Talking.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT







"Boy, has he got memories!"

ROSE QUEEN'S AFTERMATH

Cheryl Walker, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

INTRODUCING Cheryl Walker, a lady whose symmetrical nether limbs have proved a liability to her movie career. Born and brought up in the Tournament of Roses Town, Cheryl never changed kindergartens, grade schools, high schools or colleges—nor her mind. "Some say I'm conservative," says she with not a little dispassion, "some stubborn." But, be that as it may, there were three things she was determined to be—an athlete, an actress and a businesswoman.

So, hating heights, she learned to do a perfect swan dive from a fifteen-foot board—So, having an indifferent memory, she studied dramatics and learned to retain her lines—So, frightened by adding machines and having no taste for square roots or logarithms, she majored in accounting.

While in Southern Pasadena Jr. College, Cheryl was inevitably elected Tournament of Roses Queen. She is the first and only queen (there have been some fifty-four of them) to be given a movie contract. But all is not gold that

is signed on the dotted line. Her option was dropped and she got nowhere fast. For four years, while she was biding her time, her legs doubled for those of more stellar stars than she could count on her toes. Cheryl dubbed in for dancing shots, diving shots and cheese cake shots. For all the cameramen cared, she might just as well not have had a face lovely enough to do a little ship launching on its own.

But her native stubbornness stood her in good stead. She was determined that some day someone would look into her large and limpid blue eyes. Some one did—Sol Lesser, who was searching for a completely unknown face for the part of Eileen in *Stage Door Canteen*. He couldn't have done better.

Where she will go dramatically from Eileen, Cheryl doesn't know (she still hasn't a contract). But wherever she goes she has sworn that her face, not her legs, is to take her there.

Vital Statistics: Weight: 115 lbs.; Height: 5'4"; Bust: 35"; Waist: 26"; Hips: 35"; Age: 23.



"Boy! what a lunar and nebular display"



*"Don't pay any attention to him—he's just trying to
get someone to notice him"*



*"Just a minute, girls, I want to eat the chicken and drink this wine
before the bugle blows and this dream ends"*



"Private Frank Buck reporting, Sir!"



"He says he wants a private room—he can't stand the noise here"

STAGE DOOR ESQUIRE

Columbine at the Harlequin Club

DALE BELMONT isn't kidding as she twines about that microphone. As far as she's concerned, when she's up there making music into the darkness beyond the spotlight, a girl's best friend is the mike. "I'd feel so alone without it," she says.

She's had her pal beside her throughout her professional career. After an initial *succès fou* as contralto in the church choir, she played engagements with a local orchestra in her native Concord, Massachusetts. From there she moved into radio on a Boston station and eventually and inevitably on to the Big Town to grace the spot by the piano in various smart *boîtes* on New York's East Side.

Introduced by the masked emcee at the Harlequin as "the beauty with the blue-velvet voice," Dale delivers ballads and Blues in a rich style. She estimates that the success of a café singer depends only ten per cent on vocal talent. The other ninety per cent she modestly attributes to good management, accompanist and mike. But a glance at the picture op-

posite gives reasons alone for her popularity that would total a hundred on any man's scoreboard. Even a deaf man would enjoy Dale's performance.

As a youngster she sawed away dutifully but not too delightedly at a violin for four years. But she was always impatient to finish practicing so she could get out in the corner lot baseball game with the boys, where she starred as a pitcher. Both the violin and the baseball glove went to the topmost shelf of the closet when she started to sing, and there they've stayed. Now in her spare moments—and they are few because of canteen and benefit appearances—she goes to the movies. Any movie. She also carries on an extensive correspondence with servicemen here and on the fighting fronts. Says few ever ask her for dates but almost to a man they want to know in their initial letter if she is married. She isn't.

One more for the scrapbook of wacky titles: The Signal Corps has voted Dale the girl they'd like most to have their signals crossed with.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE SEREBRYKOFF





The Dare-Devil's Last Jump

Progressing from hot-air balloons to flying crates he barnstormed the land, jumping to the sweet music of applause

by WILLIAM T. CAMPBELL

• FICTION •

Most all the time you was telling about that young paratrooper—the one with the big feet that kept throwing up all the way in to Washington; that day you was deadheading back to LaGuardia on Eastern Airline's Number 10—a picture kept running through my mind; a picture of old Dare-Devil Slim Spain.

I can see him right now, trudging across the flying field with "The Princess" on his back. He walked all the way out from town and you know how far that was, Henry, 'specially with one of them big Thompson Exhibition 'chutes on your back. That's what he called that old 'chute, "The Princess." Royalty sure wouldn't a felt very proud if they coulda seen that old rag.

Hey, Stanley! Draw three, please, sir!

I was sitting out in front of the hangar talking to a Creek Indian boy I'd been trying to solo when Slim come up to where we was. He dropped that dirty old canvas bag right slap in the mud—hell, it was always muddy around that hangar—then started looking at me kinda wild like. He was sweating like a hillbilly writing a letter, and part of his bony pigeon breast was sticking out where he'd unbuttoned his drippy shirt; he

tapped it with a handful of serawny fingers, staring at me all the time.

"Here's the dare-devilest jumping son of a so-and-so in this whole wide world—today, tomorrow or yestiddy, yes, sir!... That's me!"

That's what he called himself, and boys, that's what he was!

I jumped lots of 'em in those early days—I jumped Chauffeur Bottreill when he broke his own World's Parachute Leap Record at Love Field in Dallas two days after the Armistice. Say, that's over twenty-five years ago; God I'm getting old! Boittreill had a cute little trick: he'd unfurl the flags of the Allied nations during the drop and always hit the ground with a lighted cigarette in his mouth. He was a busy little man from the time he let go, and a spectacular feat it was—but for sheer nerve, or the by-God lack of such things, old Dare-Devil Slim Spain was: "The dare-devilest jumping son of a so-and-so in the whole wide world; today, tomorrow or yestiddy, yes, sir!" YES, SIR!

Here's a picture of Slim taken way back in 1919, standing in front of a Jenny; that's my kid brother standing there alongside of him. It was taken in Oklahoma on a barnstorming trip—I took it. I'll never forget that one; I

had to hook the Graflex to get us out of town the next morning. The promoter left us the night before, just before the finale—the Parachute Leap—with the lady wing walker and the money.

Those are black tights he has on. Those things on his feet? I'll be damned if I know; Slim called 'em "easy walkers." That skull-cap-looking thing is an old derby hat with the brim cut off. Well, no, they weren't exactly tights, but they suited Slim; it's a suit of winter underwear dyed black. A sign painter put that skull and crossbones on his chest; he had one on his back, too. That big bulge around his bottom is a bright red shawl, sometimes a table cloth, fixed just like one of them baby diapers. Yeh, the costume was all his idea, all right; I'll give him full credit for that. He was six feet three and weighed a hundred and thirty-seven!

If you'd seen that old 'chute you'd thought he'd been jumping with it since he was four years old. No, he'd never jumped from airplanes before; he'd jumped from hot-air balloons at county fairs and the like. He was one of those old-time carnival performers that hung from a trapeze when the hot bag snatched him off the ground. He also doubled on brass, most anything else, I reckon. It was the morning the snake charmer went to bed with a quart of monkey gin and a hell of a dose of the old-time flu, Slim come to me. "I just ain't gonna mess around with them nasty things, no, by God!" That's what he said. I jumped him that same day.

Hey, Stanley! Draw three... Oh! Thanks.

From that day on, all Slim seemed to care about was to get down in good enough shape to crawl up on the announcer's stand in full view of his public—a bunch of staring, yapping yokels, you know that—and let them whoop and holler and ogle him till the sun went down and all the airplanes were staked down for the night. It was a funny thing about Slim; he was a good first-class grease monkey, or most anything else you wanted of him, till he put them tights on. From then on he just strutted and glittered till dark—the only thing he'd touch was his clothes, liquor and his supper—sometimes a woman.

"The Princess" was full of patches, all different kinds of colors, just like each one meant a

different kind of landing; each one of them patches meant one of them unhappy landings—you can sure as hell bet on that. She—"The Princess"—was packed with hundreds of pieces of newspaper to keep her from fouling, then put in a big barracks bag and tied to one of the rear struts. Slim wore a leather harness which he hooked to the 'chute when we got up to where we wanted to jump from. He couldn't hook it up till he crawled all the way out on the wing to where the 'chute was tied to that strut.

That fool could make it out on that wing as nimbly as an alley cat answering a three-alarm call of the wild. But many's the time he'd get out there and give me the high sign, and he'd be no more hooked up to that 'chute than you are right now. God, he used to scare hell out of me!

Henry, did I ever tell you about jumping him at Claremore, that time, that time Will Rogers was back there? It was blowing about thirty miles on the ground and it was rough as hell in the air. We'd quit hopping passengers and I wanted to call off the Parachute Leap, too. But Slim wouldn't. "I'm advertised as Dare-Devil Slim Spain, and that's what I am; let's get on up there!" Well, you know how I was in those old days.

Well there just wasn't no smooth spots up there. Around thirty-one hundred I found a place where that old Jenny seemed sorta willing to stay right side up, so I throttled back and Slim went out on the wing. Seems like it took him four hours to get himself hooked up to that old "Princess." Finally he got the job done and give me the high sign. I pulled the gun and hollered, "Let 'er roll, Slim!" God a'Mighty! Just as he let go I hit one of them soft spots and damn if the ship didn't settle right down on top of him. Jesus! The 'chute caught on the tail skid and when it pulled away I looked down and saw a big gaping hole in "The Princess" canopy.

I was too scared to look again. I spun down to about three hundred feet and slipped her in for a landing. Wasn't no need of hollering for they'd seen it, too, and two cars were standing by with the engines racing, ready to rush out and pick him up. I'd dropped him on the far windward side but it was gusty and you could tell easy he was going to overshoot.

Hell, no, he couldn't work his

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BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

The girls that sailors follow

WEARING a musical comedy smile and a ballet tutu—that's Irina Baronova, featured in Dave Wolper's musical hit *Follow the Girls*. The dark-eyed pixie standing is Terry Lee and the lady admirals, from port to starboard, are Lillian Moore, Maureen Cunningham and Edna Ryan. The other queens, on the playing cards, are the backdrop for Act I, Scene I, when the show gets under way in the Spotlight Canteen.

Follow the Girls sings and dances its way in hearty fashion through a Naval establishment. Gertrude Niesen is starred as Bubbles La-Marr, a brassy-haired 'cutie toward whom a large part of the fleet has individual ambitions—namely, to install her in a vine-covered cottage. Rotund Jackie Gleason, disguised in a sailor suit, beats his way through the competition and rings the wedding bells. Subsidiary plot involves an attempt by a pair of villains to frame Baronova as a spy, thereby almost ruining her Big Chance when a Big Producer sees her dance at the canteen. Naturally, this treachery is foiled. Robust comedy, songs that snap

along with a naughty twist and a stageful of beauties that are tops in the crop make *Follow the Girls* something special for the boys. Show-stopping sequence: la Niesen unreeling with sly naïveté the marathon verses of *I Wanna Get Married*.

Still in her early twenties, Irina Baronova climbed to the peak of one career and, with this show, is pleasantly launched on another as an ingenue comedienne. She was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, during the revolution and was taken to Bucharest by her parents. At the age of fourteen, although a gangling youngster, her dancing so impressed Leonide Massine that Baronova was immediately taken into Colonel de Basil's *Original Ballet Russe*.

In six years she not only blossomed into a ravishing beauty but was acclaimed *ballerina assoluta*. She has appeared in two movies, *Florian* and *Yolanda*, the latter made in Mexico where she added Spanish to the four other languages she commands. Five others, really. You should hear her American slang.

Languages the Painless Way

Born of military necessity, the ready-to-speak system of teaching languages will be a boon to post-war travelers

by **FRANK HENIUS**

• ARTICLE •

THE war has provided several millions of Americans, scattered all over the world, an opportunity to become linguists. The war created this unexpected need and a method to satisfy it, but all of us eventually will benefit by the application of the latest streamlined language-teaching principles and short cuts. To speak French, Chinese or Spanish will be fun rather than a chore. Without tedious preparation, we will be able to derive immediately the greatest joy that comes out of any language: being able to speak it in a way which the natives will understand.

Military authorities needed a quick, foolproof way by which millions of men could absorb the essence of several languages at a glance—and then speak them. Servicemen abroad had to be able to make on-the-spot use of a minimum vocabulary and colloquial phrases to converse simply, thereby to obtain desired products, information and help. The method *had* to be good. None of the old systems would do. Taking a leaf from the manufacturers who fashioned millions of ready-to-wear uniforms, the language masters contrived a ready-to-speak system for the linguists-to-be.

All foreign languages were spelled and written as if they were English.

Civilian high priests of this cult saw even greater fields for this method than those which the Armed Forces offered for after the war, American travelers on business and on pleasure will sail in all directions from our shores to the ends of the world.

The first step in this new technique of language teaching is the recognition of the fundamental idea that *sound* is language. Out of the military findings has now come a system for civilians by civilians, based primarily on the control of the spoken sound. The long-winded and too complicated teaching of grammar, spelling, rules for pronunciation and involved sentence building were ousted and the architects of the *word* took command. First of all, you must have words—the bricks out of which the edifice of any speech is built. Words must be pronounced so that they are understood to mean what the speaker intends to convey.

All words are merely sounds and all spelling of sounds in any language can at best be only imi-

SOUNDWRITING

If you don't think soundwriting is the quickest and easiest way to learn to speak a foreign language, try the Spanish, German and French words listed below. The first column contains the English word, the third the Spanish, German or French, while the second column gives the correct soundwritten pronunciation.

SPANISH

accompany	a-kom-pan-YAR	acompañar
admirable	ad-mee-RA-blav	admirable
bacon	to-SEE-no	tocino
black	NAY-gro	negro
cheese	KAY-zo	queso
difficult	dee-FEE-seel	difficil
exit	sa-LEE-da	salida
fall, autumn	o-TOHN-yo	otoño
garden	har-DEEN	jardín
hat	som-BRAY-ro	sombrero
important	cem-por-TAN-tay	importante
jump	sal-TAR	saltar
key	YA-vay	llave
language	LEN-gwa	lengua

GERMAN

American	a-may-ree-KA-ner	Amerikaner
apples	EP-fel	aepfel
bacon	SHPEK	speck
bridge	BREW-ke	bruecke
day	TAK	tag
doctor	ARTST	arzt
eggs	Y-er	eier
five	FEWNF	fuenf
grapes	TROW-ben	trauben
house	HOWSS	haus
hundred	HOON-dert	hundert
telephone	tay-lay-FON	telephon
thousand	TOW-zend	tausend
Thursday	DAWN-nerss-tak	Donnerstag
toothbrush	TSAN-bewr-ste	zahnbruerste

FRENCH

accomplish	a-kom-PLEER	accomplire
activity	ak-tee-vee-TAY	activité
beautiful	BO	beau
cabbage	SHOO	chou
doll	poo-PAY	poupée
evening	SWAR	soir
inhabit	a-bee-TAY	habiter
Miss	mad-mwa-ZELL	demoiselle
or	OO	ou
rake	ra-TO	râteau
showerbath	DOOSH	douche

tation. The written word itself is not language: it becomes language only when it is translated into actual sounds. Acceptance of this fact permits the new system to skip the hurdles of the old way—and from a standing start. The method employed—to write all foreign sounds as in English letters, as if they *were* English—does not strain for perfection. However, pronunciation is always close enough to the actual native sounds, leaving no doubt that the speaker would like a steak rather than a load of buckshot. The moment the eye sees the English symbols for the foreign sounds, the reader is able to pronounce these sounds or words so as to convey his intended meaning.

The system itself is not entirely new, except for the way in

which it has been applied. It is built on the twin principles that sound is language and spelling only imitation of sound and puts into practical use such language guides, dictionaries or sentence books that will enable the user to make himself understood—with no other previous study.

The new teaching disregards the traditional, native writing system. More than that, and contrary to practically all language teaching methods and textbooks, it disregards all accents and signs, the marks and hieroglyphics which older textbooks used to denote the various sound combinations. We now can free ourselves from hours of tedious study which, in any case, rarely leads to rapid improvement in the direction of actual *speech*.

Only two new features are introduced: all syllables of each word are separated by hyphens, to assure slow and deliberate pronunciation; and all accented syllables are written in capital letters. Thus, if we were to soundwrite our own English, we would print: IN-fan-try, GEN-rally, af-ter-NOON, MID-night, RAIL-way, ba-NA-na. Simple!

Regardless of its origin or sound, a word is understood by its natives to mean a definite thing, idea, person or thought. But a similarity of sounds, though coming to our ear in the form of different words, always will awake in our minds associations which revert back to the general or similar meaning of the sound which we had formerly heard or learned. This accounts for the wrong application of foreign words, as in the case of the boy who was asked by his teacher to recite the story of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh and the mud puddle.

"The Queen was walking in the rain with her courtiers, amongst whom was Sir Walter Raleigh. Suddenly they came to a puddle in the middle of the road. Sir Walter stepped forward, gallantly took off his cloak and spread it under the Queen's feet so that she could cross the puddle.

"When she got to the other side," blandly explained our little friend, "she thanked the chivalrous gentlemen, and then added, 'Oh, Sir Walter, I am afraid you dirtied your beautiful cloak.'

"To which Sir Walter replied: 'Dieu et mon droit.'

"Which means," added the little boy triumphantly, "'By God, you are right!'"

Any writing is really speech-writing, but no writing is language. It is merely recording sound with the help of visible marks—letters. Language itself is spoken. Any sound or combination of sounds represented by written symbols, must be rendered back into speech before they can have meaning. But they must be mutually intelligible; as long as they mean the same thing to the same men, their actual connotations are immaterial. Mutual intelligibility of identical sounds, therefore, is necessary. We learned our mother tongue as children from those around us and later were taught how to imitate it in writing familiar sounds, whose individual meanings we well knew. To arrive at a similar result with

foreign sounds, the new method manipulates our English alphabet in such a way that we can write and read the foreign sounds as if they were English.

To adapt the English alphabet for this new method, another revolutionary rule was adopted and strictly applied: one letter, or one group of letters, always stand for the same sound. For example, "oo" always sounds like "oo" in moon, "ay" always like "ay" in may, "o" always like "o" in so. Where the foreign sound cannot be imitated, some of our own sound imitations are substituted. Take, for example, the vowel "u" following the consonant "b" in the Italian word for good, "buono." The new soundwriting imitates it by substituting a "w," and you will find that if you pout your lips to say "bw," this will result in almost the exact sound of the Italian word "buono," soundwritten BWO-no. In French we have the "illi" as in "faillite," which offers certain difficulties when spelled in the native way. By substituting a "y," this "illi" sound is properly produced: fa-YEET. "A" always is pronounced like the "a" in far or tar; thus we get very simply BWON JOR-no for good day in Italian, BWO-na SAY-ra for good evening (actually spelled buon giorno and buona sera). In French we have quite a number of vowel sounds which we do not use in English, but they are all taken care of, just as in Russian we write "Pra-va-DEE-tee meen-YA too-DA" for "take me there" or "va-ka-ree-ma-SEN" in Japanese for "I don't understand." This direct approach is a boon to every beginner. No lengthy dissertations on spelling, pronunciation and on that old ogre, Letters of the Alphabet. Many an unwary novice left his first language efforts because he seemed to feel that he could *never* learn to speak a tongue, the very letters of which were so difficult to remember and still harder to pronounce.

In a huge leap forward, the new system does not teach grammar for grammar's sake. Rules and grammar are introduced quite gradually, in the clearest and briefest possible fashion. Grammatical high points are given only when the learning process itself is simplified by a clarification or explanation of grammatical rules. It is quite possible that the student of French who has given time to sentence structure and grammar will say, based on the new technique, "Je viendrai vous voir demain quoique je suis," instead of "je sois," but he will be understood just the same and will definitely convey the thought it was intended to express. The achievement of one purpose has been sought: to be able to make one's self *understood* abroad.

In German there are special difficulties, for the Germans have many sounds we do not have in English; especially, for example, their "ch," their "ae," "ei," "oe," "ue" and many other letters and

their combinations. However, all of them have been soundwritten and substitutes have been found which are the nearest approach.

In an emergency man instinctively uses mostly single words. The dullness or brightness of the conversation depend on the richness of the vocabulary. For such diversification, dictionaries of the new soundwriting method already have appeared in editions of twelve thousand words, carefully chosen. The new method tries also to make language study more satisfactory and enjoyable by offering many kinds of bait for the searcher of new words and an extended vocabulary. One of these is the so-called Fill-In Sentence,

which consists of useful phrases, containing blanks, with a list of key words provided for insertion. The speaker thus can form a number of sentences, which he can pronounce immediately as they are soundwritten. It is really extraordinary how many "conversation pieces" can be created with thirty fill-in sentences and one hundred and fifty words.

It is fun to learn a language that way, and still greater sport to use it. Even without great detail study, it is possible for everyone who can read English to say what he wants abroad. Already it is being adopted by some schools and colleges. As more people begin to realize the potentialities on

the language horizon—and like it—the probability is that millions of Americans will acquire a taste for tongues other than our own. New travel facilities which will bring a closer link between all the peoples of the earth, will make language intelligibility desirable, actually necessary. Language study and the use of foreign languages by all peoples will play a more important role than ever before in the world's history. The new soundwriting method, therefore, will play not only a vital wartime role, but will be an important peacetime means of communication, actually creating a better understanding generally everywhere. ##



"Acme Munitions—boom!"

Americanism in Little White Pills

Homer L. Chaillaux, dynamic Legionnaire, promotes the general welfare as well as baseball by plugging athletics for kids

by VICTOR L. RENSBERGER

• SPORTS •

ONE summer night back in the good year 1925 a train was rumbling across Iowa headed for Chicago. On board it two mature, intent men—typically sound, stalwart Americans with keen eyes which showed that they knew what was going on all about them—were engaged in sober conversation.

"I've just been down to the American Legion Convention at Mason City," Major John L. Griffith was telling Judge Kene-saw Mountain Landis, "and we had quite a discussion about baseball down there that I think will interest you, Judge."

"You're — — right it will," snapped the lean and sturdy Landis with his characteristic incision and vehemence. "What the hell's going on, Major? It's about time *somebody* woke up to the facts of life. The kids aren't playing the game like they used to in my day. There were just as many baseball fans in those days as there are today when the population is way up. Something's got to be done about it."

The dialogue that followed was a drum duet in which Major Griffith represented the low, soothing, melodic, persuasive roll of the tympani and Landis the abrupt brash of the traps. Major Griffith explained that the previous summer he had learned from sporting goods manufacturers that the demand for baseball equipment was on the decline. This distressed him as a baseball fan and as a man whose life had been devoted to promoting America's amateur competitive sports. The Legion had been carrying on a program to secure adjusted compensation for veterans and had raised a fund to guarantee hospital service for wounded buddies. It was looking for something to do for America. The suggestion was made by Major Griffith that Americanism could be promoted by fostering amateur athletics, particularly baseball.

"It's a good idea," snapped Landis, but at that time Griffith, the pioneer, the prospector for raw materials for baseball, failed to convince Landis, the marketer of the finished product, on the idea of organized baseball helping to underwrite the program.

Later in the summer Colonel Frank McCormick, former director of athletics at the University of Minnesota, who is now in England with our Armed Forces, in-

vited Major Griffith to talk at the Legion convention in Milbank, South Dakota. Colonel McCormick was then state commander of the Legion in South Dakota. At this meeting Griffith presented his plan for Legion-sponsored boy baseball. General Drain, national commander of the Legion, was present at the meeting and highly approved of the idea.

The outcome was that the American Legion baseball project was started. Frank Cross, who was the Americanism director at that time, James Barton, the American Legion adjutant, and Major Griffith were able to get financial help to start the program from the National Amateur Athletic Federation, of which Griffith was executive vice-president, and from the sporting goods manufacturers. In 1926 many of the 12,000 Legion posts backed teams, and a tournament for the national championship was held at the convention in Philadelphia.

In 1928 Dan Sowers was made director of the Americanism Commission and he obtained financial backing through Judge Landis from organized baseball. Since then the Legion program has grown until it is now recognized as the lifesaver of the national pastime. It is estimated that before the war 500,000 boys took part each summer in the Legion's Junior Baseball Program, and in eighteen years fully 6,000,000 boys, seventeen years or under, have played in the Legion games. A third of the big league personnel at the time of the outbreak of the war were Legion baseball products.

That the Legion Junior Baseball Program has benefited the country in more ways than by producing big league ballplayers may be judged from the fact that forty per cent of our eighteen-year-olds were unable to meet the none-too-rigid requirements for military service, *eighty* per cent of the boys who took part in the Legion Baseball Program are now in the Armed Forces. Many are in positions of leadership; many have been decorated for valor; many have given their lives.

Since 1934 the National Americanism Director of the American Legion has been Homer L. Chaillaux, a short, solid, friendly sort of chap with a trim and open face, clean-cut chin and confident manner of talking. Chaillaux is a baseball dynamo, some-

what on the order of J. G. Taylor Spink of *The Sporting News*. He is a fellow who likes to get around and see people and during his years on the job he has traveled more than 400,000 miles in directing and promoting the Legion's activities. He estimates that he makes 500 talks a year, and Judge Landis once said: "If Homer parachuted out of a plane and landed in a cornfield where there happened to be a group of people he would know exactly what speech those people would like to hear." He is equally effective in private conversation and has the knack of putting across and winning his point of view while retaining the sympathy and friendliness of the opposition.

To keep up with so vast a program he has to be continually on the job. For example, to ferret out un-American ideas he is a regular cover-to-cover reader of some 200 periodicals. He reads on trains, in the barber chair, while waiting for his meals to be served, anytime he has a minute to spare. In Indianapolis he is at his office at the Legion's national headquarters at seven every morning and may stay there until after midnight. Twice a month regularly he has to go down to New York.

He has organized and directed

a summer training program in the mechanics of government for boys of high school age, which is now carried on in thirty-four states. More than 80,000 have been graduated from these schools. He also has influenced the Legion's sponsorship of Boy Scout troops, with the result that more than 3,000 Legion posts are doing this work. But the prize is the Junior Baseball Program which now involves 31,000 teams each year. It is judged that the total expenditure on this vast program approaches two million dollars, though of course the Legion's direct output on it is only a small fraction of that amount.

When Chaillaux came on the job in 1934 the country was just staggering up out of its colossal Depression and the future of Junior Baseball was very dubious. Chaillaux, however, was determined to save this program which had only just begun to get on its feet when the crash came.

Chaillaux has been very wise and careful about placing his national title tournaments. He puts it on a competitive basis. The towns that do the best in state or sectional tournaments get in line for the finals. He knows just exactly what towns are bad for amateur attractions. For example

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEN

Mata and Hari, two satire satyrs

FROM the wings Anton Bruehl points his camera over the shoulder of a waiting chorine to catch comic dancers Mata and Hari in their Clown Dance, which burlesques in turn a jitterbug couple, a suave ballroom team, a grim ballet *pas de deux* and a couple of rumba-prowling Latins.

Both natives of Switzerland, Mata and Hari were rigidly schooled under classical instructors. In 1937 they found an outlet for their nimble humor in the Trudi Schoop Ballet, and they toured with the group in Europe and America until it was disbanded in 1940. They then teamed professionally and before a preacher.

Besides concert appearances, they have found their brand of wit-set-to-music received with hilarious delight in night clubs around the country. Irrepressible clowns, they can't be serious. They see fun in everything and approach life as a comedy of manners. They throw the grist of familiar types and situations into their mill and audiences are convulsed by the resulting caricatures.

Their routines are worked out to

the precision of a Swiss watch movement, down to the last detail of facial expression and flick of a finger. Sometimes they mull over a number for months before they actually start work on it, observing their subject and taking notes. If they think it necessary they occasionally study under a specialist in a particular type of dancing. Music is painstakingly selected and is written for them when they can't find the perfect score. Costumes are merely a suggestion added to their basic tights.

Creation of the choreography for a new number is a completely mutual operation with them. "We look at things the same way and we know what we are trying to say. We just dance," says Hari. Unlike most dancers, they seldom rehearse before a mirror. They explain that the inspiration for their super-pantomime must come from within. They know they are getting the effect they want "when it feels right."

As to their name, Mata and Hari giggle. "It suits us. Even our name is sort of a joke, don't you see?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL





Jazzmen's Greatest Kicks

Golden memories of hot music heard by
such special listeners as Sid Catlett,
Miff Mole, Al Casey and Barney Bigard

by **ROBERT GOFFIN**

• ARTICLE •

I HAVE often asked myself what jazz of my whole life has made the most profound impression on me. Which nights, of all those nights of jazz, rendered us mere human beings incapable of anything but awe-struck silence? In the memories of everyone enamored of syncopated music there must be some extraordinary impressions worth passing on to our great-grandsons. I've put the question to many of my friends and they all looked at me very curiously. I want to make it clear that I'm not talking of musicians' own impressions—"The biggest night of my life was the one I played with the Six Mysterious Doctors . . ."—What I wanted was the opinion of the man who listens, as well as the man who plays.

Al Casey, King of Guitarists, was the first musician I questioned.

"My most vivid jazz memory?" he replied. "That's easy. There's one floating around in the back of my mind like a cork on water. It was a heavenly night about two years ago. I was in Chicago, where I had played with Fats Waller. We had been talking about Hampton's new orchestra. After the show, I went over to the Savoy.

"When I arrived the room was

throbbing with screams. I wondered what the cause of it was but I had to mix in with the crowd to find out. Women were sighing all over the place. Lionel Hampton's tenor was beating out one of his dizzy solos, which lasted until the Lindy Hop dancers began to collapse with exhaustion. The crowd shouted, applauded, screamed and threw hats into the air while Lionel Hampton mopped his face, mouth open. The audience was in a high frenzy. Suddenly Lionel tapped his foot and rocked back and forth. The orchestra broke into *Flying Home*. Oh boy! I closed my eyes and braced myself against the wall. I was out of this world. The orchestra played *Flying Home* for a half hour, and that half hour is the most beautiful moment of my life as a jazz musician."

Miff Mole, champion of the Memphis Five and the Cotton Pickers, is carrying on the Dixieland tradition at Nick's. With Eddie Edwards and Georges Brunis he makes up the ancient and honorable trinity of white trombonists.

"My most vivid memory," he told me, "is of an evening in 1921. At the time I was playing in the Memphis Five, and I had never heard the Original Dixieland in

person, nor the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. I was too young to go to Reisenweber's and I had to be satisfied with phonograph records. On my night off I went to Coney Island. In a side street I saw a mob gathered before an establishment called the College Inn. They could have been contortionists, from the way they were packed together. You could see the band from the street. I mixed in with the crowd. After about two minutes I had caught the fever.

"That music was a rhythmic revelation. It was even better than the Original Dixieland, which of course I had heard only on records. I entered the hall and went up to the orchestra. What a terrific trick! They were playing the *Twelfth Street Rag* and *I Ain't Got Nobody*, but what a touch! During the intermission, I talked with the musicians.

"It was Jimmy Durante's orchestra. Yes, the famous Jimmy Durante. Strange thing, but Emile Christian was playing the trumpet. As a matter of fact the famous trombonist of the Original Dixieland was already playing a terrific trumpet. A fellow named Bacquet was at the clarinet, Eddie Edwards played the trombone, Johnny Stein was at the drums and Jimmy himself at the piano.

"I have never heard anything hotter. . . ."

At the Three Deuces I put my same indiscreet question to Sidney Catlett.

"Sure," said Big Sid. "It happened thirteen or fourteen years ago. I was coming into New York from Chicago and that evening I went over to the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem. That was a mistake! I had to wait in line for a half hour. Finally I got into the huge, packed room. Fletcher Henderson's orchestra was on the stage. It took me some time to get used to the thick gloom. Little by little the music carried me away. I ploughed through the dancers and stationed myself in front of the band and I didn't move for over an hour.

"I'll remember it all my life. I was as silent as the inside of a church. Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Bobby Stark, Rex Stewart and Walter Johnson blew such terrific solos that the room seemed to turn upside down. The peak of the show was none other than *Honeysuckle Rose* and the *King Porter Stomp*, which the tenor

and trumpet had to repeat several times. I've had a lot of great moments in my life, but nothing to approach that one!"

Jack Teagarden was just finishing *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues*. When he saw me he came over and sat down beside me with the warm friendliness which seems to be his perennial expression. He still had his trombone in hand and he gestured from time to time by pushing down the slide.

"It was in 1921," he began. "I was working with that great pianist, Peck Kelley, in Texas. I took a couple of days off and went over to New Orleans, a plan which had been burning in my imagination ever since the legends of King Bolden and Bunk Johnson had begun to spread over the country. That evening I made a tour of all the night spots, but discovered nothing extraordinary. In the small hours a friend and I were still wandering around the French quarter. A rose-colored dawn was sliding over the valley. I complained that we hadn't heard anything especially good. My friend led me down to the river's bank, just as a glorious sun was mounting to the horizon. 'With a little luck,' he told me, 'we may hear some Negro stevedores singing the Blues.'

"We were on the levee. Suddenly I heard a trumpet in the distance. I couldn't see anything but an excursion boat gliding through the mist back to port. Then the tune became more distinct. The boat was still far off. But in the bow I could see a Negro standing in the wind, holding a trumpet high and sending out the most brilliant notes I had ever heard. It was jazz; it was what I had been hoping to hear all through that night. I don't even know whether it was *Tiger Rag* or *Panama*. But it was Louis Armstrong, descending from the sky like a god. The ship hugged the bank as if it were driven there by the powerful trumpet beats. I stayed absolutely still, just listening, until the boat dropped anchor."

"It was Fate Marable's Orchestra. Gene Sedric played the saxophone. I talked with the musicians when they landed and Fate Marable presented me to the unknown cornetist with the round, open face: Louis Armstrong! And that's why I went back to Texas filled to the brim with jazz, and why until this day I carry the

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AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Gene Eliza Tierney

MEET the girl who made good for three women—Grandma and Mama and herself. Grandma and Mama bowed to the will of the antiactress Tierney men but when slant-eyed Gene came along, speller of sex in any language, she merely announced she was going to be an actress and invited her father to come and watch. He did and she did—and George Abbott hired her for *The Male Animal*.

The little girl from the place the world thinks is a wisecrack—Brooklyn—next was snapped up by 20th Century-Fox. Her high cheek bones, "say-it-with-a-kiss" mouth and Oriental eyes threw the studio off its casting stride. In her first picture she played a nationality she looks least like—an American—and from there she went on to Eurasian, Polynesian and Arabian parts, all without benefit of mirrors, grease paint or taped eyes—Perhaps the answer to her ancestry—French, Spanish, Irish and Swedish.

Right now she is in *Laura*, the best-seller murder mystery, and was last seen in the technicolor production of *Heaven Can Wait*.

Among other things, Gene is technicolor's darling. Someone dubbed her the "crick-in-the-neck" gal—male necks, if you need that explanation. Her father calls her Squid and when she hears, "Pumpkin," she knows it is her mother calling her. Although she isn't superstitious, Gene is quite thoroughly pleased that her initials spell GER.

Advice taking is not La Tierney's long suit, so when everyone told her not to marry, it was inevitable that she'd soon be introducing her husband to her friends. (He recently changed one rank for another—instead of being known as Count Oleg Cassini, he proudly carries the title of lieutenant before his name.) There's a third member of the family now—Miss Antoinette Daria Cassini who, if she takes after her ma, will have nutmeg-colored hair (it's in Gene's contract that she can wear her hair in that lush cascade), weigh 113 pounds, be 5' 5½" tall and have waist, hip and bust measurements that will make Varga hurry home and sharpen all his pencils.

The War Without Guns

The German officers were glad to be quartered in Breguel's home, enjoyed chatting with the old French hunter

by **GEORGES SURDEZ**

• FICTION •

R

CAPTAIN Hardtberg hung up his damp coat and cap in the hallway, entered the living room. He was about thirty-six, tall, red and fleshy, with small, placid blue eyes set deep, like little porcelain globes. He motioned for his host, Monsieur Breguel, to remain seated, sank into an easy chair opposite the white-haired Frenchman, grunted and sighed, rubbing his hands.

"Your climate is devilishly cold," he said, adding with a smile, "and don't tell me you did not invite us. I know. I regret. I would much sooner be at home with my family than patrolling the channel coast. It isn't very late. How about a game of chess?"

"Maybe later, Captain," Breguel shook his head. "I am worried—"

"Worried?" the German officer laughed. "Come, this place is too unimportant for planes to bomb. And your good friends, the British, do not seem in a hurry to land." He shook a big finger jokingly. "But perhaps you conspire against the German State? You hide fugitives? You signal our enemies? In that case, I must have you shot in the morning." The thick lips straightened, the eyes were calm, cold. "With the others."

"There are others, then, Captain?"

"Two. An unfortunate affair. Concealing aviators." Hardtberg shrugged. "They knew the consequences, gambled and lost. Bah, sorry I talked of those things. War is bad. Even in joking, one touches tragic matters." He reached out and touched the old man on the knee. "Tell me what you are worried about, please. If it is your hunting guns still, nothing can be done. Sorry. Perhaps they will be returned after the war." He added, honestly: "Doubtful, however. Things get lost. Handsome rifles especially."

"I've given them up," Breguel replied. "I mention them from time to time. But I am too old now to hunt with a gun, and who knows how old I'll be when this war is over?" He brushed his lean fingers over his forehead, half smiled. "I'm not even worried about my son. He's somewhere, in England or in Africa, as I have told you. And I also tell you frankly, Captain, that if I were fifteen years younger, I'd be with him."

"And you would be misguided." The German unfolded the board,

reached for the decanter of apple brandy, poured himself a small dose. "But from now on, no war and no politics. Two civilized men playing chess, eh?"

The old Frenchman lined up his pieces, then brushed them together again, replaced them one by one. "Captain, I'm a Frenchman. I have no liking for you Germans as a whole. But you have been extremely courteous to me. I am worried at letting you—well, remain in ignorance of something that has nothing to do with the war, which may affect you personally."

"So? A plot?"

"No. I was speaking, earlier this evening, with your colleague, Lieutenant Steinwer. He is very nervous."

"Nervous?" the officer's brows lifted and his eyes became alert.

"What makes you think so?"

"Haven't you noticed?"

"Yes and no. Steinwer is what you might call an intellectual. The war has taxed him more than others. He was wounded in 1940, he was quite ill in the Balkans in 1941. Not all men are cast in the same mold, and I think he is worried that he may be sent to Russia. Which does not mean," Hardtberg added sternly, "that he would not go and do his duty as a German officer."

"There is something else." Breguel handed the captain a piece of paper, folded, worn at the edges. "This may explain."

"Left this with you? Seems to have carried it around in a wallet quite a while. Dated 1938, in the spring." The German read the letter rapidly, read it again slowly, pursed his lips. "This is absolutely

idiotic. Did he tell you he was worried about it?"

"Yes." Breguel gestured with his hands. "He knows that I have spent some leisure in reading on such topics. He wishes me to look in my books to see if it is possible. I told him that it was not."

"You did right. Why didn't he go to one of our doctors?"

"Obviously, he feared that he would be suspected of being—ill. That it might lead to his transfer, to loss of rank. It's a bad reputation to get in any army." Breguel lowered his voice: "But, as you are his superior, his friend, and he seems so nervous and miserable, I thought—"

"You did right. I'll talk to him."

"You will not tell him I told you?"

"No, rest assured of that."

"But he may guess, and he will feel humiliated, shamed. He has been carrying that letter almost five years. The power of suggestion is strong. A sudden challenge on your part—you see?"

"Yes, I see." Hardtberg handed back the letter. "Too much thinking, too nervous. I'll try to give him patrols that will tire him physically, keep him in the air. Then I shall try to win his confidence." The German smiled. "I know how. In civil life, I employed twenty-two people, so I know a bit about psychology. The thing is impossible, of course. Isn't it, in your opinion?"

"Surely. Yet—"

"Yes?"

"Inviting confidences will act for him as proof that the external symptoms are visible. It may prolong, strengthen the suggestion."

"Perhaps." Hardtberg leaned back in the chair, touching the tips of his fingers. "Curious, curious. Fancy that now, Steinwer, a good man, a brave enough man as a rule. I myself have noticed, of late—You read German well enough to comprehend that letter thoroughly?"

"No, Captain. He translated it for me. I told him, and you'll agree with me, that he should have torn it up at once and laughed. That it was still the best cure. But he won't destroy it. The best I could obtain was that he would leave it with me for a week, to check up on my statement that its absence from his person would help him. He has some vague idea that if his case



"Eddie is getting mighty businesslike these days!"

really develops, it may be an excuse, or a clue for treatment. Who knows what he really thinks?"

Hardtberg sighed wearily, cracked his knuckles.

"Ah, this war, and what went on before! We Germans are a nation of neurotics, that is not a new statement. Often, what appears to be brutality is only exasperated sensitiveness. Fancy now, Steinwer!"

* * *

It was a week later that Lieutenant Steinwer shot Captain Hardtberg, killing him. Fortunately, the episode took place at German Headquarters in the Mairie Building, and not in Breguel's home. But the old man listened to all the details with intense interest.

Steinwer, accompanied by two sergeants, had entered the office to report on the afternoon's patrol. Hardtberg had been cordial, friendly. The lieutenant, who had fired several times at a target along the beach, took his pistol from the holster with the intention of cleaning and reloading it, according to his story.

To his astonishment, Hardtberg had ordered him sharply to leave the weapon alone, and as the surprised lieutenant hesitated to comply, not understanding what the captain had in mind, the senior officer had taken his ordnance pistol from a drawer of the table behind which he sat and menaced him. One of the sergeants had stepped forward to intervene, the captain had warned him away, saying that he knew "what he was doing," that "Steinwer is a dangerous beast." Whether by accident or intent, the captain's gun had been discharged, the sergeant had dropped with a bullet in his throat—from which he died later.

As the captain swung the muzzle of the pistol on him, Steinwer, who had his own gun with four cartridges remaining in the chamber and magazine, had instinctively fired twice. One bullet, no one could be sure which, had missed and struck the wall, the other had penetrated Hardtberg's skull slightly above the left eye.

For twenty-four hours that was the whole story. But the surviving sergeant testified that the captain had said very clearly to Steinwer: "I've read that rotten letter; I know what you are!" And members of the garrison testified that for several days, Captain Hardtberg had been very strict with Lieutenant Steinwer, had ordered him to lead patrols day and night, and that Steinwer had been heard to say to a visiting colleague, who confirmed it, that if Hardtberg went on playing the martinet, something evil would happen.

Steinwer was placed under arrest, removed to Cherbourg for investigation and court-martial. Three days later he was dead, having shot himself during a depressed mood, the German officials reported. Breguel smiled when he heard this.

The replacement officers came

to reside at his home, which was desirable, comfortable. One played the piano very well, the other taught philosophy in times of peace. Before very long they liked the warmth of the living room, conversation with the elderly Frenchman so passionately fond of hunting. There was the apple brandy, too, which was growing so rare, and of which he always appeared to find new stocks.

"I'm very sorry that our people seized your collection of guns," the new captain told him after a week. "But you understand, you were a soldier. One cannot leave lethal weapons in the hands of the population. I shall undertake to

trace them, have them kept for you. I make no promises. Objects become lost in a war."

Then he played the piano awhile, won a game of chess, drank a little brandy, talked about himself, his family, his colleague. And Breguel listened with interest.

"A stirrup cup before going on duty," the new captain said at last. He looked around him, beaming: "Well, you have been unfortunate in my predecessors, Monsieur Breguel. Two or three suicides, two or three shootings. At Cherbourg our comrades are getting superstitious. As if shootings and suicides were not frequent in wartime. For my part, I ask

nothing better than to remain here for the duration. Here's to a swift end of the war and your resuming hunting!"

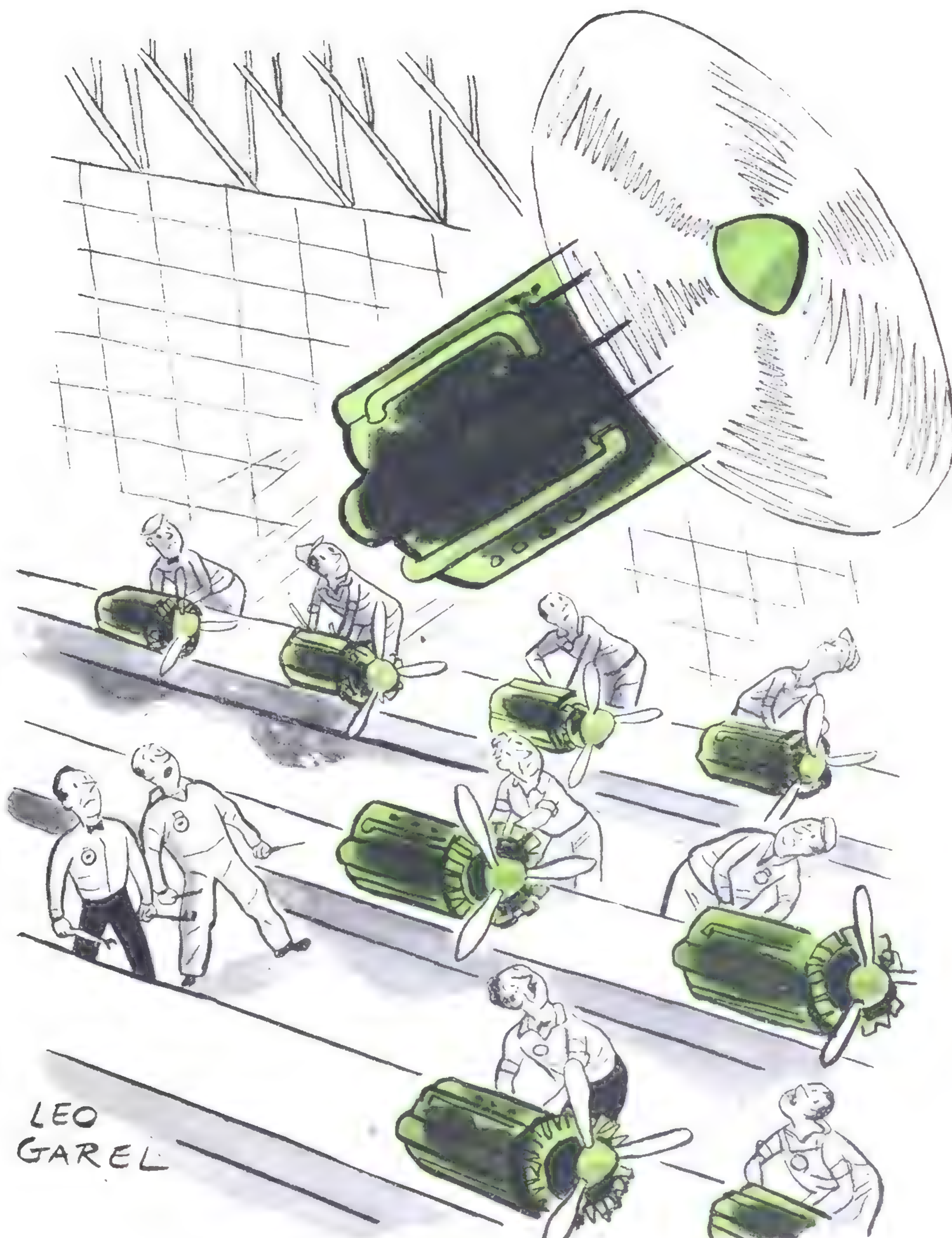
Breguel smiled: "Oh, once a hunter, always a hunter, Captain. If not with the shotgun or rifle, with the mind."

"Ah, yes, in imagination, eh?" the German nodded and laughed: "Well, the *Kommandantur* has no objections to that." He rose, picked up his greatcoat and cap in the hallway and went out into the windy night.

* * *

Left alone, Breguel went to his desk. For a few minutes, he jotted down notes, casual items: the names of his new guests, their

Continued on page 144



"Boy, what a motor!"

The Sultan of Swindlers

George Washington Parker, famous for selling the Brooklyn Bridge, insisted that his customers were smart fellows

by CLEMENT J. WYLE

• ARTICLE •

ICE was never sold to the Eskimos, nor were tuxedos palmed off on the Fiji Islanders. But that was only because George Washington Parker never got around to it. If he had, his stock would have been grabbed faster than nylon stockings today. Parker, flimflam artist extraordinary, could sell anything, anywhere.

Such a gifted fellow, naturally, did not have to climb the ladder of success. He leaped to the top on his twentieth birthday when he sold the Brooklyn Bridge—the first man ever to do so. And at twenty-one, when most confidence men just begin to test their talons, his were working overtime. He was reselling the Bridge at least once a week, for as much as 60,000 dollars a throw!

The year Parker started to operate, 1883, was ideal for such shenanigans. The Bridge was brand new and out-of-towners trekked down to Park Row to gape at it. Parker would follow

the best-dressed ones to their usual haunts—Bowery music halls—where good beer and naughty can-can dancers were the attractions.

In this congenial atmosphere, the handsome young swindler would strike up a conversation with a prospect, treat him to a few drinks, then talk business. With his smooth line went three props: his "deed" to the Bridge, letters praising his civic spirit in building it and an "authorization" to collect a fifty-cent toll from drivers and pedestrians.

If asked why he wanted to dispose of a profitable venture, Parker would point dramatically to his heart. "The doctors say my days are numbered," he would sigh.

Amazingly enough, "Bridge" Parker—as he came to be known in shady circles—worked this racket for nearly twenty years without interruption. Then a measly 200-dollar deal backfired and the state insisted that he take a short vacation.

Parker left Sing Sing refreshed, but not reformed. Burning his bridges behind him, he went into the real estate business. Soon he became one of the busiest operators in New York.

He sold the Statue of Liberty for 13,000 dollars, the Metropolitan Museum of Art (including paintings stored in the basement) for 10,000 dollars and the state capital at Albany for 8,000 dollars. Grant's Tomb went to a vindictive Southern woman for 4,000

dollars and Sing Sing to a retired mortician for 36,000 dollars—half in cash, the balance secured by a mortgage.

Dividing the city hall into parcels, Parker disposed of them at bargain rates. At the close of one boom week, Mayor Seth Low discovered close to a dozen men digging foundations for homes on the city green. He commanded them to stop. They refused, saying they had deeds. Infuriated, Low summoned the police and the pack was carted off to the psychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital.

But not all of Parker's customers ended up on the wrong side of the ledger. A carpenter, who became the "owner" of a department store one May morning, resold it to his cousin the same afternoon at a profit. This happy news reached Parker when he was in a depressed state. He had just been convicted for a second time and was awaiting sentence.

Trying desperately to win leniency, the swindler blamed his landlord's daughter for his downfall. "She was a demanding woman!" he wailed to the judge.

His Honor was impressed and investigated the case. The outcome: Parker received four years instead of two. The "woman" turned out to be five years old.

Parker would never admit he was a crook. "I was America's greatest salesman," he told me, while reviewing the intimate details of his career. Consequently, he had no use for comedians who gagged about people "dumb enough to buy the Brooklyn Bridge."

"My customers were no goofs," he insisted. "Most of them were slick businessmen. That they were fooled was a tribute to my sales ability."

Yet it wasn't Parker's gift of gab alone that raked in the shekels. He had the pink, guileless face of a chubby choirboy, a smile that was positively beatific, and a manner so trustworthy that five minutes after meeting him you were ready to make him executor of your will. As one of his real estate victims put it: "If Parker wanted to, he could have sold the exclusive rights to the sun's rays."

Spur-of-the-moment deals, while not always so lucrative, are the real test of a con man's skill. In this art, Parker was probably without a peer. When the Marine Bank failed in 1884, for instance, he corralled some indignant depositors and organized an invest-

ment syndicate to "protect" their remaining savings. On another occasion, while returning from Albany on a Pullman, he spotted some old ships in the Hudson. "Just bought them from the government," he told a fellow passenger. "Thought they'd make fine scrap."

The passenger agreed, but felt he could make better use of them. His new friend gave him the opportunity—for 3,000 dollars.

The money Parker made never stayed in his wallet long enough to get creased. He spent lavishly on clothes, sometimes ordering a dozen suits at a clip. He had an unquenchable passion for canary diamond rings and stickpins, à la Jim Brady, his idol. And during reckless evenings at the old Astor House, on lower Broadway, he would lose as much as 25,000 dollars at gambling.

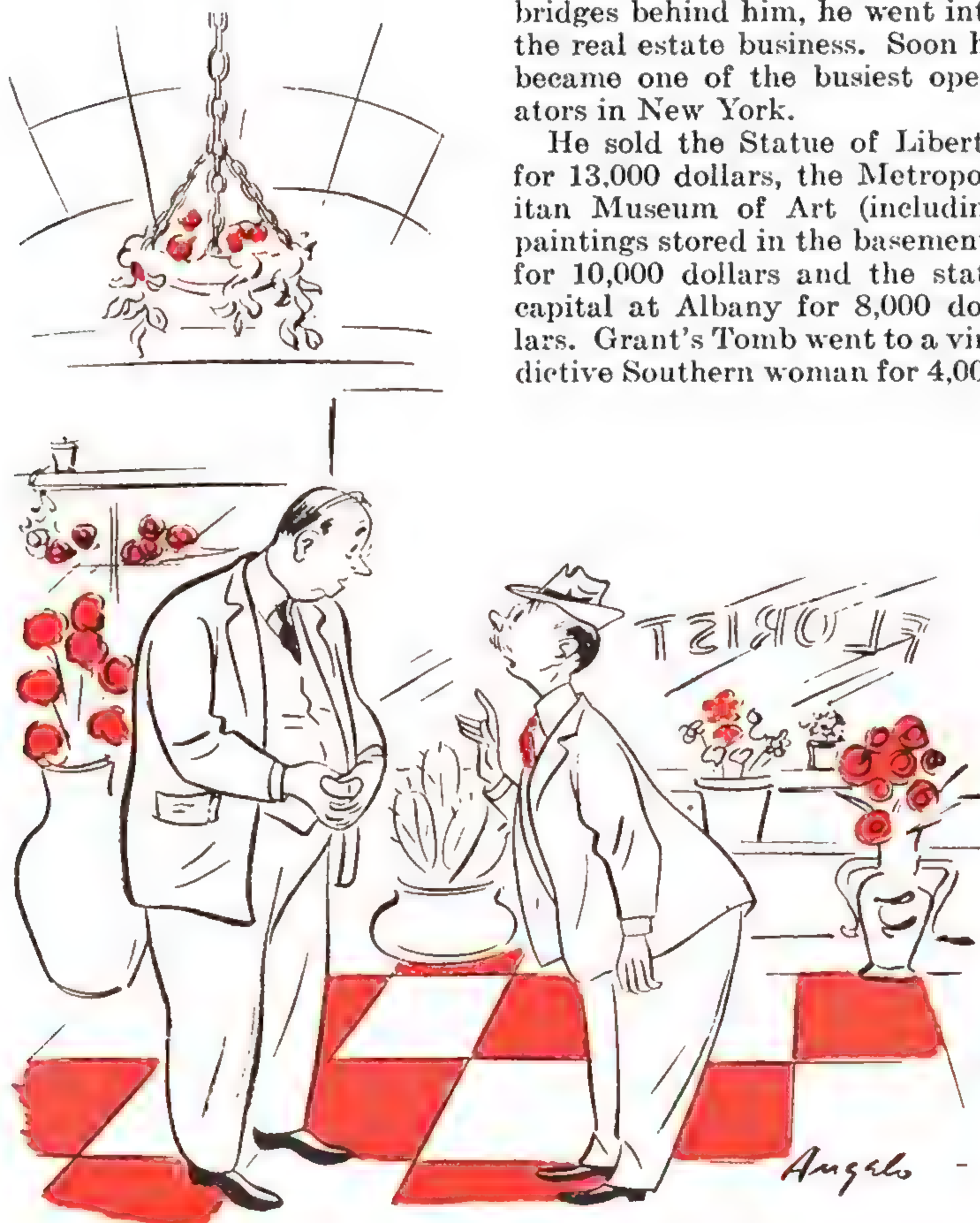
But perhaps Parker's most consistent extravagance was a married couple who never knew he was a swindler. The woman had been his first love, and for many years he delighted in acting as their "financial adviser." Each time he took a few of their dollars to invest, he would return hundreds.

Parker also played Santa Claus to his Sing Sing buddies. He tided many over during their dull periods or supplied them with bail: others he rescued from a Potter's Field. "High-class funerals" were a fetish with him and in arranging for them, money was no object. Legend has it, though, that when one Joe the Gyp, a first-rate flimflam artist, died, Parker gave him special consideration. In the undertaking parlor he switched the tag from a cheap pine coffin to an expensive bronze one, then quickly paid for it. "I never liked tag switching," he later remarked, "but that's what poor Joe would have done if he were alive."

Ambitious and always seeking greener pastures, Parker used his time behind bars to good advantage. He read voraciously and indiscriminately. As a result, he could discuss anything from Ming Dynasty art to tribal customs of the Duk-Duks. This knowledge proved invaluable in peeling society's upper crust. It was particularly handy at the close of the first world war, when many American girls were busy title-hunting.

By posing as a duke, count or viscount, and dressing to fit the role, Parker gained entree to some of the swankiest homes in the

Continued in center of page 123



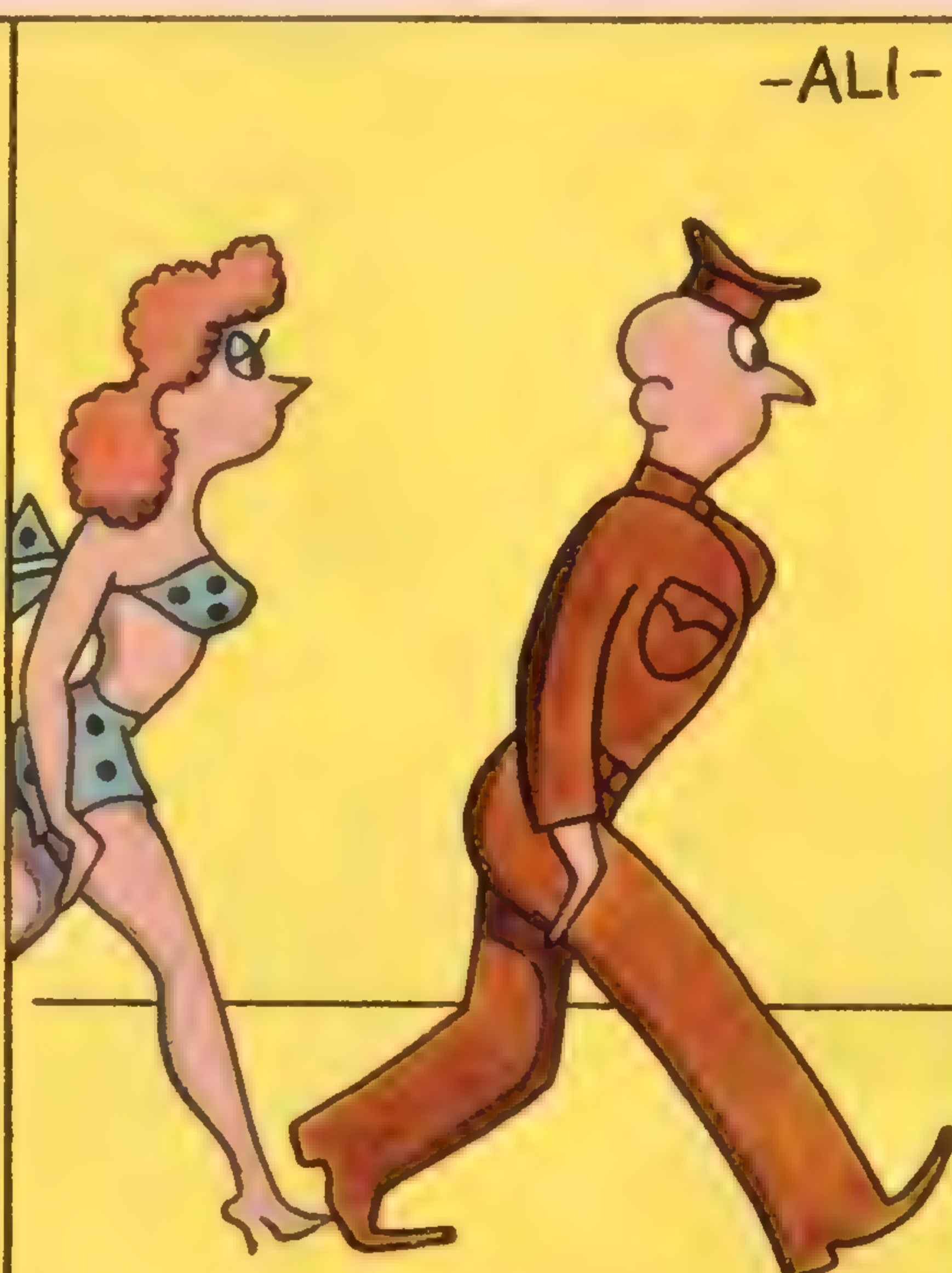
"I'd like to get something in the nature of a peace feeler for my wife"



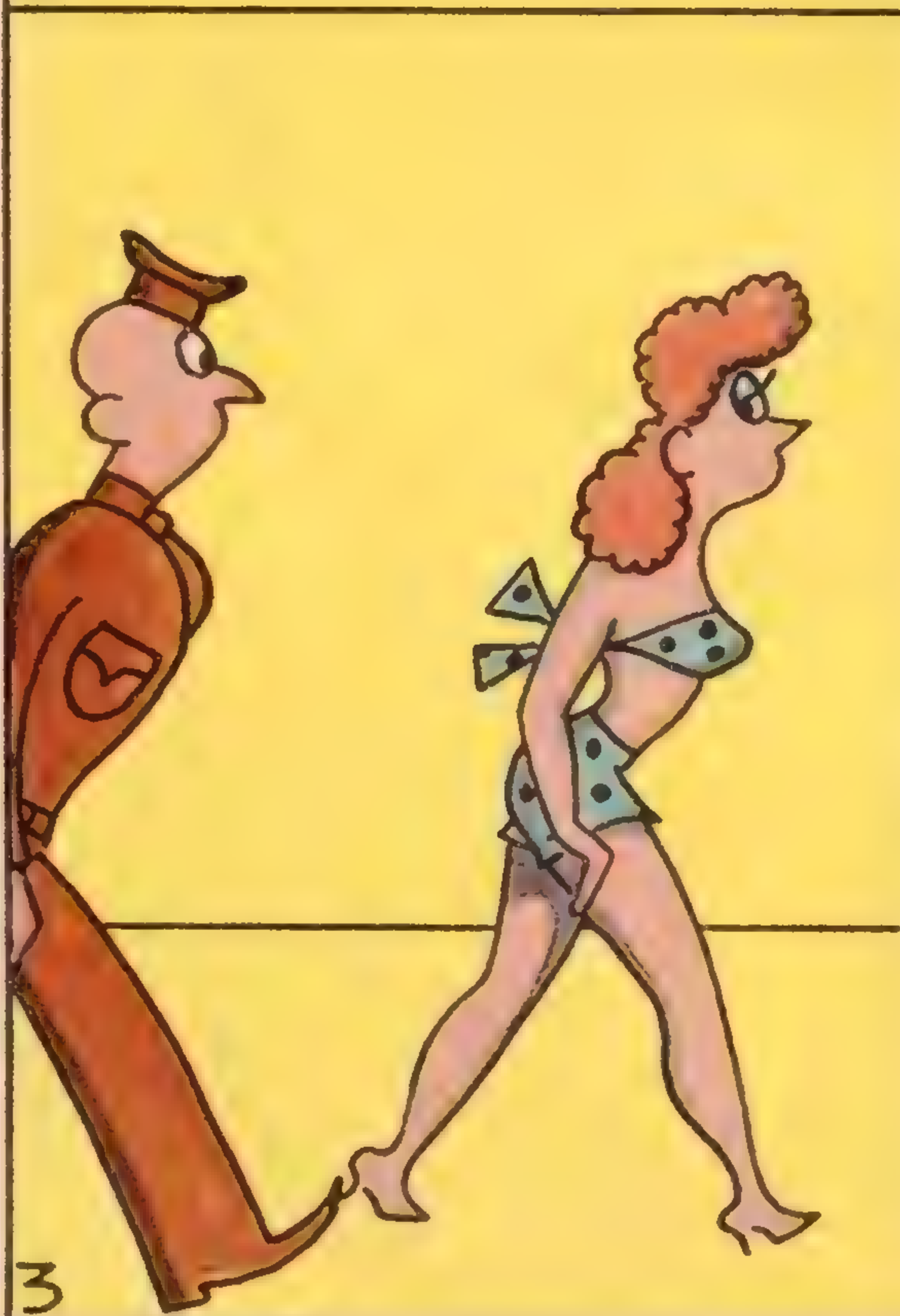
"Yes, sir—I finally got him tucked in—he's quite a little man already, isn't he?"



1



2





*"Widen the gauge, narrow the gauge—widen the gauge, narrow
the gauge—I'm going crazy!"*



"Hello, J. K.—I just found a golf ball in my bottom desk drawer!"



"Keep your eye open for landmarks, Red Cloud, so we can find our way back!"

HOLLYWOOD... SET TO MUSIC

A prop man's fancy

THE bride takes a flyer—a big, brave and beautiful one who is not in the least averse to being taken. Anne Shirley, who stands to the left of the maguey plant (all tequila fans get thirsty), does the taking, all done up in the Hollywood version of the Tehuanlepec everyday dress, with a slight touch of charro in her sombrero. The air corps guy who doesn't fight back is Phil Terry. (Off the screen he belongs to Joan Crawford.)

For the first time in a long while Anne emerges from her Little Orphan Annie roles in R. K. O.'s new frolicsome matrimonial comedy. She dances with Dennis Day, the romantic loser in the tale. She sings in a catchy, torchy voice songs about *One Night in Acapulco*, with lyrics that read: "I stumbled into Paradise that night in Acapulco and I'm here to confess I'd be with him the rest of my life—if I didn't have a husband and he didn't have a wife." This charming bit of doggerel will give you a rough and confusing idea of what scenario writers like to call the plot. In this new musical she wears exciting clothes designed by Renie,

who also fancied-up the Mexican motif for this color shot especially for Esky. Anne says it is pretty pleasant having two men eating their celluloid hearts out for her but you have to be on the lot at six-thirty and that is a lot of work. She sings *I Like a Man Who Makes Music* to the accompaniment of Charlie Barnet's orchestra and she and Dennis Day dance to *Did You Happen to Find a Heart* and *When Romance Comes Along*. They also do a dance routine on an enormous marble staircase. The dance runs into several miles of footage, but all 5' 2" of La Shirley should be accustomed to speed. She is the gal who began her career at the age of four and whipped right through the awkward age without anyone recognizing it in her.

The two additional bits of paraging are not to be taken literally nor lightly. They are designer Renie's surrealist note tossed in to confuse the issue and the audience. The cocktail glasses adorning one of our Miss Americas lend a convivial touch, and the sun bathing toreador introduces a realistic note to bullfighting—or does she?

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST A. BACHRACH







"I don't know why you couldn't find a plumber—I found one in five minutes"

◀ LIBERATORS KNOCK OUT THE TARGET

LONG after victory is ours and war correspondents have ceased their battle of adjectives to describe its wonders, the Liberator will be remembered in fear by the enemy and in gratitude by the peoples of the United Nations. It has bombed its way into world history on missions over Germany, Italy, Middle Europe, the Near East, the Pacific, Burma and the Aleutians. Months before this phase of its activity was made public, the Liberator was blasting submarines out of the sea, clearing the way for Allied vessels. The two longest raids in military annals were accomplished by the B-24. At this writing the big news about the Liberator is its vastly improved nose. Where comparable American bombers are confined to a vertical sweep of 80 degrees, the new nose electric gun turret of this plane covers 125 degrees, enabling the rear gunner to swing his guns in a vertical arc of 114 degrees and through a horizontal coverage of 150 degrees. Other turrets are located in the tail, belly and over the fuselage, while waist and belly guns operate from fixed pivots. Liberators hold the round trip record from California to Australia of

three days, twenty-two hours and ten minutes, as well as the Hawaii to California record of eight hours and fifty-nine minutes. These records were made with a top speed beyond 300 miles an hour. The number of these twenty-eight-ton bombers based in Great Britain has been greatly increased in recent months since it has been demonstrated that squadrons of B-24's fight more effectively on their own than when they are grouped with Flying Fortresses. Liberators' six to ten men crews tell dozens of stories which illustrate their stamina. While all bombers are described by flyers as having the gliding angle of a brick, some B-24's have made emergency landings without any power. And others have flown with rudders almost shot away. Some time ago a Liberator transport, after all of its crew had bailed out, continued flying for 2,000 miles before its engines stopped from lack of fuel. It was reported that in Africa a Liberator struck a mountainside, shearing away four feet of wing. Landing the plane, the pilot and crew quickly trimmed up the wing with a saw and then flew safely cross-country to Casablanca.



*Frank
BEAVER*

"...and is that one of those G. I. haircuts, General?"



THE LAMP CLEANER



ALL PAINTING COURTESY MIDTOWN GALLERIES, N. Y.

MOANERS' BENCH

A Group of Paintings *by* **JULIEN BINFORD**



THE SCYTHE SHARPENER



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER



ELIZABETH WITH A GUN

Julien Binford's Southern Charm

His abiding understanding of the Southern Negro as a personage is reflected in the Binford paintings

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

JULIEN BINFORD paints Southern Negroes because they are the most vital and picturesque, vivid and charming human beings he knows. He paints them as people, without patronage and without condescension, and not as figures in a frieze illustrating the economic and social oppression of a minority. At least he strives for the third dimension. As scion of one of the oldest Southern families, in whom runs the blood of Virginia manorial landholders, including the Revolutionary Randolphs, he accepts the status quo of race relationships in the South until a better one shall have been evolved. Humanly, he understands the Negro perhaps a little more intimately than the typical reformist white man, but sometimes he betrays in his paintings a sense of the Negro's quaintness, which is the closest approach he makes to patronage.

"Why do you write only about Southern Negroes?" someone once asked Julia Peterkin, the novelist, and she answered, "Do you know anyone more interesting?" That rhetorical question may stand as Mr. Binford's explanation for the emphasis of the Negro in his canvases. His ultimate objective is to put his knowledge of the Negro into terms of art, the painting of forms through color, and if sometimes he falls into the anecdote (as in, I think, *The Crap Shooter*), he is aware of his error and resolves to do better next time. However, as a Virginian with Negro friends, he is more concerned about committing even casual violence to the sensitivity of colored people. That the feeling of Negroes about any one of his paintings should weigh in the balance and be a factor in future resolves shows, more than anything else, that he has constructed a fine human relationship with his colored neighbors, and his standing with them is attested by the fact that he is probably the only white Southern artist whom a Negro congregation commissioned to paint a mural for its church. "The Negro," says he, "is in his most natural state in the South because he is not afraid to be himself, to be natural there. The basis of the relationship between the white man and the Negro in the South is established—each knows where he stands in relation to the other. In the South there is no clash between pretense and reality as there is in the North, where the

thing that is done to the Negro is not always in harmony with what is said to him," meaning segregation. What Julien Binford thinks and feels about race relationships is important only in that it puts into words the feeling that he tries to express in another medium in his paintings.

There runs in Julien Binford the blood of Virginians who ruled over vast acres of farmland and who governed with light-handed mastery over many Negroes, to whom they stood in the relation of a loving and chastising divinity, in the Washington and Jefferson tradition. Mr. Binford is no ancestor worshiper, but states, merely as part of the record, that:

His mother's people came to Virginia as early as 1730, when they built themselves a house on the James River in Powhatan County, twenty miles above Richmond. His father's ancestors, also pre-Revolutionary War, farmed acres around Richmond and Williamsburg. Beverly Randolph, a great-great-grandfather and cousin of the John Randolph who was a signer of the Declaration, first enlarged the house on the site of the original plantation. Beverly's daughter, Nancy, married Richard Kennon and the place became known as the Kennon Estate. The Commodore Kennon of the Confederate Navy was a great-great-uncle. After the Civil War the estate shrank to only 2,000 acres, which Mr. Binford's maternal grandfather then tried to convert into a self-sufficient domain to make up for the loss of money, securities and slaves. He organized a cannery, dairy, meat processing plant and orchard. The artist's maternal uncle runs the place, now known as Norwood.

Julien was born Christmas Day of 1908, in Richmond, where his father was in business. The family spent its summers at Norwood, Julien being one of five children. He lived a normal country boyhood, swimming in the creek, running around in bare feet, getting along with animals and riding horses. When you have 2,000 acres to run around in, you learn about many kinds of landscapes without having to trespass. Despite, or rather because of the talk about ancestors, he was brought up to no manorial expectations, doing his share of the chores as a matter of routine. He was about eleven (1919) when the family moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where they lived

until the death of Julien's father.

Sure that he wanted to be an artist but never having met anyone who was a professional, he had no idea that a man could practice art as a life and as a means of making a living, the way men practice law and medicine. He didn't even know whether he was good enough. Outside of a little mechanical drawing, he had had no art in high school. Now medicine was a profession his family knew something about. Except for the uncle who farmed Norwood, all his mother's brothers were doctors and he promised he would study medicine, too, with the air of a boy resigned to the inevitable. In that spirit he enrolled for the premedical course at Emory University, outside Atlanta.

It was not for the credits, but for sheer love of the thing that he worked hard on the laboratory drawings of animal dissections, unnecessarily adding color for his own pleasure. The drawings he used to copy out of his Boy Scout handbook before he went to Emory were the only other art exercise he had ever given himself. He recalls today with what fascination he used to study the items in an Atlanta art shop window and with what difficulty he tore himself away from the display of oil colors, pastels, easels, etc. He rebelled. A classmate who felt the same way about the premedical course said, "Let's go to Africa," and they decided to go to Africa.

Then, after Julien had told his people and his classmates, his friend got cold feet. Binford was left in the lurch, afraid to go alone, afraid to stay and be jeered at. He quit school, started roaming around the countryside and finally signed up as ordinary seaman on a ship that made the Bremen-Hamburg-Rotterdam-Antwerp run out of Savannah, with cargoes of cotton, turpentine, rosin and lumber. After six months he concluded that sailing was no alternative to doctoring and returned home and to Emory.

Because a woman left her home in the city of Atlanta as an art museum and because Roland McKinney, then in charge of the Davenport, Iowa, museum was brought to Atlanta to start it, the premedical floundering of Julien Binford were brought to a merciful close. At last there was someone in Atlanta who rated as an art connoisseur and to him the elder Binford showed his son's dissec-

Continued on page 122



"Mrs. Goldfinch, look what my boy sent me from the Solomons!"

The Field Marshal's Scoop

The war correspondent sensed something in the recital of the German officer remembered from the second World War

by S. L. SOLON

• FICTION •

IT WAS the Winter of 1965. Somewhere in Europe the last battle in the four months' lightning campaign launched by the German armies was almost over. Shattered and disorganized, the first Allied army to meet the onslaught had surrendered. There was nothing else it could do. Largely equipped with the armament which had remained at the close of the second World War in 1944, the Allied troops had fought valiantly and desperately a losing fight. Now it was over.

In the dusk, long lines of prisoners, unshaven and hungry, tramped through the mud into the barbed-wire enclosure. Overhead, like giant bats in the failing light, the great German bombers, carrying fifty tons of bombs each, were circling, getting into formation for their night missions.

The captured war correspondent stood outside the report tent watching them. He looked at his watch. It was six o'clock. He felt for his cigarettes. The clotted cardboard package was empty. He threw it away and it sank slowly into the muddy water.

The guard came out of the tent. "Follow me," he said to the correspondent. "His Excellency the Field Marshal wants to see you."

They walked down forty stone steps which led into the earth. The correspondent counted fifty paces before they came to a door which opened into the well-lit tunnel. It was a large room, well furnished and artificially ventilated. In the silence you could hear the almost imperceptible purring of the electric motors. The guard clicked his heels to attention and saluted the grey-clad man who was seated at the desk in the center of the room. The man rose from his chair and leaned against the corner of the desk. He was tall, thin, a little stooped or perhaps it was the way he was standing. His blue eyes were intelligent, hard. His hair was neatly combed and the correspondent noticed that an upper pocket of his tunic was unbuttoned. Several pencils stuck out from under the flap. So this was the great military genius, the correspondent thought. This was the man who was twisting the world into his image. Funny, he didn't look like a general at all. What did he remind one of? Perhaps an efficiency expert. No, that wasn't quite it. The field marshal took a pencil from his pocket and fingered

it. Yes, that seemed to complete the picture. He reminded one of an architect.

The field marshal, without looking at the guard, said, "All right," and waved him to the door. The guard clicked his heels, saluted, about-faced and marched out.

"So you're a war correspondent," the field marshal said with a half-smile. "It's not an easy job for a man—you don't mind my saying so—who isn't exactly very young."

"We can manage," the correspondent said. He was fifty-one.

"No," said the field marshal. "Sleeping on the ground, rushing about in the rain, worrying about transmission—it's fun for a youngster. But at your age there are more comfortable ways to spend the day." He smiled, mockingly. "And then maybe my airplanes

haven't made life any easier."

"No," the correspondent said. "You gentlemen of the press," the field marshal continued, "you see so much and you hear so much and yet—you don't mind my saying so—and yet you know so little."

"Could be," the correspondent said and the phrase the American troops popularized in the second World War sounded strangely archaic to his ears. But there was something else that sounded strange, irritating some subtle level of his consciousness. The English the field marshal was speaking was precise and good, like the English so many German officers spoke. Yet there was something about it which stirred some memory, distant, long ago, indefinite.

"Well," the field marshal said,

"I am being impolite. Have a cigarette." The correspondent took one from the polished steel case which he proffered.

"Thanks," he said.

"The war is over," the field marshal said, offering a light. And then musingly: "One hundred and twenty-four days."

"Is it?" said the correspondent.

"Yes," the field marshal said. "Of course, there are formalities. Perhaps another day or two, another three or four visits over your cities by my sky giants. Yes, it's over."

"And in June, 1940, it was over, too?" the correspondent said. But the field marshal was not annoyed.

"No," he said, almost with a trace of satisfaction, "that was different. I know your newspapers tomorrow will point the parallel but it's a false one. This is 1965. We have not made the same mistakes."

"What mistakes?" the correspondent said.

"We had the right idea in 1940," the field marshal said. "A lightning war—that's the only kind of war that could have won—but we weren't ready for it."

"Weren't ready!" the correspondent said. "But even your history books don't claim that."

"Please," said the field marshal. "We're not a university class reading speeches. I know: planes, tanks, mobile warfare, best-trained armies—we had all that. And you had very little. That is true, but still we weren't ready."

"So you weren't stabbed in the back by the collapse of the home front—with your armies undefeated in the field?" the correspondent said.

"No," said the field marshal. "We said that in 1918 and we said that in 1944. But I am not a propaganda minister—I am a soldier." He drew squares with his pencil on a sheet of paper.

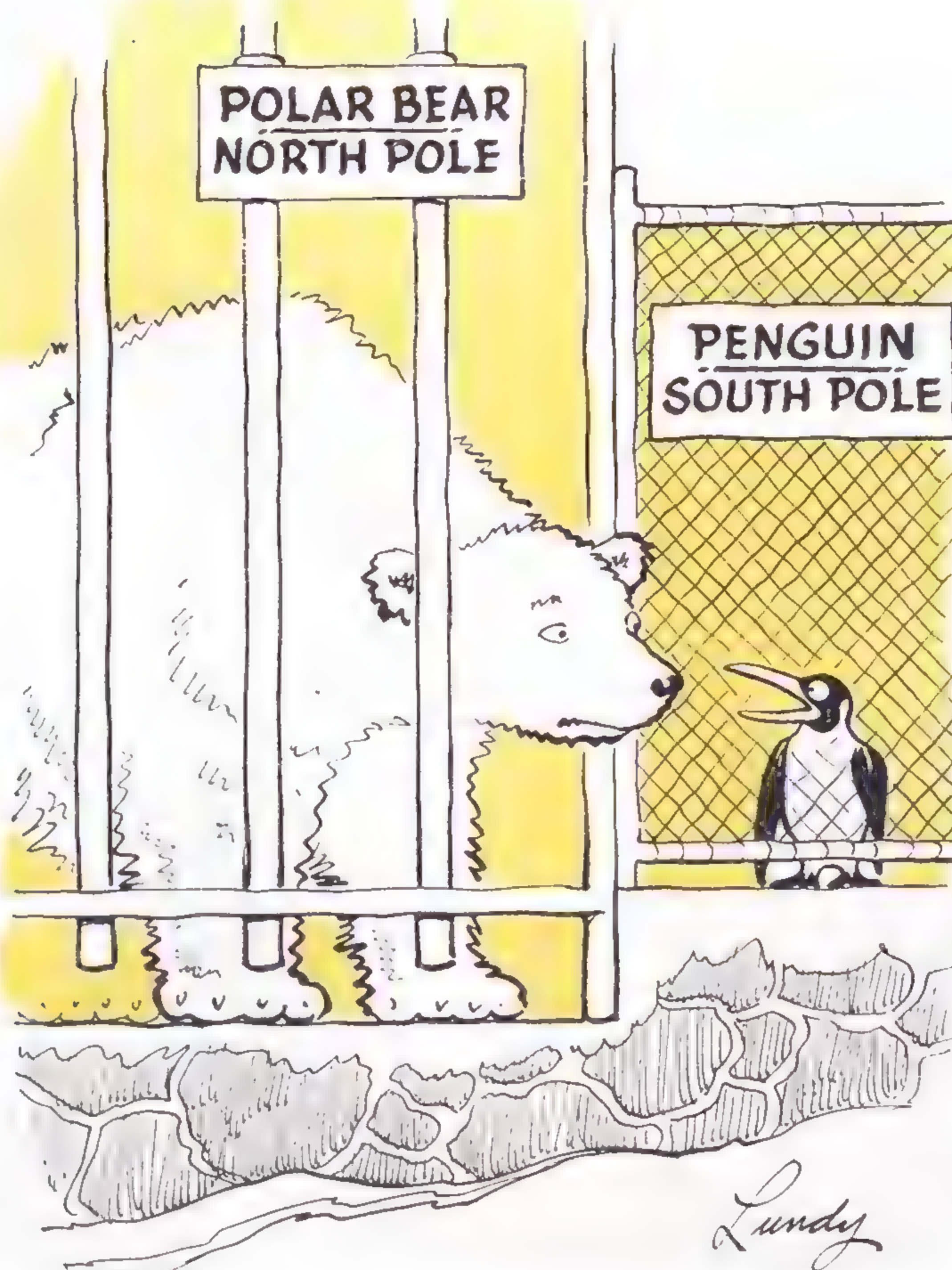
"And the facts are?" the correspondent said.

"The facts are, Mr. War Correspondent, that our home front was strong and brave and held out until it was impossible for human endurance to hold out any more. Our factories kept working until there were no more factories to work in. That was where we made the mistake."

"I don't understand," the war correspondent said. "You mean you were bombed out of the war?"

"Yes," said the field marshal.

"And presently it can happen



"Hello, yo'all"

again," the correspondent said.

"No," said the field marshal.

"But we have bombers and we will have more," the correspondent said.

"Yes," said the field marshal.

"You have them, of course—not as many as ours. And they are good—perhaps not as good as ours. But that is not the point. If you had twice as many..."

"Yes?" said the correspondent.

"They could still do us very little damage," the field marshal said.

"Because of your fighters?" said the correspondent. "We have fighters, too, and we will have more."

"No," said the field marshal.

"It's not that. Your diplomats who made the terms for Germany after our defeat in 1944 did the best job they knew how. They took away our right to build aircraft and they saw that your air forces remained fairly good. It wasn't their fault if your public got tired of playing at war during the peace years—it's an expensive game. And it was only natural to permit Germany to build civil planes three or four years after the peace. After all, any child could see that airplanes were as necessary to the peacetime life of a nation as railroad trains after the last war. And, of course, just as trains can serve a war purpose so can planes. So no one is to blame if Germany managed to become an important air power again."

"Germany violated the terms by building armament and war-planes," the correspondent said.

"That, too, was inevitable," said the field marshal. "If you have the industry that can build tractors, it can also build tanks. If you have transport planes, you vary the design a little, a few guns here, a bomb rack there and you have a bomber. If you can train pilots, you can also train them for war. You may feel resentful about it but you needn't blame yourself. After all, our industry on the whole is not so much better than yours."

"Germany broke..." the correspondent started to say but the field marshal interrupted him.

"Germany, Mr. War Correspondent, did not break the peace terms in the only respect which has given her the decisive advantage in the present war."

"What is that?" the correspondent said.

"Journalists," said the field marshal, "if you don't mind my saying so, are so used to dealing in words that they often forget the realities behind them."

The phrase, the irritating phrase..."if you don't mind my saying so"...that was the clue which memory seized upon. What did it join? Like an air bubble struggling in a dense liquid it was rising slowly to consciousness.

The field marshal went on. "You have sent bombers—many bombers over Germany—just as we have done over your country, yet what has happened to Germany?"

"Many of your cities lie in ruins," the correspondent said.

"You believe that because you have written it so often," the field marshal said. "Perhaps I am unfair. You believe that because you have seen what our bombers have done to your cities."

"But reconnaissance shows the destruction in your cities," the correspondent said.

"Yes," said the field marshal.

"Craters and blown rooftops on aerial photographs are impressive. Today I am glad to say, for Germany they have very little meaning."

"But your war production..." the correspondent began.

"Our war production is un-

touched, our people completely unshaken because..."

The air bubble burst to the surface.

"...because in the next war Germany will conquer the world from cities under the ground," the war correspondent finished.

For a moment the field marshal seemed startled.

"Yes," he said. "It is my phrase. I said it first..."

"You said it first," the correspondent said, "standing as a prisoner of war one mile out of Vasto in Italy in 1943."

"Ah, that was it," the field marshal said, as if talking to himself. "Now who was there... let me think... who did I say it to?"

"You said it to me," said the war correspondent. "You said it to me when you were standing in the mud, a wet and arrogant German lieutenant who had just surrendered."

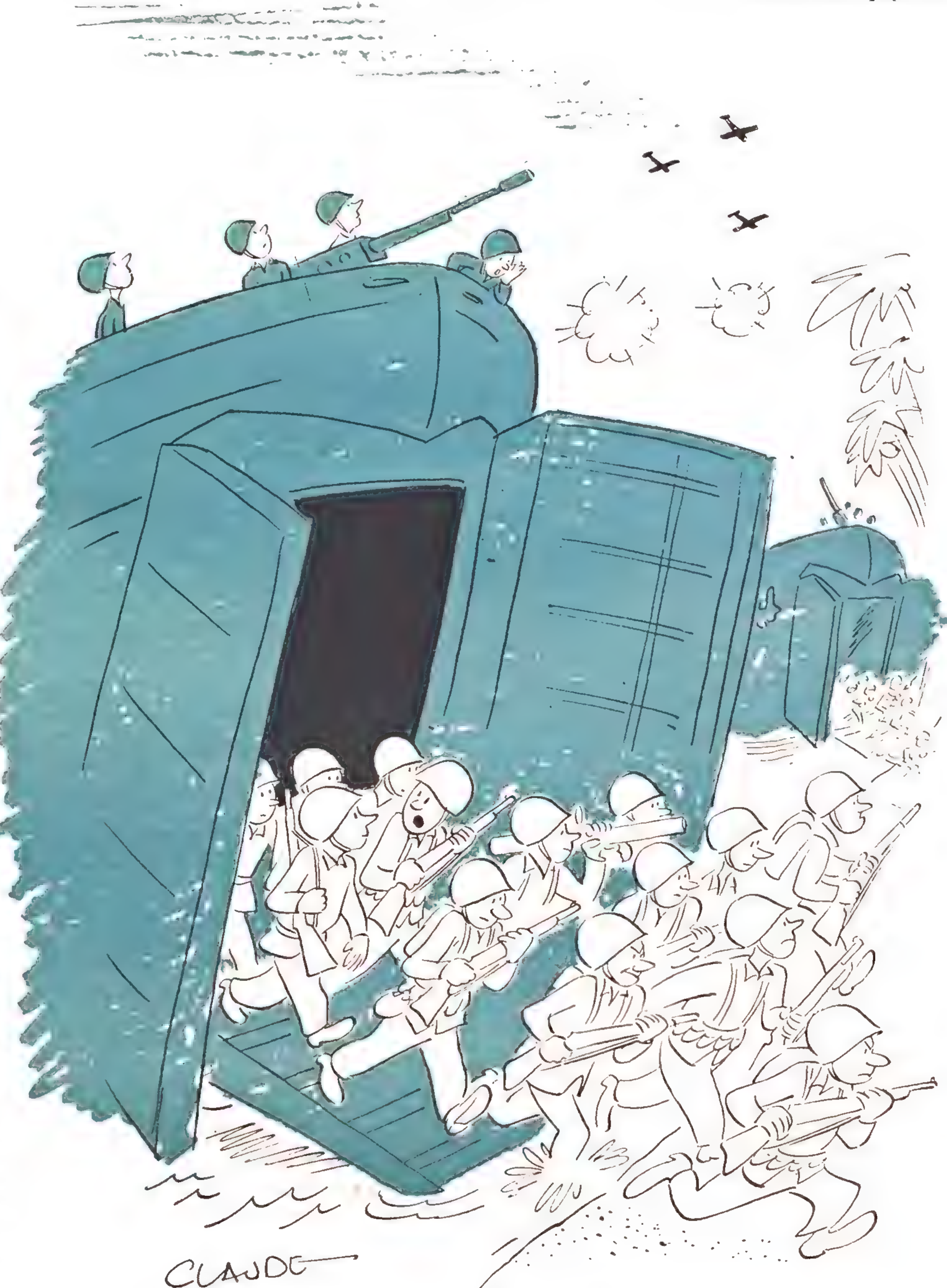
"Not arrogant," the field marshal said. "Just confident. And as you can see, if you don't mind my saying so, I was justified."

* * *

This was the memory. The day had gone well. Our tanks had overrun German pillboxes, and tramping through the rain and mud dozens of prisoners were streaming in. The correspondent had stopped by a fire where some soldiers were brewing up.

Several prisoners under a bored

Continued on page 146



"I feel like Jonah!"

The Esquire Sports Poll

**Bill Tilden dominates Don Budge's quiz
as fans vote for open net tournaments,
standard courts, more Army exhibitions**

by **HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON**

• SPORTS •

WHAT we really ought to do on this all-tennis poll is walk on, say a few well-chosen words about Bill Tilden and get the hell out, for it's Tilden with twelve firsts and a second in the voting on the thirteen questions calling for naming a male tennis player. The only first place that didn't fall to William Tatem Tilden II was that naming the master of the backhand, which Don Budge won.

What a guy this 51-year-old Tilden still is on the courts. The lads at camps where he's played exhibitions marvel at the way the hardy perennial performs in the hot sun for three hours or so with brief interludes. He is the super-duper for durability, and always has been. A few years ago on tour Tilden left Miami around midnight, drove to New Orleans—a jaunt of 944 miles—played an exhibition in the afternoon and did a bit of instructing at a boys' school, then turned in a magnificent competitive performance in the evening show. That's the sort of schedule the Great Man often has jammed into 24 hours or less.

When he sleeps—if he does sleep—has mystified other athletes who have been on tour with him. And what guts and competitive spirit, along with technical genius and spring-steel physique! They'll never forget at Wimbledon how Tilden, with a badly wrenched knee, went 24 games in the third set against Zenzo Shimizu before defeating the Jap. Or how Big Bill came out of a hospital the next year to defeat Brian Norton in the Wimbledon final and, after apparently being doomed to a dismal beating, fired up to wreck Norton when Norton's nerve jittered momentarily. Then Tilden collapsed in the dressing room.

For every story of the gala golden days and purple nights of those frolicsome giants of sports, Walter Hagen and Babe Ruth, there are two that can be told about the incredible Tilden. And he's still very good and very hard at a game that makes severe demands on stamina, skill and skull.

But now for the verdicts in this poll, the questions having been set forth by Lt. J. Donald Budge of the Army Air Forces, that red-headed shining star whose command of world tennis in 1937 and 1938 was about as near to absolute monarchy as the courts have presented since Father Time asked for waivers on Tilden.

THE QUESTIONS

(These questions were proposed by Don Budge)

I.

Whom do you consider—

- a. The greatest male tennis player in history? Bill Tilden 87.79%, Don Budge 7.56%
- b. The greatest female tennis player in history? Helen Wills 57.14%, Suzanne Lenglen 29.17%
- c. The person who has done the most to popularize tennis? Bill Tilden 74.34%, Don Budge 10.53%
- d. The most spectacular tennis player in history? Bill Tilden 55.69%, Maurice McLoughlin 8.86%
- e. The tennis player with the most resourceful and versatile game? Bill Tilden 45.59%, Don Budge 20.59%
- f. The hardest hitter? Bill Tilden 32.61%, Ellsworth Vines 25.36%
- g. The smartest tennis player? Bill Tilden 43.81%, Little Bill Johnston 8.57%
- h. The player you would prefer to watch in action above all others? Bill Tilden 56.13%, Don Budge 21.93%

II.

Who would be your choice as the foremost exponent of the following strokes in tennis?

- a. The serve? Bill Tilden 44.43%, Ellsworth Vines 18.52%
- b. The forehand? Bill Tilden 35.71%, Don Budge 24.49%
- c. The backhand? Don Budge 39.62%, Bill Tilden 20.75%
- d. The overhead smash? Bill Tilden 41.58%, Ellsworth Vines 16.83%
- e. The volley? Bill Tilden 21.54%, Vincent Richards 18.46%
- f. The drop-shot? Bill Tilden 29.51%, Betsy Grant 11.47%

III.

What would be your selection as the greatest tennis match ever played?

- Bill Tilden beating Little Bill Johnston in U. S. Men's singles championships in 1922 15.12%

IV.

Has tennis in your opinion gained in popularity in the past 25 years comparably with golf, badminton and table tennis?

Yes ☒ No ☐
62.43%

V.

Are you in favor of open tennis tournaments permitting amateurs to compete with pros?

Yes ☒ No ☐
86.31%

VI.

Which type of surface do you prefer to play on?

Clay 54.11%
Grass 17.81%
Concrete 13.01%

VII.

Would you be in favor of a national or international standardized surface for tennis courts?

Yes ☒ No ☐
69.03%

VIII.

Do you believe that a series of tennis exhibitions throughout the military services would create greater interest and add many new adherents who will continue to play the game after they have returned to civilian life?

Yes ☒ No ☐
90.53%

IX.

Knowing the great physical, mental and social values of tennis and its sportsmanship and citizenship developing qualities, would you advocate its compulsory inclusion in grammar and high school athletic programs?

Yes ☐ No ☒
50.29%

QUESTION I

Whom do you consider—

- a. The greatest male tennis player in history? Bill Tilden 87.79%
- b. The greatest female tennis player in history? Helen Wills 57.14%
- c. The person who has done the most to popularize tennis? Bill Tilden 74.34%
- d. The most spectacular tennis player in history? Bill Tilden 55.69%
- e. The tennis player with the most resourceful and versatile game? Bill Tilden 45.59%
- f. The hardest hitter? Bill Tilden 32.61%
- g. The smartest tennis player? Bill Tilden 43.81%

h. The player you would prefer to watch in action above all others? Bill Tilden 56.13%

Tennis veterans say it took Little Bill Johnston to bring out Tilden as a smart tennis player. Little Bill's victory over Big Bill in the 1919 national championship was the burn the big man needed. Little Bill then became runner-up in five of the seven Tilden U. S. national championships.

On titles Helen Wills earned the decision over Suzanne Lenglen. Helen won seven U. S., seven English and one French women's

championships. The Lenglen collection was six English and six French women's national titles before she turned pro. Temperamental Suzanne did beat Helen at Cannes in 1926.

Alice Marble was rated the best woman player by **Manker Patten** of Chattanooga, past president of the Southern Lawn Tennis Association. "I pick Alice Marble as the greatest female player," he wrote, "because in spite of her various lapses and 'bad' defeats, her game at its peak was much faster and more advanced than any other woman has been able to reach."

Experts were in no closer agreement in their choices than the casual layman. For example, **Perine G. Rockafellow**, Colgate tennis coach and a national indoor doubles champion in 1928-30, set up this arrangement: (a) Tilden, (b) Alice Marble, (c) Tilden, (d) McLoughlin, (e) Tilden, (f) Vines, (g) LaCoste, (h) Budge. **William C. Ackerman**, tennis coach at U.C.L.A., Los Angeles, put them down the line in this order: Tilden, Wills, Walter Merithew and Bill Tilden, Budge, Tilden, Vines, Tilden, Budge. **Dr. William P. Jacobs**, President of Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina, had this order: Tilden, Marble, L. B. Icely, Budge, Tilden, Vines, Riggs, Budge. **Richard Lewis**, Cornell tennis coach, listed them in this order: Tilden, Wills, Holcombe Ward, Borotra, Tilden, Vines, Tilden, Richards. **William E. Kuebler**, Lafayette College net tutor, named: Tilden, Wills, Tilden, Tilden, Tilden, Vines, Tilden, Tilden.

"There was never a dull moment when Bill Tilden was around," recalled **John O'Donnell**, Davenport *Democrat & Leader*. "He never won a popularity contest, and he was, perhaps, the most temperamental cuss the sports world has ever known. Still the sports world paid off to him because he was the most colorful tennis figure the game possessed, and what's more important he produced when the going was tough."

"I chose Tilden," explained **Pvt. Morton D. Catok**, *The Mountaineer*, Camp Carson, Colorado, "because of his lasting efficiency on the court. Even today, over 50 years old, Tilden is capable of giving the best of them a close game for a set. Bill always had a fine all-around game and utilized his strokes to the limit of

his playing capacity. Tilden could spot an opponent's weakness and would win many a match by discovering his foe's soft spot."

Shirley Povich, Washington *Post*, along with many others rated Suzanne Lenglen the best of the women players. As to the person who has done the most to popularize tennis, **George S. Cooper**, Johnstown, Pennsylvania, *Tribune*, gave the most reasonable answer when he said, "Dwight Davis, donor of the Davis Cup."

QUESTION II

Who would be your choice as the foremost exponent of the following strokes in tennis?

- a. The serve? **Bill Tilden 44.43%**
- b. The forehand? **Bill Tilden 35.71%**
- c. The backhand? **Don Budge 39.62%**
- d. The overhead smash? **Bill Tilden 41.58%**
- e. The volley? **Bill Tilden 21.54%**
- f. The drop-shot? **Bill Tilden 29.51%**

The Budge backhand was the weapon that shot the hearts out of the opposition when the red-head was romping, and by the considered reflection of the voters it was the one element of tennis technique in which anybody ever had a decidedly superior item to that of the Tilden stock.

D. Keedy Campbell, Kansas City, rated 'emas follows: Maurice R. McLoughlin for the serve, William M. Johnston for the forehand, Don Budge for the backhand, McLoughlin for the overhead smash, Vincent Richards for the volley and Bobby Riggs for the drop-shot. "I give McLoughlin credit for the most terrific serve and overhead smash," he said, "as I have never seen anyone hit the ball quite as hard overhead as he did. On the forehand Bill Johnston was supreme, as Vincent Richards has always been on the volley." **Corporal John A. Kraft, Jr.**, Memphis, gave the call to Tilden for the serve, Vines for the forehand, Budge for the backhand, Gene Mako for the overhead smash, George Lott for the volley and Karel B. Kozeluh for the drop-shot.

See Taylor, Des Moines *Register*, ranked the men in this order: "Serve, Wm. T. Tilden or Maurice McLoughlin (the former's the best controlled); forehand, Bill Johnston; backhand, Don Budge; overhead smash, Gregory Mangin (didn't miss one in two years); volley, Vincent Richards; drop-shot, Bobby Riggs." With respect to the last named shot, **S/Sgt. John S. Rush**, Rapid City, South Dakota, suggested that it "be publicized as a tactical shot as important as backhand, forehand or volley. Many fairly good tennis players have never even heard of it. It is not only a great change of pace shot, but one of the most beautiful shots (also most difficult) when perfectly executed."

Ellsworth Vines made the following classification: serve, Doeg; forehand, Perry; backhand, Budge; overhead smash, Cochet; volley,

Borotra; drop-shot, Lott. The choices of **Abraham Sperling**, tennis coach, College of City of New York, were in this order: (a) Budge, (b) Tilden, (c) Vines, (d) Kovacs, (e) Richards and (f) Kozeluh. **Charles F. Bonilla**, Johns Hopkins University tennis coach, put them in this alignment: (a) Vines, (b) Vines, (c) Budge, (d) Cliff Sutter, (e) Van Ryn, (f) Richards. **S/Sgt. Earle Maxwell**, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, formerly tennis writer of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* liked: (a) Tilden, (b) Vines, (c) Budge, (d) Perry, (e) Richards, (f) Grant. **Ensign R. W. Stultz**, Radar School, St. Simons, Georgia, who was formerly tennis professional

at the Havana Biltmore Yacht and Country Club, Havana, Cuba, set them up this way: (a) Doeg, (b) Tilden, (c) Budge, (d) Budge, (e) Lott, (f) Tilden.

QUESTION III

What would be your selection as the greatest tennis match ever played?

Little Bill Johnston seemed to be set for the giant-killer role at Germantown in the 1922 national championship when he met Tilden in the finals after a seeded draw. Johnston had beaten Tilden twice that spring in California and was out to avenge defeats inflicted by Big Bill two years before in the 1920 final and in the fourth round

of an unseeded draw in 1921. Johnston won the first two sets, Tilden won the third. Both men knew each other's game. They played almost flawless offensive and defensive tennis. Johnston got to 3-0 in the fourth and that was as near as he got to triumph. Big Bill outperformed him, outsmarted him and whacked him down with strokes and psychology.

"I saw Rene LaCoste defeat Bill Tilden, I believe it was 1927, for the National Singles," wrote **George Campbell**, Oshawa, Ontario, *Daily Times*, and it seemed a classic all-time exhibition of the supreme masters of attack and defense in action. Bill was just past his tennis prime, but at his

Continued on page 114



First Nights & Passing Judgments

With nine accolades to *Carmen Jones*
and six demerits to *Hairpin Harmony*,
Nathan closes this theatrical season

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

HEREWITH, following its time-honored custom, this department's awards of relative merit and demerit for the theatrical season of 1943-1944:

MERITS

The best new dramatic play: *Outrageous Fortune*, by Rose Franken.

The best new comedy: *The Voice of the Turtle*, by John van Druten.

The best new farce: *Suds in Your Eye*, by Jack Kirkland.

The best new musical show: *Carmen Jones*, by Oscar Hammerstein and Robert Russell Bennett.

The best male acting performance: José Ferrer's Iago in *Othello*, with Oscar Karlweis in *Jacobowsky and the Colonel* the runner-up.

The best female acting performance: Elsie Ferguson in *Outrageous Fortune*.

The best male bit actor: Arnold Korff in *The Searching Wind*.

The best female ditto: Katherine Squire in *Chicken Every Sunday*.

The best ensemble acting: the company playing *Outrageous Fortune*.

The best acting performance by one of the new young actors: Donald Buka in *Bright Boy*.

The best by one of the new young actresses: Terry Holmes in *Manhattan Nocturne*.

The best director: John van Druten in the case of *The Voice of the Turtle*. Rose Franken in the case of *Outrageous Fortune* the close contender.

The best scene designer: Stewart Chaney in *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, among other jobs.

The best costumer, dramatic: Motley in *The Cherry Orchard*.

The best costumer, musical: Raoul Pene Du Bois in *Carmen Jones*, with Mary Grant in *Mexican Hayride* the runner-up.

The best composer: Robert Russell Bennett in the matter of new arrangements of the Bizet score for *Carmen Jones*.

The best lyric writer: Oscar Hammerstein in *Carmen Jones*.

The best musical comedy sou-brette: Vera-Ellen in *A Connecticut Yankee*.

The best off-stage effect: the rain, the jungle noises and the stealthy tread of enemy feet in *South Pacific*.

The best musical show number: the dance carnival which is a feature of the Chicago night club scene in *Carmen Jones*.

The best stage lighting: *Carmen Jones*, by Hassard Short.

The drollest line: in *Jacobowsky and the Colonel*, the humble little Jacobowsky to the aristocratic Polish colonel who has loftily challenged him to a duel: "All I know about duels is what I have read in the novels of Schnitzler."

The best male clown: Bobby Clark in *Mexican Hayride*, as always.

The best female clown: Brenda Forbes in *Suds in Your Eye*.

The most attractive ballet dancer: Milada Mladova in *The Merry Widow*.

The best novice playwriting effort: *A Highland Fling*, by Margaret Curtis—and by far.

The most amusing scene in a straight play: the business wherein the tony household guest in *Outrageous Fortune* spills mar-

inerte herring all over herself, gets a whiff of the odious stuff and loves it.

The most amusing scene in a musical show: the fashionable Negro country club introductions in *Carmen Jones*.

The best dramatization of a novel: Jack Kirkland's of Mary Lasswell's *Suds in Your Eye*.

The best musical show director: Hassard Short in the case of *Carmen Jones*.

The best dance director: Eugene Loring, ditto.

The best character actor: Oscar Homolka in *The Innocent Voyage*.

The most personable operetta singer: Kathleen Roche in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire company.

The most interesting amateur production: *Career Angel*, by Gerard M. Murray, which was pre-

sented by the Blackfriars' Guild.

The best child actor: None.

The best child actress: Susan Robinson in *Listen, Professor!*

The best comedy song number: *I Wanna Get Married*, as sung by Gertrude Niesen in *Follow the Girls*.

The best sentimental song number: *That's Him*, as sung by Mary Martin in *One Touch of Venus*.

The best curtain: that to the last act of *Suds in Your Eye*, with the boozy old hussies preparing to take a male tightwad with a deck of marked cards.

The most likeable foreign singer: Corinna Mura in *Mexican Hayride*.

The most agreeable new stage personality, male: Luther Saxon, in *Carmen Jones*.

The most agreeable ditto, female: Virginia Gilmore, in *Those Endearing Young Charms*, with Wini Johnson in *South Pacific* neck and neck.

The most proficiently run theatre: the Martin Beck.

The most engaging actor speaking voice: Arthur Margetson in *Another Love Story*.

The most engaging actress speaking voice: Elsie Ferguson in *Outrageous Fortune*, with Katharine Cornell in *Lovers and Friends* the runner-up.

The funniest musical show scene: Bobby Clark avoiding the agents of the law in *Mexican Hayride* by pretending to be a member of a wandering band of gypsies and galloping around the stage wildly tooting a flute.

The most realistic performance of a drunk: Glenn Anders, in *Get Away, Old Man*.

The best editor of program notes on the players: Richard Maney.

The most hilarious vaudeville skit: Smith and Dale's *Dr. Kronkite* in *Bright Lights* of 1944, as usual.

The most attractive musical show novice: Pat Marshall, in *What's Up*.

The most attractive Latin dancing girl: Eva Reyes in *Mexican Hayride*.

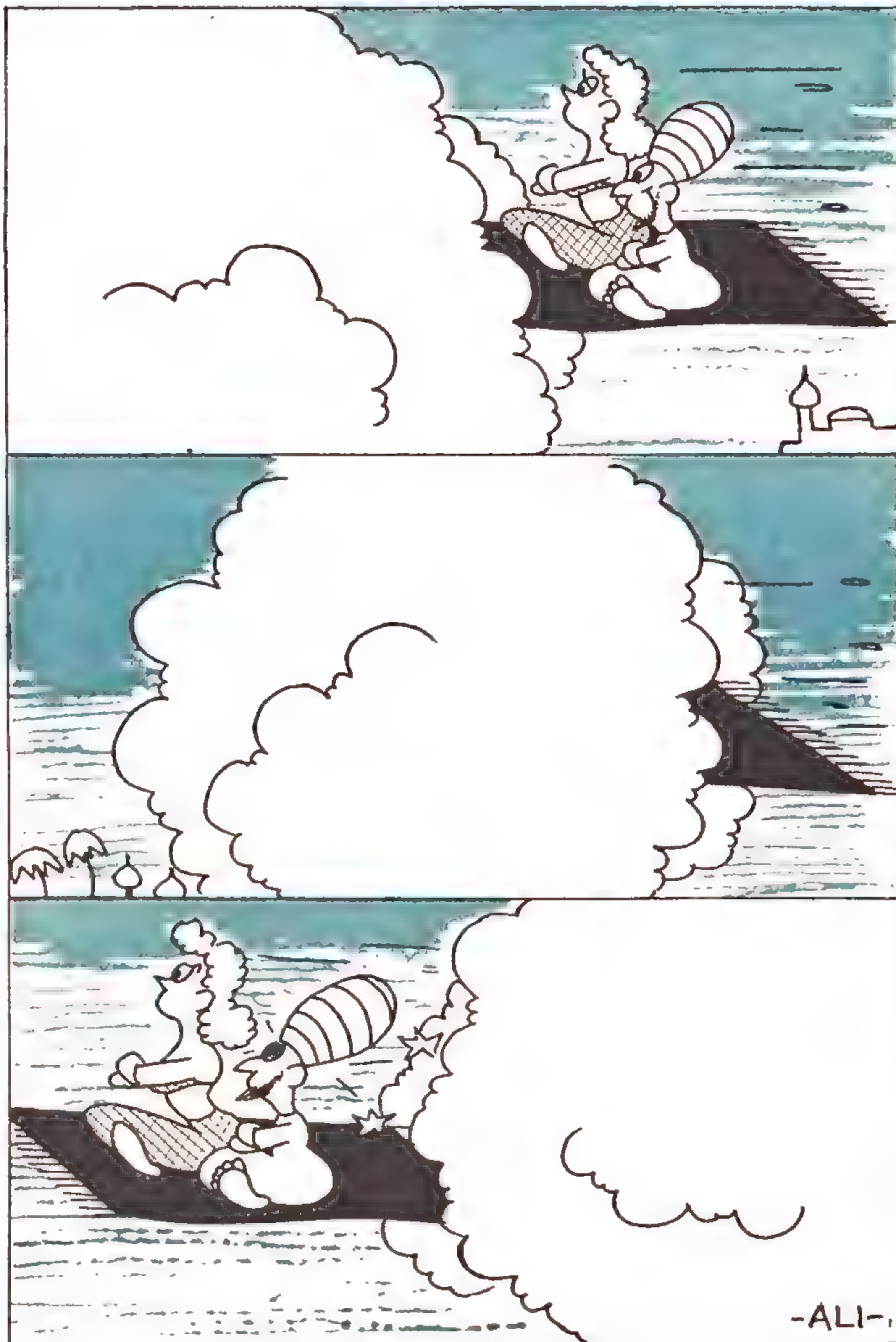
DEMERITS

The worst play: *Victory Belles*, with *Lady, Behave!* the hot contender.

The worst musical show: *Hairpin Harmony*.

The worst revue: *Chauve-Souris* of 1943.

The worst male acting per-



formance: Michael Ames in *Mrs. Kimball Presents*.

The worst female acting performance: Iris Hall in *Try and Get It*.

The worst ensemble performance: the troupe that played *Right Next to Broadway*.

The worst stage director: R. H. Burnside of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company.

The worst scene designer: the unnamed party guilty of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company's sets.

The worst costumes: the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company's.

The worst stage lighting: the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company's.

The worst musical score: *Hairpin Harmony*, by Harold Orlob.

The worst lyrics: *Hairpin Harmony*, by Harold Orlob.

The worst comedian: Lennie Kent in *Hairpin Harmony*.

The worst dramatic revival: *The Cherry Orchard*.

The worst musical revival: *The Vagabond King*.

The most miscast actor: Raymond Massey in *Lovers and Friends*.

The most miscast actress: Mabel Taliaferro in *Victory Belles*.

The worst play title: *Listen, Professor!*

The worst actor mugger: Edgar Stehli, in *The Duke in Darkness*, with Francis Compton in *The Snark Was a Boojum* close at his heels.

The worst actress mugger: Peggy Conklin in *Feathers in a Gale*.

The worst makeup: Dick Foran, including lip-rouge; in *A Connecticut Yankee*.

The worst line of dialogue: "I love you too much to love you," in *Doctors Disagree*.

The worst amateur evening: *Familiar Pattern* at the Provincetown Playhouse, with *Career* at the Provincetown Playhouse neck and neck.

The worst waste of money: the 80,000 dollars spent to force a run for *Victory Belles*.

The poorest performance by a hitherto able actor: John Emery, in *Peepshow*.

The poorest by a ditto actress: Gertrude Lawrence in the revival of *Susan and God*.

The most disappointing play by an established playwright: William Saroyan's *Get Away, Old Man*, with Rose Franken's *Doctors Disagree* running a dead heat.

The worst dramatic scene: the suicide business in *The House in Paris*.

The most abortive production: *Dream with Music*.

The most irritating child actor: Alastair Boyd Kyle, in *The House in Paris*, with Dickie Van Patten in *The Snark Was a Boojum* the close runner-up.

The most irritating child actress: Abby Bonime in *The Innocent Voyage*, although giving evidence of talent.

The worst dramatization of a novel: the play made from Eliza-

beth Bowen's *The House in Paris*.

The worst of the Hollywood importations: *Public Relations*.

The worst musical show scene: that in *Hairpin Harmony* wherein the comedian tried to pass himself off as a baby in a baby carriage.

The worst actor vocal delivery: Joseph Schildkraut in *The Cherry Orchard*.

The worst actress vocal delivery: Margaret Lindsay, in *Another Love Story*.

The most critically overpraised play: *Winged Victory*, with *Over 21* in second place.

The most critically overpraised acting performance, male:

Paul Robeson, in *Othello*.

The most ditto, female: Elisabeth Bergner, in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*.

The sickliest sentiment: the mother-baby business in the last act of *A New Life*.

The dirtiest lines: *Hairpin Harmony*.

The most absurdly dressed actress: Beatrice Pearson, in *Get Away, Old Man*, wearing an elaborate Shakespearean costume in place of the nun's costume which was originally specified by the playwright.

The most overly bespangled musical show: *Follow the Girls*.

The actor who strained the hardest to be lovable: Harry

Carey, in "*—But Not Goodbye.*"

The most disappointing performance by a meritorious foreign actress: Ludmilla Pitöeff, in *The House in Paris*.

The worst example of theatre management: the Fulton Theatre's on the opening night of *The House in Paris*. With a storm raging and blocking all traffic, the first curtain was lifted on the dot and no one was allowed to be seated for twenty-five minutes, the helplessly late arrivals to the number of at least one hundred being compelled to stand sardine-like in the rear of the glass-enclosed auditorium where they could neither see the stage nor hear what was going on. ##



"Your office is sorry you couldn't come to work, dear, and hopes you'll feel better tomorrow"

This Man's World

Launching a storyteller's corner
with toasts to the pretty boys of
London and Johnson's Cuban fight

by **PAUL GALLICO**

• OPINION •

R

EDITOR'S NOTE: Paul Gallico has the storyteller's gift. 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre, those wandering minstrels who told tales of King Arthur and Guinevere and the knights, were other and earlier Gallicos. Some say Homer was better than Paul. Have it your own way; maybe Ulysses could have licked Jack Dempsey, and Helen of Troy was a lovelier pin-up than any Varga model. But Gallico will do as a storyteller of that part of the world today that will become legendary.

Paul is a fellow of infinite nosiness about what makes humans human.

He brought to sports reporting a genius that turned the stories inside out and made his readers part of the show.

He got knocked out by Dempsey in order to tell others how it feels. Big and husky and with three left legs, he skied in the Alps. Then took a holiday on a cliff brink to allow Gallico to get back to a typewriter and tell you about it.

Without his thick-paned glasses he can barely see a stein at arm's length, but any place, any time, anywhere, he sees clearly into people's minds and with eye and words that bring out the picture.

So Gallico, going along with the parade of people, now becomes a monthly feature of *Esquire*. He will give you the picture of the world painted in the graphic lexicon of a great American storyteller.

THE opening of a regular department such as this invariably turns out to be a botch in which the writer either turns coy and tries to placate the prospective reader with an exhibition of phony modesty and elephantine shyness, announcing that he just knows he won't be able to make a success of entertaining such a wonderful and discriminating audience as you, at which point you quietly frow up; or he attempts to crowd into his introductory lines such a dazzling display of literary pyrotechnics, erudition, prescience and general smart aleckyness to impress you that he gets the same results.

I haven't the time nor the patience for such shenanigans. You know me. I know you. Let's go.

Minor Sex Note

In spite of the undeniably masculine appeal of this publication and the general hair-on-chest tone set by this department, I wish it distinctly understood that we have a lady's parlor in the rear which intends to cater to refined trade. Ladies are invited to come in, take off their shoes, make themselves comfortable and set a while.

From time to time it is my intention to pass out tidbits of information, advice and straight vulgar gossip which females caught browsing through the slick pages of this literary gents' club simply cannot afford to miss.

My thought for this month of interest to ladies is that I hope and pray that there is some special hell reserved for those blonde,

brunette or redheaded female buzzards who prey on returned home town war heroes in order to get their pictures in the paper and share in the glory publicity.

I refer to those nitwitted pieces of fluff who, as soon as some guy is cited abroad for a healthy bag of Nazis or Japs, shyly admit to the Associated Press, United Press and International News that they are practically engaged to the hero; in fact they are old childhood sweethearts and have only been awaiting his return to whisper "yes" into his shell-like ear.

The returning guy is bewildered anyway by the fuss and fanfares and is much too polite to tell the chick to scram. Before he knows what has happened she has insinuated herself into the picture and he is wearing her on his arm. The fact that before the war she would not give him the right time, or during his absence was playing the field, doesn't deter her. She's his very own pin-up dream girl as long as any photographer has a single flash bulb left. When his glory begins to fade, she'll ditch him for the first civilian with a steady income and a "C" gasoline ration book. She is a mean, cheap, predatory little harpy and ordinary fire and brimstone is too good for her. May all her children be lemurs.

Heavenly Bar

Thinking upon the heaven to which the lost airmen will go, the young dead of America and England who flew out their lives for their countries, I keep hoping that there will be a bar there, a long, shining mahogany bar with brass rail and mirrors and gleaming bottles and glassware, stretching out farther than the eye can reach, manned by tireless, white-coated bartenders who will serve them inexhaustible Scotches and Sodas.

There they will be able to stand and drink and talk and swap tales and make those flyer's gestures with their hands which show just how they turned and where the other fellow was.

They will be supplied with folding money so that they can stand treat to one another, but no one will ever take the money; the bills will just lie there on the bar where they can see them and feel comfortable as they say, "How's for another, this round's on me..."

The Scotch will all come in

bottles with the labels of their favorite brands on them, but it will have the special heavenly quality of getting and keeping them pleasantly tiddley, but never drunk—never drunk enough to shed the tears that lie so close to the surface of the men who have looked on war, and yet tiddley enough to free the spirit and the tongue and make the polished mahogany surface of the bar glow with a light that is soft and friendly.

It would be heaven, for men are always happiest and most at ease when leaning up against a bar with other men—their own kind.

I would like to think of its being there for my three friends, Smudge Draper, who flew his faltering Spitfire into a wall rather than crash land in a crowded English schoolyard, and Bill St. Johns, who stayed by his flak-broken bomber's wheel on the way home from Berlin until his crew had got out and it was too late for him to escape, and Byrne Worman, who was a poet as well as a flyer and vanished over the English Channel.

It pleases me to believe that they have met and are standing up against the bar together with all the other kids from the burned Fortresses and shattered Spitfires and Thunderbolts and the flaming Wellingtons, calling for another little Scotch and grinning at one another through the gentle haze.

Story

Here is a story I heard the other day. I'm passing it along to you, because it touched me. It's third hand. I got it from Jimmy Johnston. Jimmy got it from Jack Johnson, who ought to know.

Jimmy Johnston is a little prize-fight manager and promoter. He has been around for a long time. His memory goes back to the day his father took him to shake the hand of John L. Sullivan in Liverpool, England.

If you ask Jimmy who he thinks was the greatest fighter he ever saw, the most perfect in every department at any weight, he will tell you it was Jack Johnson, the first Negro heavyweight champion of the world.

And this is a story of Johnson's fight with Willard in Havana, Cuba, where "Li'l Artha," lost his championship and was counted out on his back in the 26th round, shielding his eyes with his arms

Continued on page 155





"All right, all right—who slipped us the phony food stamps?"





"Are you sure that phone call is absolutely necessary, sailor?"



*"So you're going West on an A card—
you're braver than Buffalo Bill!"*



*"Second floor—no nylons, no girdles, no silk
panties and no need to get off"*

Long Days and Merry Ones

by **E. SIMMS CAMPBELL**



"Who designed this dam, Twitchell?"



*"Of the four freedoms, what I need most
is freedom from my wife"*



"You remind me of my first husband"



"We've just passed Newark, Harry—I'll have to say good-bye!"



"Better throw that one back—it's a little small"



"Never mind the exposure meter at a time like this"



"As a special feature this week I'm includ ng my own analysis of the news"



*"Junior, come away from that window and stop pestering
the window washer"*

Midsummer Holiday



As men and women in the different branches of the military in continental United States have week ends off, civilians also enjoy the sunshine, cool breezes and scenes away from town. Man at left wears mesh panama hat, oxford shirt, foulard tie, broken diagonal tweed jacket, gabardine slacks, buckskin shoes. Cyclist in foreground sports a blue flannel blazer with piping. Man at right wears a cocoanut palm hat with club band, oxford shirt, wool bow tie, small pattern tweed jacket, flannel slacks, moccasins.

Robert Goodman

So You've Written a Song

**Tin Pan Alley is the one field where
new talent is apparently not wanted,
for the door to beginners is closed**

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

EDITOR'S NOTE: Please do not send words and music, or words or music to Mr. Seldes. He is not a musician and he has no pull with publishers; for a variety of reasons he must refuse to recommend music for publication. All he can do for aspiring composers is done right here, in the following article. On the whole, we advise you not even to write to him . . . but, of course, there's no law about that.

SEVERAL months ago I wrote something about war songs in this part of *Esquire* and since then I have received a little mail on the subject; there have been some pieces of music, but my piano is in the country, so I can't say whether the music is good or not. There have been some verses, with offers to share half and half if I could get them set to music and we'll make a killing like *Mairzy Doats*. We aren't going to make a killing of any sort, because I can't arrange a darn thing.

But I can report on one of the darnedest situations I've ever run across: the predicament of the beginning song writer. I am not an investigator, nor a muckraker; I merely tell you what I discovered and if there's a nice jolly side to the picture which I don't know, let some one come through with it.

First, without statistics, it would appear that several million otherwise agreeable citizens want to compose songs; in the Army and out; male and female created He song writers; in the deep South and the far West and in New Jersey; some want to write comic songs, some patriotic songs; some have written songs; one wrote *Dirty Gertie from Bizerte* and says, "our songs are boycotted back home."

And none of them can get their songs published.

One thing I can't usually take is the idea of "a conspiracy;" especially in a competitive business. It's silly on the face of it. If X refuses a lot of new songsters, Y will presently be way at the top in the music field. That's how it is with books and magazines; that's how it is with art galleries; and even in the movies, one studio goes out and gets new ideas and presently it gets half of all the Oscars. (Note: Warner Brothers; the ideas were chiefly that Americans were excited about the war and earnest about democratic ideals.)

How do you get a story published? You send it to a magazine—or to an agent. Some agents, playing lone hands, or desperately understaffed, can't take on any

more clients; but magazines read and read. Some of them contract for more than half of their output and buy most of the rest from agents—but they read unsolicited manuscripts to the bitter end—and often find a buyable one, sometimes a work of real promise. The magazines "hope to God" to find a new author.

Submit music to a reputable house and you may get a reasonably polite letter of rejection; but you will be made to feel that the publisher wished you hadn't bothered him. You will hear frankly sometimes that they are not in the market, they are not buying—occasionally this will be softened by an additional phrase about "this kind of song." No one "hopes to God."

I have friends in the business. I asked them, how does a newcomer get a song published? And this, in effect, was the answer:

He doesn't.

Abrupt, rather. But after all, really. Well, they insist, he doesn't. By the time he gets something in print, he's no longer a newcomer. He's worn to a frazzle; he's been through the mill.

I insist. I say, give me the steps. The answer is that you've got to get one of the name bands or some famous soloist to sing your song or play it on the air. And how do you do that, without having the song published? Oh, you can get it printed—a few hundred copies; it doesn't cost much. But no reputable house will do that; no house will get your song out and see that it's played and makes its way on merit alone.

Then how in heaven's name do you get it sung or played?

Three people gave me identical answers, down almost to the commas. Well, you know, you hang around with the boys, you get to know a band leader, you get an in of some kind—you get a topflight hot soprano or crooner to listen to your song—or maybe you get a break at an amateur hour. . . .

Almighty power of music! This is really fantastic. Is there any other business so haphazard, so lacking in any established way to open careers to talents? You get to know a band leader!

Here is an alternative. You have "definite perspective performance schedules" on a network program—meaning you say that when published, your song will positively be performed; or a very

famous singer promises, definitely, that he will sing it in concert or on the air. But positively. Then you get a publisher—for one song.

Arrangers, good orchestrators, leaders of small combos, directors of choruses, admitting that they had all sorts of advantages, still told me it was hard for them to get a song published. That is, printed and reasonably pushed, so it got heard.

That's the story. And if it's wrong, I've heard not one word to the contrary. I have heard publishers say that they have plenty of men under contract; they put money into whatever these men do; they finance a composer or a team for "two-three years" as they usually put it; then when these guys come through, the way to make back the investment, is by pushing *their* work. An outsider, apparently, with a great hit, would be taking bread out of the mouths of these steady-goers.

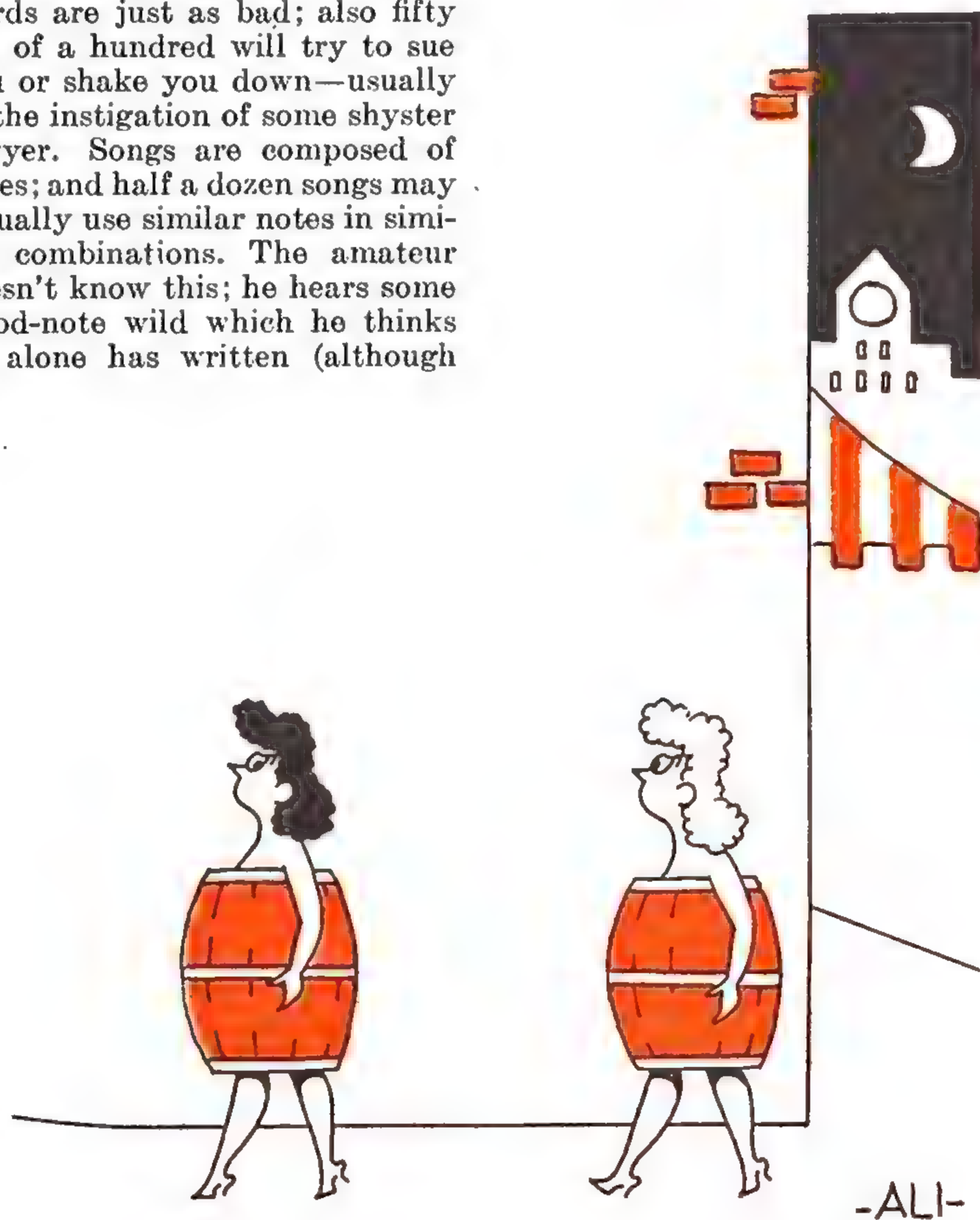
On the publishers' side I've heard the following: ninety-nine out of every hundred offered songs are musically illiterate—and the words are just as bad; also fifty out of a hundred will try to sue you or shake you down—usually at the instigation of some shyster lawyer. Songs are composed of notes; and half a dozen songs may actually use similar notes in similar combinations. The amateur doesn't know this; he hears some wood-note wild which he thinks he alone has written (although

Mozart used it) and he cries "plagiarism." Finally, nothing the amateurs send is half as good as the work of the regular hired hands. That still doesn't say how new men are to be encouraged.

I've never heard of a prize for a new popular song—established by T. B. Harms (publishers of Kern and Gershwin) or Berlin, Inc., which used to publish Berlin. I've never heard of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers establishing a scholarship in tinpanalleyistics; (although they may be interested in a war song or some special feature) the recording companies, the juke boxes, Petrillo, the radio networks, are all profoundly concerned with popular music. Which of them does anything to encourage newcomers?

Ah, but there is a group of high-minded men who are willing to do everything for newcomers, including the genial process of skinning them alive. Write a jingle as com-

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"I think those sailors had a phony poker deck!"

The Rhythm Section



Giving the yea to some new record releases and the nay to women as jazz appreciators and performers



by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

• JAZZ •

THE record renaissance is a subject which, for this month at least, has outgrown the confines of our *Jazz Is Where You Find It* box; for, as any experienced trend-spotter will tell you, a new era has begun in the history of recorded jazz.

There were, roughly, three previous eras. In the first, hot jazz was recorded either by accident, because it was cheaper, or because the colored market wanted it. Nobody made jazz recordings for the connoisseurs, since to all intents there weren't any. This went on until about 1934, by which time Benny Goodman was recording frequently with specially assembled "date" bands.

A year or so later, Goodman's success started the swing era and with it a new interest in records by big and small swing units. In the lush period from 1935 to 1939, such artists as Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday, Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey were regularly assigned to record popular song hits in an advanced swing style for the gradually increasing juke-box and private-collector markets. In this era, too, the first specialized labels

such as HRS and Commodore got under way.

Then came the reaction caused first by the dealers' discovery that a Glenn Miller or Kay Kyser version of the latest Tin Pan Alley brain-orphan could outsell by ten to one the same tune in a Wilson or Holiday version. This, followed by the war-borne shellac shortage and capped by the complete union ban on all recording as of July 31, 1942, marked the third and unhappiest era.

When the union finally started signing contracts with some of the record companies last fall, musicians who had been kept from studios for more than a year were like caged lions let loose. In the past six months the studios in New York, and occasionally in Chicago and Hollywood, have been alive with good jazz dates, made sometimes by men from famous bands who, in their anxiety to get back in the spin, often recorded for flat scale—thirty bucks for four tunes. In several cases, musicians who were under contract to the two major companies that have still not signed with the union—Victor and Columbia—

have made dates for independent labels, either bashfully under pseudonyms, or even brazenly under their own names.

Meanwhile, new record companies have been springing up almost regardless of shellac priorities. If we can't get the records released now, they figure, at least we can make the sessions and build up the catalog for our post-war market. To which one might reply that the post-war market by now seems to be saturated in advance!

The recording organizations fall into three groups. First comes the trio of long-established companies which think in terms of seven-figure sales and consequently seldom bother with real jazz. They are Victor (including Bluebird), Columbia (with Okeh) and Decca. Of these, only Decca is recording. The others are still using reissues, or else scraping the bottom of their barrel of pre-ban material. In the case of Columbia it's a little hard to grasp just why they are putting out nothing but reissues, since they have scores of fine sides, made long before the ban, that have never been released; by Lena Horne with Teddy Wilson, by Red Allen, Eddie South, Red Norvo, Gene Krupa, Billie Holiday, et al. You figure that one out.

After the big three come the companies whose records aim at five- or six-figure sales and are available in most key cities. Biggest of these are Capitol and Hit, which have very little hot jazz to offer. Among the others are Apollo and Savoy, which aimed first at the colored market but are expanding; and Asch, which started cautiously doing piano solos, then progressed to a series of orchestral jazz dates.

Last come the jazz specialists' labels, which are generally very hard to obtain outside New York and are mostly pressed in three- or four-figure quantities. They are Blue Note, Keynote, Commodore, Signature and a few others whose production facilities are much smaller and whose products we'll therefore assume you will never buy and probably never hear—even in that visionary post-war market.

If you're a new hand at jazz collecting, you may be shocked to know that many of these 1944 recordings are on 12-inch discs and will set you back a dollar fifty; even the ten-inchers cost up to a

dollar. That's what you get for being a unit in a specialized market.

Loosen your purse strings, then, and go first in search of six sides on Asch by Mary Lou Williams. Of the three discs, the best is that which couples *Lullaby of the Leaves* with *St. Louis Blues*. Mary Lou remains the greatest girl jazz pianist; moreover, as you will hear from her beautiful scoring for a sextet in the *Leaves* opus, she is a resourceful and gifted arranger.

The Savoy label's first jazz releases include a tenor sax solo of *Body and Soul*, featuring Ben Webster, with a group led by Cozy Cole. Webster's device for insuring that you won't confuse him with Coleman Hawkins, the original "body and soul of the saxophone," is simple: halfway through, he doubles up the tempo.

Apollo records, made by a Harlem music shop, have some more good Hawkins sides. What happens to *Yesterdays* under Hawk's mellowing influence should prove not only inoffensive, but downright inspiring to Jerome Kern.

Coming to the jazz fans' special labels, you'll find three items, each a foot wide and worth the space, time and money. On Commodore, Eddie Heywood's sextet, under the spell of his unique piano work and arranging, does a job of covering Johnny Green's well-known waterfront in a manner that's melodic, commercial, but still good jazz. Overleaf you find Heywood Beginning the Beguine for five fantastic minutes. And on Blue Note are two sensational records by Edmond Hall's Quintet which wed the ideally mated talents of Red Norvo, recording on vibraharp for the first time, and Teddy Wilson. The couplings are *Blue Interval* and *Seeing Red*; *Rompin' in '44* and *Smooth Sailing*.

The three major companies between them have produced a total of exactly one jazz release since we last went to press—Benny Goodman's band doing *After You've Gone* and *Darktown Strutters' Ball*, recorded two and three years ago respectively, on Columbia. It serves as an indirect reminder of the fact that all the great music and musicians used in the Goodman band from July, 1942, until its dissolution a few months ago have been lost to posterity. Jazz is one art form that can't be preserved on paper. I wonder whether Mr. Petrillo ever thought about that.—L. F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

IN THE MOVIES—you find it all too seldom. The bands that get the biggest film breaks generally aren't jazz outfits and even when they are, their presentation is usually inadequate. As for the small jazz groups, Hollywood has virtually ignored them.

Benny Goodman is enthusiastic about his last picture, which at this writing bears the title *Sweet & Lowdown*. The story is directly concerned with music; one of the principal characters is a trombonist, whose playing was ghosted for him by Bill Harris of the Goodman band. Also worth watching for, if it materializes, is the appearance of the King Cole Trio in *Glamour for Sale*. Another King Cole chore was the recording of some sound tracks for a Walter Lantz *Swing Symphony* short.

Jack Teagarden made a couple of features several months ago, using a pick-up band of studio men, his own orchestra having disbanded some time earlier. One that's due for release is *Twilight on the Prairie*.

Louis Armstrong's delightful screen personality and natural acting ability should have made him a Hollywood big-timer by now, but he's still waiting for a role comparable with the one Orson Welles had in mind before he shelved his plan of building a film around Louis's life story. In the

meantime you may catch Louis, along with Paul Whiteman and others, in an opus named *Atlantic City*.

IN PERSON—When they come your way, there are two young men with young bands worthy of your attention. They have several things in common: both of them are talented on alto as well as tenor sax; both were discharged from the Army in the past year and both are Canadian-born, except Herbie Fields. As you read this, Georgie Auld may be in his native land, playing a Toronto date, or he may have started in Atlantic City; and Herbie Fields will probably be around New York. As outstanding soloists and as leaders of exciting bands featuring modern and intelligent arrangements, they are to be encouraged.

Look out, too, for Stan Kenton, an arranger and pianist with a tendency toward rugged individualism in the choppy sounds he produces from his reed section. His band has made its name around the West Coast, but was helped by a long run on Bob Hope's coast-to-coast program. At long last Kenton is due back East and from where we're standing that's good news, even more so since we heard he signed up Anita O'Day, just about the best ofay girl singer with any band today.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Symposium

Do you think that, as a rule, women are incapable of appreciating or performing jazz?

Louis Armstrong, bandleader, trumpeter, vocalist:

Maybe most women don't appreciate good jazz. I've known a lot of women who probably didn't notice the difference at first, but by being around jazz and musicians who played it lots, it automatically dawned on them. And from then on, nobody can tell them anything about it, because they know. And I've noticed from their reactions that they do really appreciate it.

You take Alpha, my third wife. She traveled all over the world with me, went to my rehearsals all through Europe, heard me play with my many different jazz bands. And before I knew it, Alpha would tell me just the spots that weren't right and the ones that did sound good, too. It was all so different from the time when she first joined up with me. Now I know she appreciates good jazz.

When Lucille, my fourth wife, joined me she appreciated music to a certain extent. Quite naturally she would, being a chorus and glamor girl in all of those big Broadway (sepia) shows where gobs of music were being played. Since then she's voiced her opinion, mentioned different spots about tunes we were playing and gone so far as to give a suggestion or so.

Of course, it's needless to say anything about Lil's (my second wife) appreciation of jazz, because she's a wizard at playing the jive. I mean she really knows, and appreciates all good music. She would get so frank with me whenever I'd mess up a tune or make a bluey—I'd jump real salty. But I'm hep enough to know that her frank opinions were meant for my advancement in jazz.

That's why I say jazz music has to dawn on most women. And it's too bad from then on. Not that they don't dig—most women just don't get the chance to really enjoy anything but their home duties. But give them a break and they'll give some of the finest suggestions—better than men.

Viola Smith, drummer, formerly leader of her own all-girl band, now with Phil Spitalny:

Women may lack the fortitude of men, but despite this there are still many good musicians as yet undiscovered among women. As a rule, women are as capable as men of appreciating and performing good jazz. Just because that capability does not find an opportunity for expression does not mean that women are "incapable."

Lou Williams, pianist and arranger, formerly with Andy Kirk, now appearing as solo artist:

No, there are very few women who appreciate real jazz. When they do, it's generally through what their husbands have taught them. During all the years I was

on the road with Andy Kirk's band I saw women getting catty about personalities and musician's good looks and going wild over singers; that's the only way they can see it.

As far as playing is concerned, most instruments are too much of a physical difficulty for the average woman. The piano is just a difficult instrument for anyone to learn. I've known only three or four women musicians who were good enough to take the place of men. One was a pianist in Kansas City named Julia Lee and another was also a pianist, Rose Murphy. There's one really fine girl trumpet player, Doli Armenra, and a tenor sax player named Vi Burnside. There may be a few others around the country, but I know when I tried to organize an all-girl band I just couldn't find enough talent. Of course, I've been playing with male musicians for so many years, maybe I have a superiority complex.

Eddie Durham, arranger, guitarist, trombonist and leader of an all-girl orchestra:

I'd answer yes, most women are incapable of performing jazz—but mainly because they don't stay at it long. Unlike men, they usually do not make a career in music; too often they give it up for married life, or just quit because they can't take the gaff of one-nighters and six-a-day theatre work. However, working with a group of girls such as I have during the past two years, I can say that women have plenty of potential possibilities, that they could learn to play good jazz if they would. Some of the girls in my own band will develop into fine jazz artists if they stick with it: Margaret Baxtron, tenor; Jackie King, piano; Margie Lusk, alto. As for appreciation, my answer is no, women are highly appreciative. I've found quite a few who can appreciate soloists, ensembles and great jazz passages better than I can.

Mary Osborne, guitarist and vocalist, now with Gay Claridge:

Five years ago women breaking into the music profession were frowned upon in much the same way as was their right to vote, their intrusion into man's business world with the establishment of their own businesses and their right to live as bachelor girls. Now women are playing a very important role in everything, and that is beginning to include music.

My first professional job was with two girls from North Dakota, all of us green and poor instrumentalists. After four years of hard work, listening to records and bands, driving miles to jam with fellow musicians, we finally were rewarded by learning the secret of playing jazz. I believe if more opportunities were offered, more girls would be interested in training themselves and getting

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

THE newcomer to jazz usually finds it difficult to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. He is beset, on the one hand, by a conflicting critical opinion not yet defined by tradition; and on the other, by an ear untrained to the unique tone-qualities which identify the music and set it apart. Nor are these the only sources of confusion. Jazz and swing orchestras too often play mere "popular music," or use the melodies of popular tunes as a springboard for stylized treatment. The newcomer may be expected to ask: Is hot music recognizable by the peculiarities of the melody or by the treatment of the melody? There is no unequivocal answer. Neither the tune nor the way it is played gives an airtight clue to the genuineness of jazz.

That is because jazz displays a certain tonality heard by the ear, a distinctive feeling and spirit possessing spontaneity and timeliness, reflecting the environment. Since the sound that is jazz, *per se*, is only inadequately explained in words, the best advice to anyone seeking to know jazz is that he listen to jazz—all kinds of jazz—persistently and with a willingness toward responsiveness.

The spirit and feeling of real jazz—the flavor and feel of its sound patterns, not peculiarities of matter or manner—are its dis-

tinguishing marks. Jazz may be performed by small groups or large; by soloists with rhythm accompaniment or by a single instrument. The music itself may be arranged or not. None of these simple externalities is a measuring stick.

The clue for the discovery of the true flavor and feel and spirit of jazz does not lie in superficial differentiation in mood, instrumentation, grouping or personnel. It lies in the actual sound patterns of the music. Widely divergent classifications of records can exemplify this fact. A complex Eddie Sauter arrangement performed by Benny Goodman's orchestra (*Benny Rides Again* or *Clarinet à la King*) contains the same spirit and feel as jazz performed by the Goodman Quartet or Sextet (*Blues in Your Flat* or *Soft Winds*). The thirty-two piece Artie Shaw orchestra playing *St. James Infirmary* possesses the same jazz quality as does George Lewis' eight-piece group cutting loose on *Fidgety Feet*. Coleman Hawkins' solo on *One Hour* conveys the identical spirit—though in completely different mood—as does Bunny Berigan on *Davenport Blues*. The spirit of jazz manifests itself, too, in Fats Waller's piano music, Bix's lyric trumpeting, Pee Wee Russell's soulful clarinetting.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER

the experience that is needed. I feel strongly that if a woman has talent and a disposition toward jazz, her ability can be cultivated—in just the same way that a man's can be. And a feeling for music in general and jazz in particular is all you need to appreciate it. The sex of the person doesn't count at all there.

I haven't heard or met a large number of women musicians, but I'd like to mention one that thrilled me as much as any male musician that I have heard. Billie Rogers plays a fine trumpet, not overly done but with wonderful taste, good chord changes and fine vibrato and tone.

Boots Muzzilli, alto saxophone and clarinet soloist, arranger, now with Teddy Powell:

That's a yes and no question. Women certainly are capable of appreciating jazz and a few of playing it, even though right now there may not be a lot of evidence in that direction. In time, I think, there will be more women soloists. Now just a few can be named—for example Mildred Bailey, Billie Rogers and Mary Lou Williams. If opportunities were present in more abundance and if more serious study were given to the instrument of their choice, the percentage of worthwhile women jazz soloists and players would approximate that of men. After all, just a certain number of men, out of the total playing in jazz and swing bands, attain a rating which places them among the more reputable artists of their profession. On that basis, I think it would amount to the same percentage of the total for women. Already women are beginning to really appreciate jazz—ferreting out the fine points and really digging it.

In years to come I think it will be a common thing and jazz will number among its most enthusiastic fans thousands of women. I say this because I believe that, as with men, appreciation of jazz for women is a matter of exposing themselves to it. If they have an honest and innate tendency in that direction, they'll be just as keen and as articulate in their appreciation as men.

Liz Tilton, vocalist, now with Jan Garber, formerly with Bob Crosby:

Mary Lou Williams proves that women are as capable of appreciating and performing jazz as men. There aren't more like her because most women musicians don't study or give as much time to the study of music as do men. If they did, they'd be on a par with men, even forge ahead of men. What makes this question very difficult to answer is that, unfortunately, most women regard a career as just something to do until they get ready to settle down to a home and a family.

Billie Rogers, trumpeter and vocalist:

Women are not as capable musicians as men. Their playing often is of a lower calibre because they haven't the physical stamina of men. That is why so few of them are playing horns in bands. Despite their lack of musicianship, however, women are a good box-office draw for bands because they add what men love to call "glamor." But when it comes to appreciation, women are right on a par with men—make no mistake about that. In fact, that part of the question is silly. It's like asking if women are as capable as men of appreciating a great book or work of art.

—P.E.M.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Concerning Maugham's and Hecht's latest, with a few gay Hechtian anecdotes of Maxwell Bodenheim

by BENNETT CERF

• BOOKS •

HARASSED reviewers, deluged with novels whose literary worth had deteriorated as fast as their physical appearance as a result of wartime stresses, threw their hats aloft with understandable exultation when a new offering by W. Somerset Maugham came their way. *The Razor's Edge* was published on approximately his seventieth birthday. Even to mention it in the same breath with *Of Human Bondage*, *The Moon and Sixpence* or *Cakes and Ale* is absurd, but the hand of a master craftsman is evident on its every page. If the story is too pat, the philosophy unconvincing, the gloss is still shiny and persuasive enough to guarantee its dwelling place in best-sellerdom. Mr. Maugham's second-best, effortless, slick, superficial, is still a full lap ahead of most of his present-day competition.

The Razor's Edge details the quest of a young man for a faith he can cling to in a time of turmoil. The title derives from the quotation, "The sharp edge of a razor is difficult to pass over; thus the wise say the path to Salvation is hard." The hero's name is Laurence Darrell, although a bemused writer of the jacket-blurb calls him "Darnell." (The jacket also reproduces a portrait of the author that must have been made fully twenty-five years ago and that looks more like Lucius Beebe than the Somerset Maugham of 1944.) Darrell is an elusive and vaguely unsatisfactory sort of fellow who lost his equilibrium when a dearly loved companion in the air force of World War I died saving him and regains a measure of serenity only when he encounters a yogi named Shri Ganesha in a remote part of India. The philosophy he imbibes there arms him with a sword to slay the dragons that have been unleashed on the world today. To me it seems like a sword of paper—as transparently ignominious a flight from reality as Aldous Huxley's hero resorted to in *Eyeless in Gaza*—and even Maugham's avowal that his hero found it adequate lacks ultimate conviction. The only disciples of yoga I have met were exhibitionists who insisted on standing on their heads on the front lawn or doing repulsive things with their stomachs in a drawing room; so I do not feel qualified to pursue this phase of the book further.

At any rate, it is the seductive trappings of *The Razor's Edge* that

will insure its popularity, not the religious odyssey of its hero. The characters are for the most part very elegant and very rich, who flit from Paris to London to the Riviera and back at the proper seasons and are obviously caricatures of actual persons the author has known intimately for many years. The girl who loves Larry is named Isabel Bradley and, like him, she hails from Chicago. In contrast with young Larry's impractical idealism, Isabel is a hard-headed young materialist who knows exactly what she wants out of life. So, indeed, do all the other ladies in the cast. One might almost believe that Mr. Maugham was slyly presenting the thesis that the male is the dreamer and aspirant of the human race, the female the prosaic realist who confines her speculations chiefly to the whereabouts of her next three meals—and sable coat.

Isabel and her mother are shepherded in Europe, and introduced to the right people, by her uncle, Elliot Templeton, a snob and poseur of the first water and, except for some scenes where he gets entirely out of hand, a character who will especially delight American readers. Only a cad would suggest that Mr. Maugham stole an occasional glance into the mirror while he was creating the elegant Mr. Templeton, who wore only the most proper clothing, patronized only the most proper decorators and artists and broke bread and water with only the most proper companions. Maugham confesses that he is describing American characters in a major

novel for the first time and apologizes in the first three pages for possible shortcomings. His misgivings, of course, prove unfounded. Isabel's mother, in particular, is brilliantly portrayed. So is the man Isabel ultimately marries, the stockbroker Gray Maturin—until page 333, at any rate, where Mr. Maugham suddenly discovers that his conversation consists almost entirely of clichés, and proves it with an absurd paragraph that goes something like, "I haven't signed on the dotted line yet, but it's on ice. The fella I'm going in with is a good scout and I'm sure he would not hand me a lemon. . . . But I'll keep my eyes peeled for a nigger in the woodpile before I cough up any of Isabel's dough." Mr. Maugham must have let that paragraph sneak in after a heavy lunch with some right people at the Colony or the Ritz!

The temptation to quote whole paragraphs of Mr. Maugham's limpid and impeccable prose and sophisticated pleasantries is irresistible. He describes two rich and fatuous American ladies who lived in Paris while the going was good as "exquisitely gowned, with strings of pearls round their necks, diamond bracelets on their wrists, and costly rings on their fingers. Though the hair of one was darkly hennaed and that of the other unnaturally golden, they were strangely alike. They had the same heavily mascaraed eyelashes, the same brightly painted lips, the same rouged cheeks, the same slim figures, maintained at the cost of extreme mortification,

the same hungry, restless eyes; and you could not but be conscious that their lives were a desperate struggle to maintain their fading charms. They talked with inanity in a loud, metallic voice without a moment's pause, as though afraid that if they were silent for an instant the machine would run down and the artificial construction which was all they were would fall to pieces." Uncle Elliot tells his sister to forbid Isabel to go to a place that is strictly out of bounds for genuine society folk. "Will you pay any attention if I forbid you to go?" the wary mother asks. "No, darling," says her daughter, "none." "That is what I imagined," says the mother. "In that case there doesn't seem to be much point in my forbidding it!" Mr. Maugham suavely explains the frequency of divorce in the United States as a result of "American women expecting to find in their husbands a perfection that English women only hope to find in their butlers." When Isabel tells Mr. Maugham (oh, yes, he's a very definite character in his own novel and sees that he gets some of the very best lines) how she deliberately set out to seduce Larry into marrying her, she explains, "I thought I'd get him to come home with me and once I'd got him there, well, it was almost inevitable that the inevitable should happen." "Upon my word," comments Mr. M., "you couldn't put it more delicately." Larry apologizes for not writing a book by saying that he has nothing to write about. Maugham expostulates, "That's the most inconclusive reason for not writing that I've ever heard!" This seems to strike a responsive chord in the usually unreachable Larry, because a few chapters later, he *does* turn up with a book that he has had printed privately and distributes it exclusively to his friends.

Elliot Templeton dies just too soon to attend a gala given by one of his dearest enemies. Almost his last words are his dictation of a note of regret that "he cannot accept Princess Novemali's kind invitation owing to a previous engagement with his Blessed Lord." He then murmurs, "The old bitch," and dies happily, possibly unconscious of the fact that he has more or less plagiarized an old Cole Porter ditty called *Miss Otis Regrets*.

The Razor's Edge gets better



"Would you mind stepping to the next window, please?"

and better as it rambles along; every character gets just about what he wants most; Larry, the Boy Yoga, goes back into "that tumultuous conglomeration of humanity, distracted by so many conflicting interests, so lost in the world's confusion, so wistful of good, so cocksure on the outside, so diffident within, so kind, so hard, so trustful and so cagey, so mean and so generous, which is the people of the United States." This reader at least hopes that Mr. Maugham will stay there, too, to write more novels about his American cousins and brighten more literary and theatrical seasons for a people who may be everything he says about them, but who know a good thing when they see it!

Ben Hecht's *A Guide for the Bederilled* is a passionate and soul-stirring defense of the Jews by one of the wittiest and most brilliant Jews in the world today. The persuasiveness of his arguments is dissipated, unfortunately, by extravagances and exaggerations. Hecht almost defeats his purpose by slinging epithets and wholesale condemnations about in very much the same manner embraced by his bitterest and most degraded enemies. He dissects the origin of anti-Semitism and the reason for its survival with overwhelming conviction, demolishes his antagonists with trenchant wit and indisputable facts—and then lets them crawl away and reform their ranks while he goes off on irrelevant tangents and intemperate tirades of his own.

Hecht says he only became conscious of the fact that he was a Jew in recent years. He had believed he was an ordinary American, neither better nor worse than his neighbor. His hostess at a dinner asked him to discuss the Jews. "Or are you skittish about the subject?" she faltered. "Don't be tactful," Hecht assured her. "Jewishness is not a venereal disease." "Perhaps," he explains to the reader, "she was querulous about the Jews because they were complaining so much about their extermination. Cries for help are always irksome to the preoccupied humanitarian. Or perhaps she was preparing to forgive the Germans, now that they were losing the war!" There comes a morning, he asserts, when Jews who have previously considered themselves cynics, philosophers, sophisticates, even atheists, always wake up and find that to the rest of the world they are simply—Jews. They have been present at the birth of many great nations and fought for their freedom and enrichment, achieving nothing for their efforts but the building of yet another house in which they were not welcome. In America, says Hecht, this has not been true, but even here there are storm signals in the wind, and if the Jews do not fight to preserve themselves, who on earth will? "If the future is an enemy, let them meet it with a cutlass in their hand."

Early in life, his Aunt Chasha taught him that self-apologists usually make an unholy mess of things. In a theatre mix-up, Aunt Chasha lost her temper and dressed down a couple of ushers in no uncertain terms. The fat little manager rushed up and blustered, "I am afraid, Mrs. Swernofsky, I must ask you to apologize." Aunt Chasha teed off, smacked the manager over the head with her umbrella, kicked him in the shin and whisked the enchanted Ben into the sunshine. "Remember what I tell you," she said. "That's the right way to apologize!"

Why Ben Hecht should have seen fit to go off at the most convincing part of his essay into a long and tedious synopsis of an ideal motion picture which he avers no commercial producer would touch with a ten-foot pole, is a mystery to me. As a matter of fact, the very story he outlines was produced on the screen; I saw it myself. Hecht should remember that Ed Wynn has invented a pole ten feet four inches long, intended expressly for people who wouldn't touch things with the ten-foot variety. He should also remember that his Aunt Chasha's advice was not meant to be taken too literally. Big Ben in London sounds off only once an hour. On the printed page at least, Little Ben in New York might practice similar restraint to advantage.

At any rate, with Hecht's *A Guide for the Bederilled* and Lillian

Smith's fine novel about the Negro problem in the South, *Strange Fruit*, climbing to the very top of the best-seller lists, nobody can say that the American public is turning a deaf ear to the minority problems that will plague the country after the war. They will persist until some workable scheme is evolved that will enable us to practice at home the democracy that we talk so glibly of spreading to the far corners of the earth!

Mention of a Ben Hecht book reminds me that he is, in my opinion, the most fascinating storyteller I have ever met. The very extravagances that mar his written works serve only to enhance his effectiveness when his audience literally can sit at his feet. I have seen a whole roomful of people, all fond of talking themselves, held spellbound while he wove his fantastic stories. About the person of his old friend Maxwell Bodenheim, poet, novelist, Bohemian of sorts, Hecht constructed a running history, possibly fifty per cent true, that interrupted a roaring stud poker game for three solid hours.

When they were lads together in Chicago, explained Hecht, they went in for a bout of amateur theatricals. Hecht wrote a one-act play that called for Bodenheim's death in an early scene. To save the cost of a policeman's uniform it was arranged that Bodenheim was to die at the edge of the

stage with only his feet showing when he fell. Hecht could then pull him off while one of the other actors indicated to the audience that the police had come for the body. Rehearsals went splendidly, but on the opening night, Bodenheim succumbed to the lure of the footlights and after staggering about the scene for a full minute, collapsed in the exact center of the stage. Hecht had to rush off to the corner and give the cop on the beat a dollar to come in and haul him off.

When the United States entered World War I, Hecht swears that Bodenheim suddenly popped up in Greenwich Village and declared that he was a conscientious objector. A group of his admirers hid him away in a garret apartment and arranged to supply him with food and female companionship. Mr. Bodenheim's demands, however, proved to be elastic. When, after three weeks of Ritz-Carlton service, he was clamoring for caviar, champagne and the leading lady of the Follies, one of his outraged benefactors resolved to tip off the local draft board. The head of it searched his records. "Bodenheim?" he reported. "He's no draft dodger. We turned him down months ago for flat feet!"

A misguided lecture manager in Milwaukee once offered Hecht and Bodenheim fifty dollars apiece to stage a literary debate on any subject that appealed to them. They took the precaution of collecting their fees in advance and strode onto the platform. "The subject of this debate," announced Bodenheim, "is, 'Resolved: that any person who pays good American cash to hear a literary debate is a blithering idiot.' I will uphold the affirmative, Mr. Hecht the negative." "I concede," cried Hecht. Then the two of them fled before the outraged audience could get to its feet. They haven't played Milwaukee since.

If these sample anecdotes by any chance intrigue you, there is more, much more, of the saga in an old and particularly hilarious novel of Hecht's called *Count Bruga*. There are, also, a number of his most ingenious stories in his most recently published work of fiction, *A Book of Miracles*. Both volumes are out of print, but they are well worth digging for.

That should just about suffice on literary matters for a hot summer day, aside from a story Ludwig Bemelmans brought back from Ecuador. In a dubious village café there, he suddenly was confronted by a burly, unshaven desperado who frightened him to death by plumping down into the seat next to him and demanding a double whiskey straight. Suddenly the stranger spied a tattered old copy of *Esquire* and pounced on it. He turned to a certain article and began mumbling the words laboriously to himself. Then he was on his feet, bellowing with rage. "Those blankety blank editors!" he roared. "They've cut out my best lines again!" #



"I, too, had started post-war plans"

Goldbricking With Esquire

Conducted by **BRUCE PATTERSON**



THE chaplain was out on the golf course and thought a small moral lesson might not be amiss.

Chaplain (mildly): "I noticed that the players who get the lowest scores are not those who swear."

Gloomy Lt. (digging another slice of turf): "I wouldn't swear either if I got a low score."

—*Brookley Field a la Moad*

Glamor is something that evaporates when the sweater is a little too large.

—*Goodfellow Field Flight Time*



HEATER AND METER

Old pot, you are as black as char
But always welcome you are
For it is sure that nightly we
Will want our coffee or tea.

With night's wet chill we gather
round

In your dark brew release is found.
Friends are made, and stories told
That we'll tell often when we're
old.

When war is o'er and people ask
To hear about my Air Corps task,
These nights in Italy I'll recall
Remember you and then tell all.

—*Forward Ho!, Italy*

A man with a black eye and one or two other injuries entered the outpatient's ward of a big hospital. The desk attendant began to fill out the regular form.

"Married?" he asked.

"No," was the answer, "automobile accident."

—*U. S. Coast Guard Lookout*

"Henry, dear, we have been going together ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

"Perhaps you're right—but who'll have us?"

—*Ft. Worth Tarrantier*

Slick Chick: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

Joe: "Sure, that's why I came over."

—*Ft. Riley Guidon*

Pfc: "I just found out that Lana Turner doesn't love me."

Pvt: "Oh, do you know her?"

Pfc: "No, I just tried it out on a daisy."

—*The Totem Post*

In a PX Barbershop: "You say I've shaved you before, Corporal. That's funny, I don't remember your face."

"Probably not—it's pretty well healed by now."

—*Camp Callan Range Finder*

Personally we like the Army cable system in which phrases are numbered, the numbers are cabled and unscrambled at the other end into your original message. However, it has limitations and vexations. For example...

Last Monday looked like the beginning of a swell day for Al. He didn't have to go out hunting men for details: gun inspections took care of that. It was a free day for the first sergeant at last.

The intended day's rest was interrupted when Al received a cable from his wife in the States. Al was upset when the cable addressed to him and reading 85 67 42 69 was decoded to read: SON BORN ALL

WELL AND SAFE ALL MY LOVE, AGNES.

Nervously Al began to count: "Hell, it can't be—I've been overseas 11 months." Al didn't sleep well until four days later when he received a V-Mail.

"Dear Al," it read, "I hope I didn't frighten you with my cable. I wanted you to know the good news right away, but I couldn't find any number that said, 'sister's baby'."

—*Forward Ho!, Italy*

Blonde: "What kind of fellow was that you had the date with last night?"

Brunette: "Well, we were sitting in the parlor, the lights went out and he spent the rest of the evening repairing the fuse."

—*The Pointer, West Point*

Definition: SIR—what a sergeant says to an officer instead of, "Hey, you!"

—*Jackson Air Base News*

"You mean to tell me that he just sat on the sofa all evening with his arms folded?"

"Yes—but I was in them."

—*Stanford Chaparral*

A colonel piloting a transport plane was given the all clear signal to land, and as he swooped down gracefully over the runway he looked from his controls with

pride: "One of the best landings I ever made," he chortled.

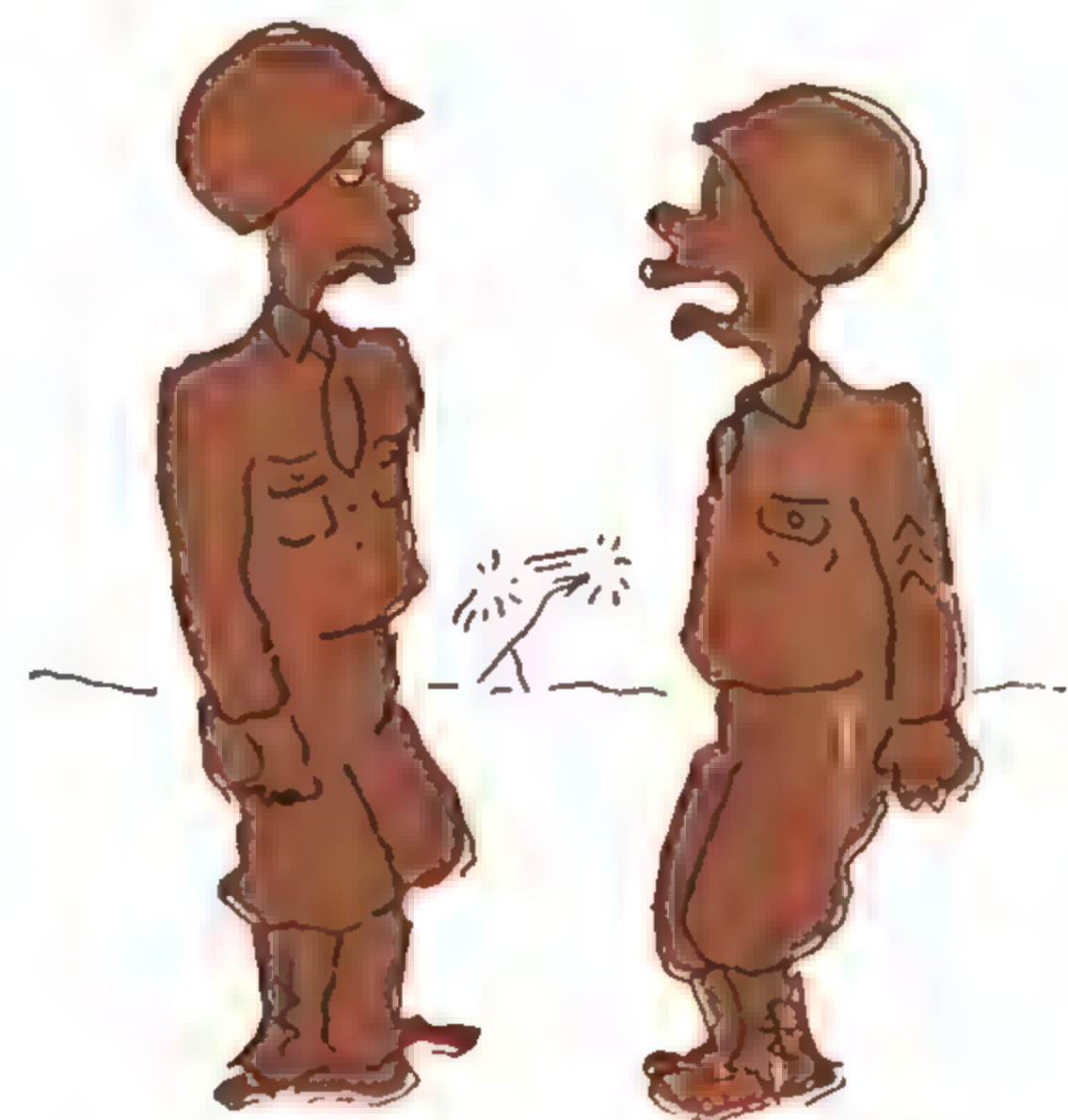
The engineer sergeant standing behind him cleared his throat. "Sir," he said timidly, "you're still fifteen feet off the ground."

—*A.P.O. Runway*

News Item: A convention of furniture men has concluded that men returning from the war, having grown accustomed to sleeping alone, will want twin beds.

Naïve little characters these furniture men.

—*Stanford Chaparral*



"Private Jones, I am discouraged with you—I spend six months training you to use the bayonet, then you go out and kill five Japs with your razor"

Sign in front of a Marrying Justice of the Peace: You furnish the bride, we'll do the rest.

Bashful Groom: "That's hardly fair."

—*Tuskegee Hawk's Cry*

The head never swells until the brain stops growing.

—*Camp Chaffee Armodier*

A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest.

Said the surgeon: "Eve was made from Adam's rib and that was a surgical operation."

"Yes," agreed the architect, "but prior to that, order was cre-



"This'll help his morale"

Bruce Patterson

ated out of chaos and that was an architectural job."

"But," spoke up the politician proudly, "somebody must have created that chaos."

—Hoosier Skywriter

"I see according to the papers that nine sergeants and a private were killed in a wreck."

"Poor chap."

—Lincoln AM

Ethel (aged 6, combing hair): "Mama, what makes my hair crack when I comb it?"

Mama: "Why, dear, you have electricity in your hair."

Ethel: "Aren't we a funny family? I've got electricity in my hair and grandma has gas on her stomach."

—Camp Howze Howitzer

Chicago streetcars are jammed with defense workers. Two men were seated together on a very crowded car. One of them noticed that his friend had his eyes closed.

"What is the matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?"

"No, I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

—Oklahoma Aggrievator

God made the world—and rested,
God made man—and rested,
Then God made woman,
Since then, neither God nor man
has rested.

—The Pointer, West Point



C.O.: "Why aren't you working?"

Pvt.: "I didn't see you coming, Sir."

—Camp Beale Bealiner

Ma's voice from the head of the stairs: "Majorie, doesn't that Marine down there know how to say goodnight?"

"Oh, Mother, he does it so well I keep asking for encores."

—Camp Lejeune Globe



"They used shotguns at my wedding"

FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS WIFE . . .

Wherever I am
On land or sea
I send my love
Postage free.
I'll toss a smile
To the moon and she
Will beam on you
With love from me.
My faith I'll trust
To the stars and they
Will search you out
And light your way.

I'll breathe a sigh
To the wind and he
Will whisper to you
Tenderly.
And so by wind
Or moon or star
You'll have my love
Where'er you are.

—Camp Davis Barrage

Last week one of the more convivial members of our band was wavering back to the base when a couple stopped to give our mate with the lame elbow a lift. After he boarded the car, silence prevailed until the lady in the car observed: "Man, you'all sure do smell happy."

—Terminal Island Seahorse

The draft officer looked at the rawboned farmhand standing before him and said: "I guess it's the cavalry for you."

"Please, Sir," said the lad firmly, "anything but the cavalry if you don't mind."

"What's your prejudice against the cavalry, son?"

"Mister, when it comes time to retreat I don't want to be slowed down by no horse."

—Ohio State Sundial

The lifeboat was overcrowded and the captain ordered three men

to jump overboard. The Englishman stood up, said, "Long live the King," and jumped. The Frenchman stood up, shouted, "Vive la France," and leaped. The Nazi shouted, "Heil Hitler," and pushed the Romanian overboard.

—The Pointer, West Point

No wonder the sergeant talks so much. His father was a tobacco auctioneer and his mother was a woman.

—LSD Message

GI: "Good evening, Honey, we're going to have a swell time tonight. I've got three tickets for the show; one for your mother, one for your brother and one for your old man."

—Golden Gate Guardian

"They say that brunettes have sweeter dispositions than blondes."

"Well my wife has been both and I can't see any difference."

—Ft. Worth Tarranteer

A snapshot shows my arm around her waist,

I can't recall her name but through the years

I'll always marvel that such a homely face

Seemed so lovely after seven beers.

—Hollywood (Fla.) Muzzle Blast

The other night when the Officer of the Day was making his rounds he asked the guard on Post Number One if any enemies ever got past him. The answer he got was unexpected: "Yes, Sir," said the guard, "the Mess Sergeant."

—The Tow Rope

The village veterinary ran for town marshall and was elected. Not long after his phone rang in

the middle of the night. His wife answered and a voice on the other end said they must see her husband right away.

"Do you want my husband's services as the marshall or as the vet?" asked the wife.

"In both capacities. We can't get our bulldog's mouth open and he's got a burglar in his teeth."

—Fifth Service News

Gruff General: "If this happens again, Orderly, I'll have to get another man."

Orderly: "I wish you would, Sir, there's enough work for two of us."

—Camp Sibert News

"What's the difference between sight and vision?"

"Well a modern girl is a vision at night and a sight in the morning."

—Marine Corps Chevron

Sailor: "If I had a million dollars do you know where I'd be?"

Gal: "I'll say. You'd be with me on our honeymoon."

—Navy No. 138 Outpost



"I promised my girl I wouldn't wash it off"

Servant: "Master, Master—Lady Godiva rides without."

Master: "Without what?"

Servant: "Without food or clothing."

Master: "Hie thee forth, bring her in and feed her."

—Oklahoma Aggrievator

Mrs. Murphy: "What do you hear from your boy, Mike, in Australia?"

Mrs. Clancy: "Faith and it's bad news. He writes that he's running around with a jeep."

Mrs. Murphy: "Don't worry, Mrs. Clancy, that's what they call those little Army automobiles."

Mrs. Clancy: "Saints be praised. I thought a jeep was a female Jap."

—Iowa State Green Gander



The Sporting Scene

Despite material shortages, the mermaids are more than holding their own on the U.S. beachheads

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

• SPORTS •

Now, gentlemen, this is strictly an affair of public information and concerns the arts. If your psychiatrist says you're a chump for a bulge and froth at the mouth when you are forcibly detained by wretches who make you look at pin-up girl pictures, grab your hat and get going.

For I don't want no trouble with nobody.

But as there will be about seven million of our valiant lads and customers away from the home beaches this summer it is only fair that they be advised of the current scenic wonders of our native strands. Consequently, I submit herewith a communiqué on bathing suits on the home front.

The outstanding, so to speak, item in the bathing suits for mademoiselle this year is the number in which the midriff is left to shift for itself. In case you gentlemen don't know what the midriff is, it is what Dr. Morris Fishbein would describe in the *Journal of*

the American Medical Association as the bare belly. So let 'em make trouble for Dr. Fishbein and not me, because I'm simply telling you.

Above the midriff, is what is called a bra, a term which I may use inasmuch as it comes from the old nursery rhyme beginning, "Bra, bra, black sheep." And nobody should draw a rap for quoting from Mother Goose.

The bra is a very interesting device and seems to have possibilities. One constructor of bathing garments builds into his splash attire what is called a floating bra as extra security. This is something like having 50,000 dollars in War Bonds and a shotgun and a few boxes of shells besides.

This contrivance, I understand, was given very studious previews by scholars at officer candidate schools at Miami Beach last winter as part of the field work in land mines and booby traps. But all I know about it for sure I got from the manufacturer's catalog, the part which starts, "To anyone who remembers the old-time embarrassing wobble and slump of an uncontrolled bustline."

At that point I stopped reading as I did not want to remember.

Or maybe I stopped because I deplore lack of self-control.

But when I got bold enough to look at the book again I saw that the man who makes those swimming garments declared when swim suits are made of glass he

will make them. It is wonderful what plans are being made for post-war America.

However, let us get back to the current styles and leave you visionaries to catch up with us later after you have snapped out of it.

The companion element to the bra are the trunks which cover the part below the anatomy of the same name. The trunks are connected with the bra by radar.

A significant note about the trunks of females' bathing suits this year is that many of them have built-in pockets. This means that with millions of the lads away the girls are prepared to buy for themselves at the beaches. This may be forming a habit that should be encouraged.

You young gentlemen who are far away from your native beaches may remember that when you were home and were around with a girl at a place where only sand and water (both free) were in sight, suddenly there would spring up guys with many things to sell and your swimming comrade wanted all of them. That necessitated design of gentlemen's bathing trunks which consisted of a pocket about the size of a WAC's shoulder bag and a G-string arrangement to support the pocket.

Intelligence from a bathing suit authority advises that the trunks now widely used—are called the Wikie, from the Hawaiian "wickie" meaning hurry up or quick. I have not been able to confirm this on the beaches this summer as I would not want to point to a lady's trunks and say in my pidgin English, "wickie, wickie." There is only one dentist to every 2,000 Americans now, so I am told, and why should I overwork that man any more by burdening him with a rush order for a new set of teeth?

There are many variations of the trunks which probably would not be noticed by the gentleman who is not in the trade of attiring the bathing nymphs. There are what are called boxer shorts, fashioned after the Madison Square model of the ring profession; the dirndl skirt which is a cross between a Highlander's kilt and a ballet dancer's pants; an hour-glass skirt which should not be worn if one is susceptible to goose pimples as the trim, snug fit would be marred; culotte panties which have a couple of brief legs; an ordinary skirt which has the extraordinary asset, according to its

designer, of being "pert and flared for fun;" and what is called a "jungle print sarong."

This latter is one of the newest things. It is made of water-repellent cloth having the same forest camouflage design and colors used on G. I. clothing. It ties first in back and then in front; a becket-bend or double bowline knot being recommended according to conditions which should be none of your business.

The result, to the untutored male eye, is somewhat reminiscent of the first garment any of us wore, a triangular number made in white only. Nevertheless, it seems to lure the glances of young men home on leaves and brings back thoughts of days when they imagined that a land in which the ladies dressed in sarongs would be a pleasant land. That was before they visited such a land.

So much for the trunks which divide responsibility with the bras. I have gone into detail about the trunks although some may have seen pictures of them in the ads but not paid much attention to them. The bathing suit ad pictures are either on backgrounds of sand of such a lovely pattern that it holds the undivided attention of the true lover of art, or against pool backgrounds in which there are diving springboards which center the vision of the male viewer and cause him to sigh in hyper-aesthetic admiration.

The union suit still seems to be in highest favor among the comely wearers of bathing suits. It is believed by certain expert observers that the excess of bottom on (and I said on, not in) the lower part of the suit is a handicap to the athletic type of girl who wants to get into a bathing suit to swim, now that a large number of desirable young men are far distant from her field of vision and vice versa.

Shortage of materials has proved no great misery to the bathing suit fabricators, apparently, and so far has been the cause of no complaint by spectators.

Despite the absence of natural or synthetic rubber fabrics the bathing suits fit as though they were applied in the manner of a duco finish. One costumer of the young lady swimmers tells his clients his garments are "sleek and smooth as your own soft skin . . . and packed with California glamor."

I cannot verify the costumer's statement, not being the type to

Continued on page 118



"Let others paint on canvas—I'm different"



Hoe's Who

Like the Walrus, these well-dressed Victory Gardeners are talking of many things . . . of shoes and ships and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings. Obviously, the main topic is cabbages . . . and peas . . . and beans, and of how much help to the whiskered gent and his nephews a Victory Garden can be. (How's yours doing?) The chap on the right, proudly displaying his prize cabbage is neatly and coolly dressed in a good-looking Arrow Lightweight Shirt. The weave is a porous one, an open invitation to the breezes. The collar, a fine-fitting Arrow, remains imperturbable under the sun's fiercest glare. Arrow Lightweight Shirts, \$2.24 up. The Man With The Hoe in the center wisely chooses a comfortable Arrow Sports Shirt, in summery color and fabric, while the gent with the shell-rimmed glasses prefers his Arrow Sports Shirt in the long-sleeved model. Arrow Sports Shirts, \$2.25 up. *All* your favorite Arrow summer shirts at your favorite Arrow dealer's. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

...honestly, aren't these ARROW SHIRTS the best-looking you've ever seen for summer?

(Advertisement)



summer truckin' clothes

If all the pole beans in Victory gardens were tied end to end, we don't know where they'd reach. Certainly the 22,000,000 gardeners in this country put *Jack and the Beanstalk* to shame. We don't want to get involved in a mathematical discussion because after all we are interested in the clothes these two are wearing. The bean pole tier's shirt is a lightweight cotton with blue and white plaid on a red ground. It is worn outside the slacks for coolness. His slacks of blue denim are up to any rough work in the garden and are easily laundered. The little scarecrow at the lower right is made of the actual fabric of his outfit. A coarse weave straw hat protects his noggin and he's wearing moccasin shoes. The distaff side in the yellow shirt and grey gabardine slacks is wearing white leather gloves to keep from getting garden hands.

(For answers to your dress queries, write Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



blend of the month

Men are fighting for a lot of things on many fronts. They're anxious to finish their big job so they may enjoy these ambitions again. When you reduce them to personal objectives, you come down to a few simple rights. This scene portrays some of the basic elements, a pretty girl, a man's dog and his own mellow blend of tobacco. They are looking forward to the day when they can put on civilian clothes of their choice. This month's selection by the returned veteran is a blue-grey worsted suit with widely spaced stripes. Background of the worsted fabric shows a two-tone twill effect. Significant note in accessories is the checked figured tie of printed rayon, favored by men who are among the first to take up new ideas. Draped alongside the drawing is the actual tie to give a close-up of the design of medium proportions. He also wears an ivory color broadcloth shirt, brown snap brim hat and shoes.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskeys you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

First among fine whiskies **THREE FEATHERS**
Reserve

Man the Kitchenette

Hors d'oeuvres recall tales of an odd senatorial debate, a courtier and a stout welder

by **ILES BRODY**
• EDIBLES •



"Look what the rain did to our dehydrated beef"

IF YOU were to translate literally the words *hors d'oeuvre* into English, they would read "outside of work." For when the fad started, chefs in great restaurants never stooped to making these little nothings which were entrusted to waiters. Then thirty years ago the Savoy in London engaged a famous Russian *hors d'oeuvreist*, a bad-tempered fellow nicknamed Ivan the Terrible. But being a wizard at *hors d'oeuvres*, he was tolerated. The waiters felt that the art of *hors d'oeuvre*-making was being wrested from them, and they took every opportunity to annoy the new *hors d'oeuvre* chef. One day they went too far with their abuse. Ivan broke through their circle as they were lined up to take dishes out of the kitchen and in a terrible rage made straight for the dining rooms. He rushed to the *hors d'oeuvre* carriages and, grabbing the tiny delicacies, hurled them in all directions. Many of the guests were bull's-eye targets and the savories had to be wiped off their aristocratic faces. It took a regiment of waiters to subdue Ivan, who was shipped back to his native Russia.

In my own native country, *hors d'oeuvres* weren't a custom. To fill one's stomach with many intricate little things before a good main dish was regarded as barbaric. A French restaurateur once told me—"I can immediately tell a German client from his habit of devouring all the *hors d'oeuvres*. They swallow the myriad things on the platters, and then they order a dinner of no consequence."

In Hungary we started with the main course, eschewing appetizers as appetite killers. But we did sample a slice of cold goose liver (not *pâté*—we scorned that) an hour or so before dinner, mainly because this delicacy was inexpensive and abundant.

Joseph II of Austria-Hungary preferred witty conversation as an *hors d'oeuvre* and chose his favorite courtier for cleverness rather than lineage.

Once when this favorite was late for a banquet, Joseph decided

to play a trick on him. The *pièce de résistance* being pheasant, the Emperor ordered that the late-comer's plate be filled with bones left by the diners. The courtier finally arrived and made his excuses. When he saw the bones piled high on his plate, he showed no surprise. "My poor mother was quite right," he said. "I used to pick at my food as a child, and she would reproach me saying, 'You might yet gnaw at bones that were chewed by dogs.'"

In the old days before Paris became a tourist's paradise, the French people were satisfied to use as *hors d'oeuvres* radishes, a sliced tomato, butter and a sardine. The *variés*, meaning *hors d'oeuvres* of insane dimensions, trickled into France from Russia, Poland and the Scandinavian countries. But they had a *raison d'être* in those countries, where the extreme cold is responsible for ravenous appetites. *Zakuska* and *Smörgåsbord* should be left to Russians and Swedes. In Italy, *antipasto* stands for just a few slices of salami or ham, preferably the raw, semismoked Parma or Westphalian kind, called *prosciutto*.

In this country you have to beware of smoked salmon, for often it is not smoked, but cured through a quick chemical process. The real Nova Scotia smoked salmon has a very pale pink color, while the other kind is almost reddish and is too salty.

In Domitian's reign over Rome a senator's slaves caught an enormous salmon, so large it would not fit into the biggest fish kettle. The senator petitioned for a convocation of the senate to determine how the salmon should be cooked, and the togaed senators weighed the matter. Finally the senate in a body adapted the suggestion of a wise old gastronome and solemnly enacted a resolution to have the salmon smoked.

A few months ago I received a request from an officer on board a Canadian destroyer to send the recipe for smoking salmon. He explained they caught so many of the fish in Canadian waters that they wished to put some away for

Continued on page 102

THE **AF**

GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



Not far to go!

Christmas seems far away but with the boys so many thousands of miles from home, it is not too soon for them to select gifts for the home folks. We can only suggest here the wealth of gift merchandise available. If you write us and send us ideas of the kind of gifts (enclosing the amounts you wish to spend) we will endeavor to fill the orders to your satisfaction and mail on any day you designate.



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Sterling silver with heavy curb chain links and nameplate. Simple, sure catch \$12.00
Women's model to match. Slightly lighter weight \$7.20
Engraving per letter 06
20% Federal Excise tax included in bracelet prices.



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GOLD & WHITE
LABEL - 86 Proof

**BRUGAL - Famous in the
West Indies Since 1888**

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 101

later combat voyages. Naturally I sent him the recipe by return mail. A few weeks later I read in the papers that the destroyer had been torpedoed and sunk.

To change from salmon—or rather, this sad salmon story—I find that *terrines* of game is one of the best *hors d'oeuvres*; it is much like a *pâté*, but cooked in a slightly different manner. It would be a good idea to make *terrines* out of every bit of game shot in the United States, for game here has very little gamy flavor if cooked for table as an entrée. The gamy taste, however, stands out admirably in a *terrines*.

Terrines are too complicated to prepare in a kitchenette but not this excellent *pâté* (recipe from Chef Francis Beverali of New York's El Borracho Restaurant):

1 lb. of butter	1 laurel leaf
1 onion, chopped	salt and pepper
¼ lb. of lard	dash of red pepper
1 jigger of sherry	1 jigger of brandy
½ lb. of calf's liver, diced	
(soak 24 hrs. in cold water)	

Brown meat in fat; remove, and sauté onions with ½ lb. of butter, ¼ lb. of lard and a jigger of sherry. Combine meat, laurel leaf and seasonings. Mix thoroughly all together and let it simmer slowly for ten minutes. Then strain through cheese cloth or fine wire strainer. Now mix remaining ½ lb. of butter and jigger of brandy.

Place this in a mold and cover top with a few tablespoonfuls of clear dissolved gelatin. Put into refrigerator and chill until firm. Serve on hot toasted squares, or crackers. Serves eight.

Gastronomical etiquette prescribes that *hors d'oeuvres* be eaten only at lunch time; the proper way to begin dinner being with soup. *Hors d'oeuvres variés* and soup are too much, of course, with which to begin any meal. Naturally, caviar is the king of all *hors d'oeuvres*, and beluga, the king of all caviars. I am willing to be judged ungastronomic if I can begin any meal with beluga caviar.

And I salute the welder who, with his wife, made a trip to a fine Chicago restaurant. Explaining to the headwaiter that they had always admired the movies, where the swells eat caviar and drink champagne, he ordered enough

caviar to have grounded less robust people. When the waiter asked for the rest of their order the welder said that he didn't want anything else, thanks—just caviar and champagne.

Beluga caviar, which comes from the Arctic fish of that name, is hard to get anywhere but in Russia, for it has to be made in the winter and cannot be long preserved. Caviar has to have a special salt, prepared at Lüneburg, Germany, and naturally no salt leaves Lüneburg for foreign lands these days. On the other hand, Germany has little caviar. The best caviar-yielding places are in the Caspian Sea and Harsova, at the Danube delta, in Romania. It is maintained that caviar has aphrodisiac qualities and admittedly fishermen of the Danube delta are extremely prolific. The center of the caviar trade is Astrakhan, in Russia. From here boats leave loaded with all the equipment for caviar-making, since caviar has to be prepared on the spot; the eggs cannot wait for the boats to get back to port. The fish ovaries are cleaned of all fatty matter, and the membranes are skillfully removed; after this the eggs are strained through seven sieves. The entire operation requires the utmost cleanliness or the caviar acquires an odd aftertaste.

Sturgeon was once caught in enormous quantities in the Great Lakes, and ships at that time were outfitted for caviar-making. Today caviar-yielding sturgeon is rare in American waters and the fishermen don't carry the proper equipment; the result being that when they catch caviar fish, they must wait until they get back to port or prepare the eggs under unfavorable conditions. Hence American caviar is rarely good and usually too salty.

To wind up the caviar situation, this delicate *hors d'oeuvre* was already known in the Sixteenth Century; as you probably recall, there is a snobbish line in Hamlet: "His play... pleased not the million, 'twas caviar to the general." #



"I'm afraid I'll marry you, then the war will end and the desirable men will come home"



Backbone . . . not Wishbone!

If the Pilgrims and their loyal women folk had had wabby *wishbones* in place of their sturdy *backbones*; if the *backbones* of the patriots at Valley Forge had been wishy-washy—America, land of the free today, *could* have ended in wishful thinking.

But the men who discovered, dreamed, worked and fought to build our great democracy, put their own steely courage into the backbone of this nation. It is backbone that *shows* whenever the chips are down.

You see it in our modern industrial marvels that began in a little iron-founder's shop less than two centuries ago.

You see it in our scientific miracles—in our agricultural achievements—and in our mighty war effort, today.

Have you considered that the maintenance of America's superb backbone lies in our matchless *youthpower*? It does.

Out there on the playfields of our great democratic nation, where our youth—our potential manpower—fight to the last ditch in friendly fierceness, for a coveted goal—in vigorous, man-to-man, competitive sports—the *backbone* of our *nation* is renewed and stiffened.

On these battle fields of competitive play our boys and girls, too, learn initiative, courage, determination, fighting spirit, will-to-win despite all odds, tempered with fair play.

And on these fields is inculcated into their minds and hearts an unrealized appreciation of what it means to live in a *free* America. Try to take this freedom of theirs away from them—this personal privilege to think and dream and do in

freedom—to be oneself—to fight for a goal and win it—and that realization will become a living flame. And in this fact is our greatest guarantee that America will continue to be the land of the free.

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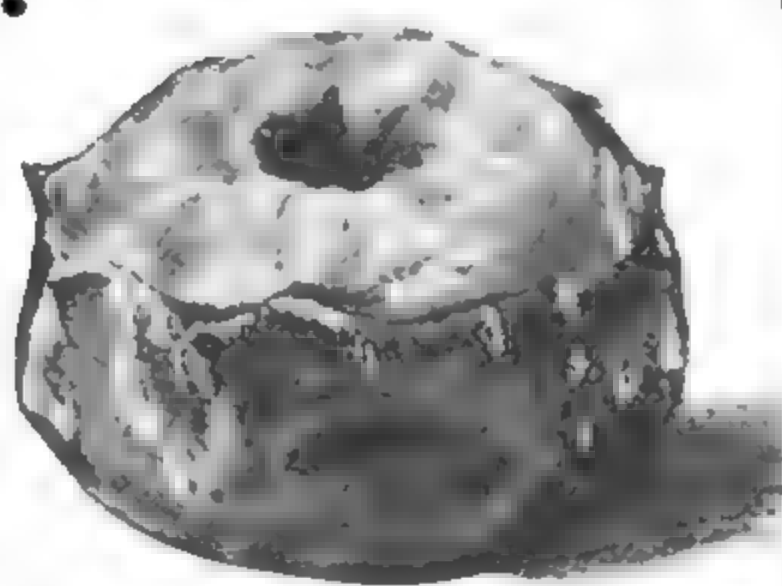
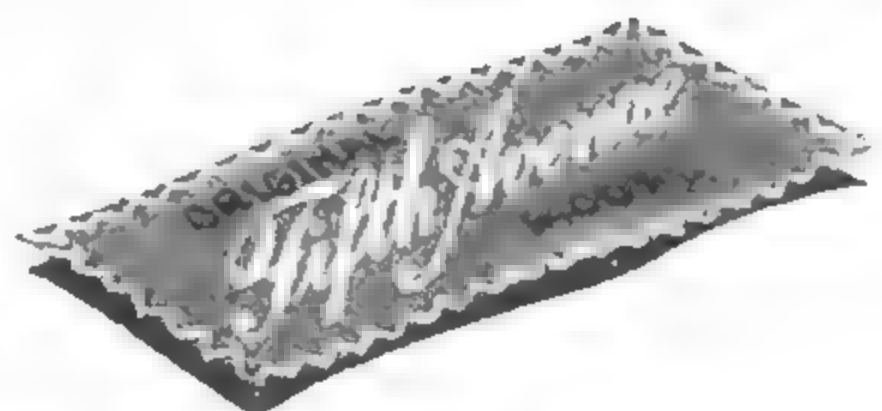
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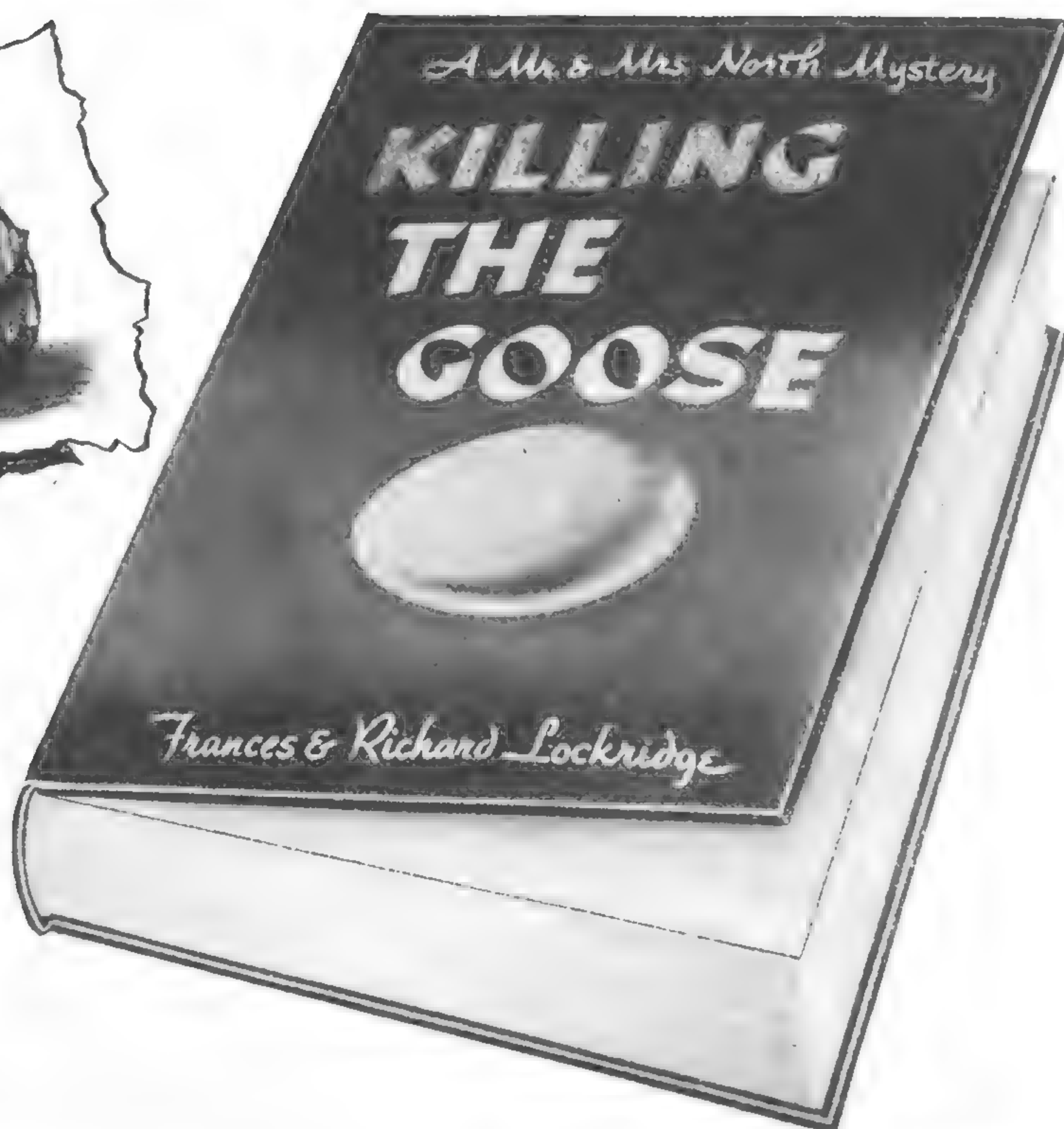
Free - This Brand New "Mr. and Mrs. North" BAFFLING MURDER MYSTERY!

- A Fifth Avenue Dress Label
and a Baked Apple are the Only Clues!



Killing the Goose

By Frances and Richard Lockridge



How Can Even Pam North Unravel the Tangled Threads of a **DOUBLE-MURDER** Like This—in which a Fifth Avenue Dress Label and a Baked Apple Are the **ONLY** clues?

DEATH struck twice that gray Sunday afternoon. In a mansion on Gramercy Park, New York, a wealthy heiress was killed by a crushing blow from a heavy iron poker. In a Madison Square cafeteria a dozen blocks away, a dowdy little file clerk had her throat cut. To the police, they were merely two perfectly simple open-and-shut cases—two totally unconnected "jealous lover" murders.

Unconnected, eh? And perfectly *simple*? Never underestimate the power of a woman—particularly if she happens to be Pam North! In her dizzy, but wonderful way she can break any case wide open—with a host of embarrassing questions! For instance: *why was that "poor" little file clerk wearing a dress from one of the most expensive of any of the Fifth Avenue shops? Why did the records of the Clinton Cleaning Company show that the dress had originally belonged to the murdered HEIRESS?*

And what about that baked apple? The police post-mortem had disclosed that the girl in the cafeteria had eaten a baked apple just before she was murdered. Yet her accused fiance swore that she had **NOT** eaten a baked apple—and his bitterest enemy had confirmed his story!

And as for the **OTHER** lover suspected of the murder of the heiress—if he *is* guilty, why is he being protected by the word-of-honor alibi of the famous radio commentator, Dan Beck? Still, if he *isn't* guilty, why did he assault a policeman and run away? And—if the same man committed **BOTH** murders—what fantastic motive could make anyone but a madman want to kill two such different people as a million-dollar glamour girl and an insignificant little clerk?

Who Is Chasing Whom?

Even the daft-but-dangerous intuitions of Pam North find it tough going when they run smack up against riddles like these. But leave it to Pam! In practically no time at all she has the real murderer right where she wants him—except that he has **HIS** hands on **HER** throat!

Once you dip into the first few sizzling pages of this newest Mr. and Mrs. North merry-go-round,

even a murder in your own back yard couldn't make you put it down until you're finished! That's because this story is so *different* from the run-of-the-mill crime thrillers.

You get all the excitement, mystification, and tight suspense that you find in a really bang-up detective novel. And also (as the thousands of "North" mystery-book fans, and also the weekly radio audience of over 2,000,000 listeners, can tell you) you meet in Pam and Jerry North and their friends as witty, likeable, and entertaining a crowd as any you'll ever encounter in real life—in fact, much more so!

Killing the Goose is **brand new, just published**—and it is already a top seller **RIGHT NOW**. at \$2.00. But we want to give you a copy of it, **FREE**, to show you the kind of top-notch mysteries you can get **every month** from the Detective Book Club. And you get **THREE** for the usual price of only **ONE**!

Each month this Club offers to its members an attractive triple volume containing **THREE** modern detective books—for the usual price of only **ONE**! And **EACH** of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

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Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, Dorothy B. Hughes, William Irish, Frances Crane, or Anthony Abbott, it's sure to be good! All of these and many many other famous writers have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club.

The selections of the Club are **ALL** books that sell everywhere for \$2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them (a \$6.00 value) for only \$1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.



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By accepting this **FREE** copy of *Killing the Goose* now as a Charter Membership Gift from the Club, you will not be obligated to take every month's selection during the next 12 months. You may take as few as four during that time. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent you with each month's book, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

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Cooler with Collar

Continued from page 104

shall we say, a dreamer and fond rememberer of beer, screwily tortuous though the paths be that that idealism has led him into, making him imagine that it's beer that's lost its zip, not he. We all fall into this delusion, which psychologists call "transference to the other foot;" but no man who, like the old gray mare, ain't the same as formerly, has the right to try to drag down peerless American beer.

He spoke of percentages, past and present, presumably quoted from his dream book or obtained from the Canard Club where so many loose and loony talkers about beer seem to apply for their "facts." He didn't deign, though, to specify what kind of percentages these were—alcoholic content by weight or alcoholic content by volume, between which two there is quite a difference, alcohol being lighter and hence bulkier than water. Army beer, for example, is 3.2 by weight, but 4.0 reckoned by volume.

As to the policy which brewers follow, with the blessings of the federal government, of not trumpeting alcoholic strength on brand labels, I can assure him that this practice isn't a cover-up ruse. It's a cushion for sensitive prestige, which doesn't feel flattered at brand popularity due solely to kick. For when beer was relegalized in 1933 it wore its percentage on its bosom and the public idiotically stampeded for any brand that showed a tenth of a per cent higher kick than the brand on the other shelf, thereby goading the makers into uppage of alcoholic content—regardless of the fact that flavor is the crux of the brewing art. The alcohol, a natural constituent created in the process of fermentation with yeast, is a sustainer and holder-together along with hops, but the moment you ask alcohol to pack a wallop into a brew, you're jeopardizing balance, texture and taste. If you recall the needled and spiked beers of Prohibition, you know the cussed crudity I mean. As memories of a noxious era they are useful warnings. In the human stomach they were plenty unsalubrious.

Those presumably were the beers our friend was thinking of when he alluded to six percenters and seven percenters, though the needlework of bootleggers sometimes

went even higher, and the 'teen-age boy with the flask on his hip—alcohol or gin—could, and did, pour ad lib in spiking his glass of nearbeer whose bottle bore the innocent announcement; "Alcoholic Content less than 1/2 of 1%." Pre-Prohibition "beers that were beers" averaged 3.50 by weight. I'm speaking of years 1911-16. After Prohibition slunk out, the kick craze it left in its wake kept formulas on the griddle for quite a while but, thanks to the introduction of "secrecy," they gradually became stabilized at levels that met the requirements of individual bouquets. In 1940, nationally known brands averaged a "by weight" of 3.56.

Since Pearl Harbor the premier customer has been G.I. Joe, served at camps, forts and stations within and near our shores, and to the same fellow overseas, up to the limit of available cargo space for cans and bottles. In the South Pacific, because of the distances involved, we have depended largely upon the brewers of Australia, who have responded nobly.

As for civilians, we are so fortunate, we keep tapping wood in the shape of kegs and can hardly grasp the good news reported by our eyes and nostrils, our tongues and tonsils and by Gus the Esophagus, inventor of gustatory satisfactions. My dream book, the Brewing Industry Foundation—its offices at 21 East 40th Street, New York City, a-click with adding machines and greased lightning calculators—confides that 1943's "by weight" average of well-known beers was 3.31. The big brew boys weren't expecting war when it came, but they and their laboratory researchers had been progressing toward beers which fit into wartime economy much better than old style beers could have. For, as I keep monotonously reiterating, the grand objective of white-coated delving and experimenting has been *flavor*, with just enough alcohol to give tone, polite authority and solidarity.

Frankly, it's a country that's going to be so nice to come home to. And when the boys *do* come troopshipping back and hit these shores, I've a notion they'll want a glass of beer. Personally I'd like to be down at that dock with a growler in each hand. ##

Checkpayers...

good for one free drink at the nearest bar

the wager: That you can support a fifty-cent piece in the center of a dollar bill suspended between two glasses which are at least three inches apart.

the payoff: Fold the bill in half lengthwise and fold each side again.





*Today he smiled
for the first time . . .*

HIS WOUND HAD HEALED . . .

But when he lit a cigarette, his hand shook . . . and any sudden noise would make him start and tremble . . . and then he'd break out in a cold sweat.

For the sounds of war beat through his head . . . and he couldn't forget.

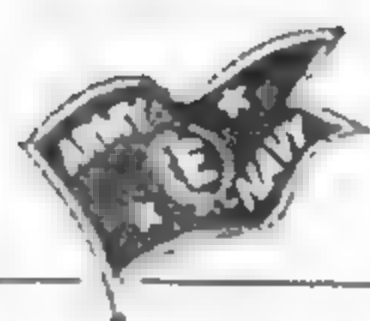
Then they tried music . . . soft music all day long . . . and the melodies reached into his tortured mind, soothing, peaceful, familiar.

Today he smiled for the first time . . .

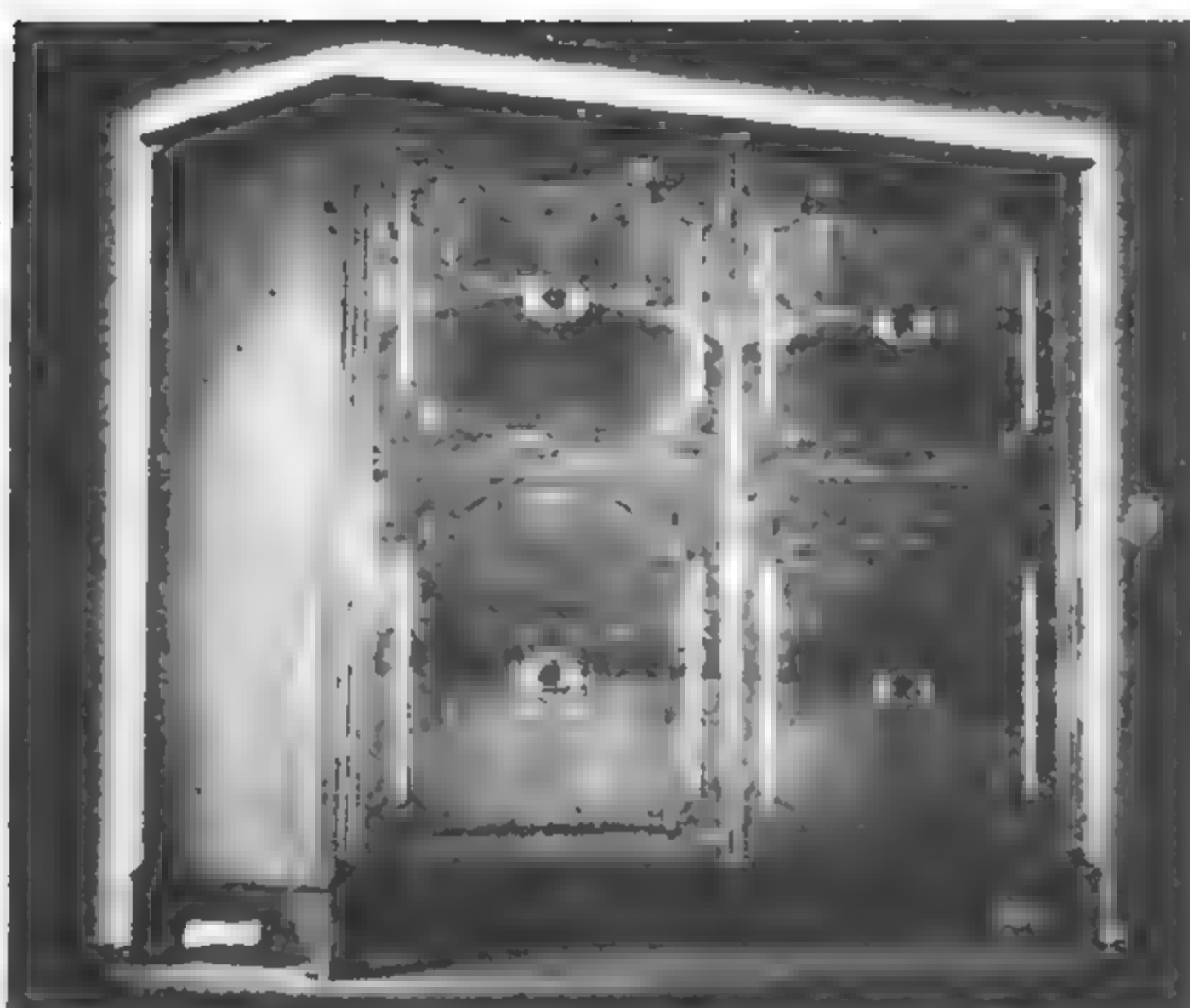
Yes, there's a power in music . . . a power to heal, a power to relax, a power to give men fresh courage and hope.

Right now our only job—and our great obligation to our fighting men—is to produce the radios and communications equipment for war.

But when Victory is finally won we will again bring you all the radio pleasure of FM—all the richness of music and natural reproduction of your favorite program through a Stromberg-Carlson.



OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for Victory to bring our boys home!



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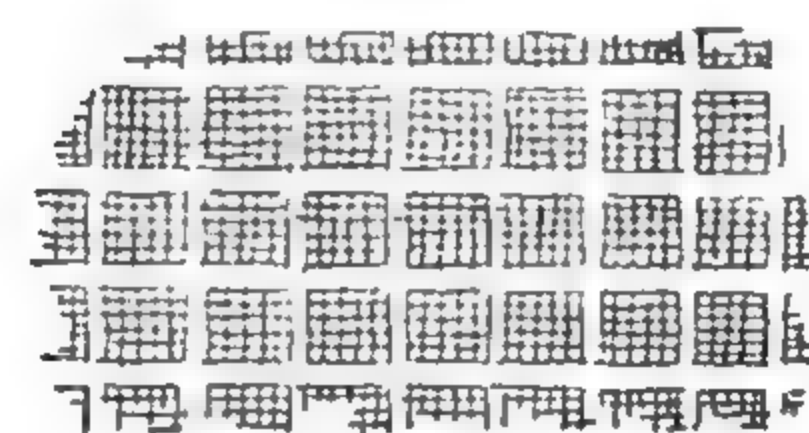
Air-Cooled Fashions

Sheer shirtings, mesh hats,
porous suitings, mitigate
the discomfort of dog days

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER
• WEARABLES •



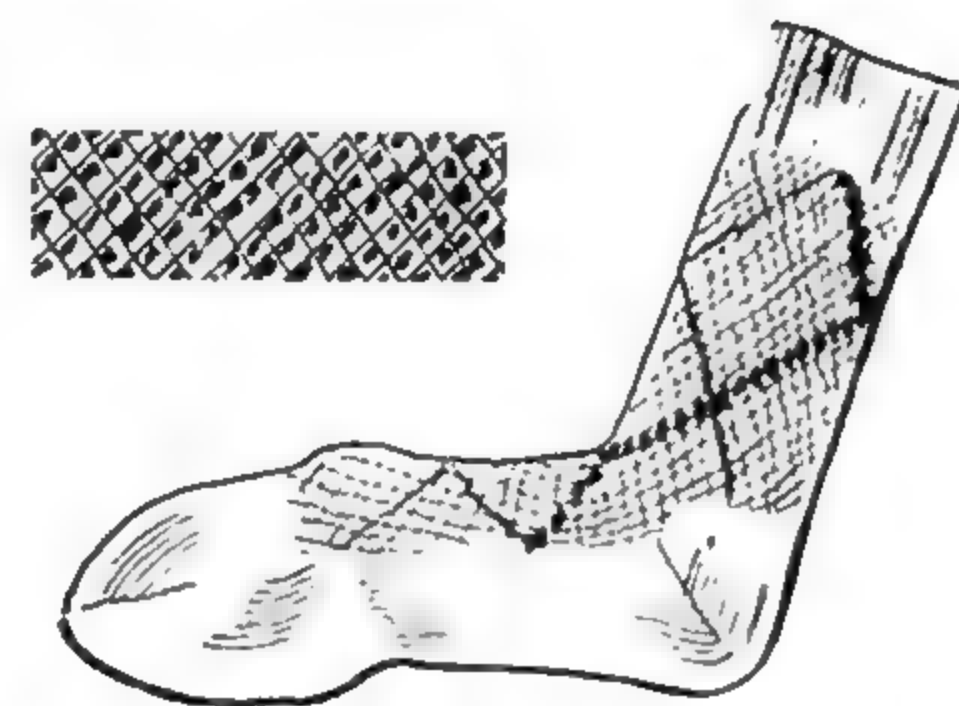
Screenlike weaves in shirts augment the lighter summer suits.



Mesh effects in panama hats reduce their weight, increase comfort.



Shoes with lighter soles and perforated uppers allow good circulation of air.



Mesh socks are companions to other lightweight accessories.

WE live and work in comparative comfort in this era, thanks to improvements in fashions and fabrics over a decade ago, when "good" thick woolen suits were the order of a hot summer day. Overcoming the ancient prejudice that fashions for men, like other fundamental subjects, were not quite nice, experts in the textile industry have created materials that are mercifully cool, and fashion designers have finally converted the die-hard sex to their use. We still cling to the sleeve buttons ordered by Napoleon to teach his soldiers the use of the handkerchief, and to coat-tails designed for the convenience of swords. But we progress. Take, for instance, the tropical worsted which weighs about nine ounces to a yard (compared to the thirteen or fourteen ounces per yard of a regular weight suit). This lighter fabric is porous and strong, so that it retains its shape, and has the fashion elements in patterns and colors. From the chemist's test tube came the rayon fiber which has been woven into various types of summer suits. The blend of worsted and rayon is one answer to the need for

lightweight smooth surfaces and cool appearing suits. Palm Beach incorporates cotton and mohair fibers in a construction that combines coolness with shape-retaining strength. Initiated in the deep South, thin seersucker spread to more temperate sections because it could be easily laundered and also because it is light and cool.

The same pragmatic thinking has been applied to shirtings for summer. Open weaves of many types such as skip dent, drop stitch, scrim and similar effects, all are characterized by their screenlike effects. These appear in solid colors and white and also in simple stripes.

The traditional panama hat woven in Ecuador has been restyled for comfort, too. The newer version is more loosely woven than the original panama, allowing free circulation of air, and resulting in cooler heads in both senses of the word.

Shoes with lightweight uppers, often perforated for better air conditioning, have become an integral part of the summer wardrobe. Socks are available in mesh effects, completing a wardrobe calculated to defeat the heat. ##



and here it is— The Sunny-Morning Taste of Schenley Reserve

YOU'LL pardon us for our pardonable pride in SCHENLEY Reserve when you sample its bright-as-the-sun, smooth-as-a-breeze flavor. That light, clean freshness will call to mind the sunny friendliness of a perfect morning. And with your second

sip you'll join the thousands of Americans whose first-choice whiskey is SCHENLEY Reserve. If you want to see how much *extra enjoyment* true *genius* in blending can add to a whiskey, you'll want to make your next drink SCHENLEY Reserve.

The basic whiskeys in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from pre-war stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.



♪
MELLOW AND LIGHT AS
A PERFECT MORNING ♪

They also serve,
who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

SCHENLEY
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY





peephole talk

It seems that the landlubber and the gob are less interested in seeing the newsreel than in a line of conversation with the young lady behind the peephole. The civilian gent's clothes are chosen for good appearance and comfort in the heat of the street. The suit is a Glen plaid tropical worsted that is made of tightly spun yarns that are as light as possible, consistent with good wear. The actual fabric is reproduced at the side. Right over it is a piece of the shirting that has a lot of little peepholes in it to let the air through. In addition to having the desired porosity, it is in a pale shade of blue that combines with the suit and looks right against sun-tanned faces. His tie is a worsted and mohair, the same blend of yarns that is used in summer suits. Also worn is a mesh panama hat with figured puggree and brown lightweight shoes. They all add up to the modern summer outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



Mark Sullivan;

well plaid

The ball is headed for the wicket in spite of the fact that expert croquet players might advise this young lady to hold the mallet with one hand instead of two. They would agree, though, that croquet on the home lawn saves gasoline. The man leaning on his mallet is wearing a brown Glen Urquhart plaid tweed jacket without overplaid, a type that is in the current trend. The sample of the fabric shows the light tone. The leather lapel strap holds his watch in the chest pocket, from which peeps a dotted foulard handkerchief. His shirt with regular collar is of yellow scrim, a loosely woven cotton. Bow tie is a red and blue figured wool. His grey flannel slacks with no pleats are held up by a yellow and blue ribbon belt, finished with a leather covered buckle. His plain toe brown shoes are examples of the influence of Army officers' shoes on civilians' choice of fashions.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • At Louisville in Kentucky

Major League Minor

Fifteen-year-old Joe Nuxhall, the Reds' precocious pitcher, entered the sandlot at three

by **BILL MOELLER**
• SPORTS •

WHEN Franklin Delano Roosevelt became President, Joe Nuxhall hadn't yet started to school. Today this same Joseph Henry Nuxhall, fifteen-year-old, six-feet-two, 195-pound Hamilton, Ohio, boy, is a full-fledged major league ballplayer.

Joe, ninth grade student at Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, signed a contract in February to pitch for the Reds and thereby became the youngest lad in the sixty-eight-year history of the National League to hold a major loop contract. The record for the league previously was held by Mel Ott, manager of the New York Giants, who signed a contract at sixteen but did not see service until he was seventeen.

Young Nuxhall's career closely parallels that of Bob Feller, Cleveland pitcher now serving in the U. S. Navy, who starred in the American League at seventeen. Joe's dad, Orville Nuxhall, former amateur pitcher of Hamilton, started the youngster southpawing at the age of three and played catch with him almost daily—inside the house in winter and in the side yard of his home in summer—until he took his place in organized league play.

It augurs well for the Reds that Nuxhall has played on nothing but championship teams. In six years of knothole and amateur baseball league play and three years of junior high school basketball he has been the main cog on teams that won trophies.

Joe has had just one trouble in baseball so far—he's so fast his catchers cannot hold him. Since making his debut in organized league play at the age of nine, he has hurled ten no-hit games. Not all of these have been victories. He lost one no-hitter, 3-1, when his catcher failed to hold on to the third strike of the majority of his nineteen strike-outs.

An all-around athlete, Nuxhall enjoys basketball almost as much as baseball. His school basketball coach, Louis DuBois, believes he's better on the hardwood than



"Junior writes that he has killed 29 japs and he's got the scalps to prove it"

the diamond, and his average of eighteen points per game over a three-year stretch makes his opinion sound reasonable.

Nuxhall was recommended to the Reds by Hilbert Iske, director of the league, after he had pitched two no-hit games and a one-hitter against players considerably older. Scout Eddie Reis of the Reds took an immediate liking to the big-boned youngster and turned him over to Manager McKechnie for a number of practice sessions.

Nuxhall always has performed with players much older than himself so the thought of being in the big league holds no special fear for him. In league play two years ago the youngster finished one game that his dad had started. Dad promptly retired from the mound for keeps at the age of thirty-four.

Because of his size, Joe looks at least three years older than his fifteen years. Last summer he obtained work on the "Big Inch" pipe line which passes through the Hamilton vicinity, but he lasted just five hours when his age was discovered.

His first goal is to buy a farm for his family to repay Dad for his interest and Mom for putting up with all those windows he smashed passing balls. To Hamilton followers it would be no surprise to see the name Nuxhall more popular than DiMaggio in major league lineups. The DiMaggios have three in the big time but Nuxhalls have three more prospects in addition to Joe. Bobby, twelve, is a pitcher and Gene, thirteen, and Don, ten, are hard-hitting infielders.

Two years ago a guest presented letters to the basketball team at Wilson Junior High. The guest paid special tribute to the star of the team. Hamilton fans who witnessed the affair feel they saw one of the greatest pitchers of the last generation with one of the greatest of the next, for the guest was Grover Cleveland Alexander and the star was a guy named Joe—Nuxhall. #



BEFORE YOU BUY IT

The inside story of any hat is the name of the maker inside it. Dobbs name is its fame. Every Dobbs hat, today, is still *all* Dobbs...whether it be a military cap or a sports cap, a jaunty Roller or a fine panama.

So, check your hat before you buy it. Check it for high quality—for advanced styling—for expert workmanship—for careful attention to important detail.

When you buy a Dobbs, you buy more than a hat...you buy our good name. Look for it on the label...it means a lot to you in quality, styling, workmanship, value...it means the world to us.

DOBBS QUALITY HATS, \$6.50 TO \$40 • AT FINE STORES

DOBBS

• NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS •

PARK AVENUE AT 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from page 77

best it seems doubtful that he could have broken down La Coste's machine-like return of everything sent at him." This match came in second in the voting with 13.95% of the votes, followed by the Budge-Von Cramm battle in the Davis Cup interzone finals of 1937 with 10.46%. In this classic contest Budge lost the first two sets and then trailed 4-1 in the fifth set. At one moment the German was within one point of the victory his foe demanded of him. It was here that Budge scored an ace to run it to deuce and then smashed over two more straight aces to win in one of the greatest exhibitions of what it takes that tennis has provided.

Budge and Von Cramm met after that when the German was not up to his 1937 standard. He'd had some run-ins with the Nazi educational directors, having been a backward pupil. The last we heard of him Von Cramm had been made a believer. He had to holler heil or else.

Many other contests were mentioned by the voters. Our own choice was the 1933 women's finals in which Helen Wills Moody defaulted to Helen Jacobs. It was a long way from great tennis but what a match and what a finale! It scared us away from women's sports competitions for almost

two years, thinking that it would be just our luck to be the innocent bystander when one of the girls did what she really felt like doing.

QUESTION IV

Has tennis in your opinion gained in popularity in the past 25 years comparably with golf, badminton and table tennis?

The Public	Yes 76.19%
Sportscasters	Yes 60.07%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 59.30%
Army Sports Editors	Yes 63.88%

Transportation restrictions and lack of leisure time have pushed tennis ahead among the adult population in wartime, especially since the ball problem has been solved to quite general satisfaction. The opinion that tennis is too strenuous for the intermittent play of adults can't be answered any more conclusively than by citing the play of the elderly king of Sweden, Gustav V, or Mr. G., as he used to be called when incog at European tennis matches. Our interest in Mr. G. is in having him play ball with us now.

QUESTION V

Are you in favor of open tennis tournaments permitting amateurs to compete with pros?

The Public	Yes 81.25%
Sportscasters	Yes 83.32%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 90.69%
Army Sports Editors	Yes 80.55%

Maybe you are strongly in favor of open tennis tournaments

but the United States Lawn Tennis Association isn't, and has resisted importunities to this end for years practically without number.

There has been voiced the belief that the U.S.L.T.A. attitude has been influenced by a determination to retain positive control of the game and its major box-office events which would not be possible with open competitions. Favoring the long-discussed open tournament, **Bill Kinney**, Rock Island *Argus*, said:

The making of golf has been the open tournament. Amateur tennis need not worry about being dominated by the pros. Give 'em a few years at the title and the amateurs will develop new champs to knock off the businessmen.

QUESTION VI

Which type of surface do you prefer to play on?

Clay got a decisive verdict, with grass, composition and concrete courts also having advocates who made earnest representations in favor of these surfaces.

Economy of clay courts was frequently mentioned as a reason for preferring to play on them. The clay court voters say uniform playing conditions on clay are cheaply and easily assured.

But even those who were strong for other material admitted that a grass court in perfect condition was the ideal tennis court.

"Clay courts in most sections of the country are more satisfactory and very popular with all types of players if kept rolled in good condition," declared **Harry E. Haines**, Decatur, Illinois, one of the authorities on tennis. "Clay courts are easy on the feet and the bound of the ball is perfect. Grass costs too much to maintain. Concrete courts are best for public play because of less upkeep."

QUESTION VII

Would you be in favor of a national or international standardized surface for tennis courts?

The Public	Yes 63.16%
Sportscasters	Yes 75.86%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 72.97%
Army Sports Editors	Yes 57.58%

This question goes along with the preceding query.

Much was made of the unfairness of having players accustomed to one type of court play on a surface that was strange to them. "Tennis is a different game on different surfaces," was the general tenor of comment.

"A great player," said **Charles A. Brigham**, tennis coach at the University of Cincinnati, "is one who can adapt himself to varying conditions. This forces a development of a variety of strokes and spins. There is no necessity therefore that courts be standardized."

Dick Freeman, Houston,

Continued on page 116

Graves Cuban Rum

Since 1849
C.H. GRAVES & SONS CO.
BOSTON

IMPORTED CUBAN RUM

IMPORTED
Graves
GOLD LABEL
Cuban
Rum

86 PROOF Imported and bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

The Sun was the residence of a loyalist. The estate was confiscated and turned into a tavern. The sign bore a gilded sun, with rays, with the inscription "The Best Under the Sun"



Portrait Of Chicago's BASIC Advertising Medium

Welcomed as good companion and good counsellor to the homes of more than a million reader-friends . . . The newspaper of first importance in the important Chicago market . . . Selected mass circulation, representing a cross section of the most desirable proportion in relation to the buying potentials of Chicago's various residential districts . . . Carrying, for 43 consecutive years, more Total Display advertising than any other Chicago newspaper, morning, evening or Sunday* . . . Unquestionably, The Chicago Daily News is Chicago's

BASIC Advertising Medium

*For fair comparison, liquor linage omitted since The Daily News does not accept advertising for alcoholic beverages.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

FOR 68 YEARS CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER
ITS PLACE IN THE HOME IS ONE OF
RESPECT AND TRUST

DAILY NEWS PLAZA: 400 West Madison Street, CHICAGO
DETROIT OFFICE: 7-218 General Motors Building

NEW YORK OFFICE: 9 Rockefeller Plaza
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: Hobart Building

The Esquire Sports Poll

Continued from pages 77-114

Texas, *Chronicle*, observed that: The need of a standardized surface for tennis courts is self-evident. There isn't a grass court in the big state of Texas, for instance, and yet any champion who comes out of here, and we've had our share, must learn and practice on clay courts and then compete on grass. And we've had some pretty fair "country" players, including national collegiate champions Wilbur Hess and Frank Guernsey of Rice, Wilmer Allison, Davis Cup captain, Bruce Barnes, Berkeley Bell, et al.

James F. Henderson, *Muskegon Chronicle*, related:

After a decade of managing novice tennis tournaments in Muskegon and taking the winners to Detroit or Ann Arbor for state finals novice tournaments, I am firmly convinced that courts should be standardized . . . and by use of concrete. It's the cheapest court in the long run. And it takes just a broom to keep it in condition, beyond a few dabs of line paint occasionally. Clay and grass courts are better for a star's game because the ball shoots lower from the ground which makes for more spectacular play, but one has to belong to an exclusive club to enjoy grass courts. Concrete is the answer to the problem, and if courts were standardized, any player from novice to expert would get an even break when playing away from his home court. In taking players from concrete courts to finals where clay always has been used, our tennis players were severely handicapped, although we won a couple of championships and almost annually had a favored entry.

"I have many times seen the Intercollegiates played at Merion

Cricket Club," reported **George F. Adam, Jr.**, Ardmore, Pennsylvania, "and those from California where they had played on hard courts had difficulty in playing on the grass courts."

QUESTION VIII

Do you believe that a series of tennis exhibitions throughout the military services would create greater interest and add many new adherents who will continue to play the game after they have returned to civilian life?

The Public	Yes 94.09%
Sportscasters	Yes 90.01%
Civilian Sports Writers	Yes 90.58%
Army Sports Editors	Yes 83.33%

Tennis exhibitions have been attracting increasingly large galleries at military camps, although it is said that the per cent of players among the spectators is small. What greatly appeals to the uniformed onlookers is the fact that they can sit down while somebody else is doing the hard work. That is a welcome novelty in the life of the G.I.

The program of exhibitions tennis promoters would like to stage at military establishments is limited by available performing personnel. Tennis has most of its top grade of talent in the armed services.

Exhibition matches of girl tennis stars go over big with soldiers, sailors and Marines. Many of

these maids are reasonable facsimiles of pin-up cuties and the costume of the racquet ladies which reveals the ham, gam, etc., in natural maidenly loveliness is not at all bad on the eyes of officers and men.

Cpl. Meyer Schreiber, Athletic Director, Fort H. G. Wright, New York, commented:

Unfortunately, one of the neglected values of sports in the service—that of giving the individual better means to use leisure time after return to civilian life—is not stressed in service sports programs. Here at Fort H. G. Wright this is stressed and thus exhibitions will encourage this sort of thing. In fact, these sports stars should tour like U.S.O. shows and sometimes stay over and instruct individuals for a week or so.

QUESTION IX

Knowing the great physical, mental and social values of tennis and its sportsmanship and citizenship developing qualities, would you advocate its compulsory inclusion in grammar and high school athletic programs?

The Public	Yes 52.39%
Sportscasters	No 65.50%
Civilian Sports Writers	No 50.56%
Army Sports Editors	Yes 61.10%

Army sports editors, reconciled to compulsion, don't fear its extension via the enforced inclusion of tennis in grammar and high school athletic programs. Nor does the public which is of the opinion that tennis is good for the kids, therefore the kids must have

it, as the children of the previous decade showed lamentable lack of physical training when the draft board doctors looked them over.

But the civilian sports writers and the sportscasters apparently are convinced that while you can drive a child to tennis you are not going to make the kid love it.

Arthur J. Wendler, tennis coach at the University of Iowa, made the following pertinent and reasonable comments:

I most certainly believe that tennis contributes to the skill of piloting an airplane. Touch, timing and quick thinking are certainly important in flying and I believe tennis does more to develop these attributes than any other sport. It also teaches self-reliance to a much higher degree than any team sport can ever hope to do. The fact that a match is never over until the last point has been won makes tennis the supreme test of competitive ability.

Albert Gaucher, Le Nouveliste, Trois-Rivières, Canada, commented:

Tennis "sport des Rois." Tennis is synonymous of sportsmanship, nice education. It is a school of friendship, great relationship. Tennis is very popular in province of Quebec. Each village gets one now. In our country, each year, we have the great tournament of St. Maurice Valley. Many thousands of people see the matches during a week. It's unhappy in Canada tennis season is too short and our stars are rare consequently. However, this sport is very popular among a good class of people. #

Doctors report on PHILIP MORRIS

PROVED FAR LESS IRRITATING TO THE NOSE AND THROAT!

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . proving this finer cigarette is less irritating—safer—for the nose and throat!

**CALL FOR
PHILIP
MORRIS**



Finer flavor—less irritating—America's FINEST Cigarette

Plastic Bubble

spells trouble . . . for Jap and German aircraft

It's the MARTIN Aircraft Gun Turret!

—one of the most destructive weapons of the war

BROOMSTICK: Thrust a broomstick from the window of a car doing 60 miles an hour and you'll have some idea of what aerial gunners were up against before the advent of power-operated gun turrets. With a wind of from two to three hundred miles an hour pushing against their gun barrels, accuracy was almost impossible.

FIRST: Realizing that lack of accurate defensive fire made our bombers vulnerable, Martin engineers, in 1937, developed America's first power-operated gun turret, a hydraulic powered model for the Navy's PBM-1 patrol bomber. Accurate, responsive to the slightest touch, it mounted machine guns. It's doing a job for the Navy!

MUST: Then in 1940 General Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, proclaimed powered turrets a "must" for Army bombers. Again Martin was first to respond, introducing a completely new electric powered turret. Mounting two .50 calibre machine guns, it is one of the war's most lethal weapons. With it, Army bombers pack a potent punch!

3500: Blasting the Axis on every front, Martin electric turrets are mounted on Martin Marauders, Liberators, Martin Baltimores, A-20 Havocs, a series of Flying Fortresses, Vega Venturas. Allied gunners in Martin electric turrets have shot down an estimated 3500 enemy aircraft and are adding to the score every day!

MIGHTY: On bows and decks of Martin Mariners, PB2Y4 Coronados, PBM-1's and PB2Y3's, the Martin hydraulic turret is in action the world over. German subs have felt its blast, Jap ships set afire or sunk, enemy installations raked, Axis aircraft destroyed. This accurate hydraulic gun turret is one of America's mightiest weapons!

TODAY: The same engineering skill that produced these great gun turrets also gave America the world's largest flying boat . . . the 72-ton Martin Mars. Now in regular trans-Pacific service with the Navy, this giant transport will soon be joined by 20 sisterships now being built by Martin. She's the plane of tomorrow, flying today!



THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD.
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA CO.—OMAHA

The Sporting Scene

Continued from page 96

attempt the touch system on a bathing beauty to determine the truth or falsity of an advertising phrase. However, if California glamor is what the garments I have seen are packed with you will not condemn California chambers of commerce for bragging.

In offsetting the shortage of firm but stretchable materials, bathing suit makers find that they have been able to meet the responsibilities their clients impose on them by having the rear of the suits knitted and the fronts woven. Sometimes the front is of one color and the rear of a contrasting color, undoubtedly to enable the customer to determine what's what, although fore or aft doesn't make much difference to some cylindrical customers who tug themselves into the costumes under the hopeful misconception that the makers weave or knit hypnosis into the garments.

I have seen some young men who served with Carlson's Raiders take it on the lam screaming in fright after getting a welcoming gaze from a beach-bound mermaid who thought her bathing suit made her look like the Hollywood extra girl whose picture, encased in the garment, conjured the vision that led the hopeful buyer to expect a miracle.

Contours of the Hollywood extra girls provide the lines on which bathing suit models are based. Every female hasn't such lines, of course, but with imagination and a couple of shoulder straps that are constructed to stand the strain to which ship's hawsers are subjected, many ladies who do not seem to have restricted their diets to occasional nibbles of C rations wriggle into the suits, then think they can hear the boys saying, "Until now I thought Varga was just dreaming up those dolls."

The Hollywood influence has been extended by the promotion of the Miss America contests as a bathing suit merchandising stunt. A gentleman with the company which puts on this annual American morale-building event, that makes Hitler's Storm Troopers ask for leave so they can go home and say "phooey" to the Rhine maidens, confessed that he cannot remember the name of Miss America of 1943. "A very fine 34, which is our most popular size," was his comment on the female form divine which was shown in many millions of printed reproductions, usually in the stage of deep breathing exercises which comes before the command: "now exhale!"

Ladies' swimming suits this year are restricted to two colors in any one of the woven or knitted affairs. However, color combinations are such that they are quite easy on the retina of a male. There also are suits made of printed cotton, seersucker, chintz, that come just short of being lurid. These usually are costumes having skirts and are called dress-

maker models. Some of them sell for as much as 35 dollars and a few maidens I have seen in these numbers are able to strut them like a 25,000-dollar platinum mink coat.

But the hell of it is that a young minx in a 4-dollar number off the shelves may have the superior stuffing for a bathing suit and what's more have her own true love home on leave, so the gilded lily in the dressmaker model printed with pictures like Bing Crosby's shirts will go solo.

One thing on this year's bathing suits that makes them look pretty, as if they needed any prettifying features, are little trimmings of flower petals. Don't try to play "she loves me, she loves me not" with these petals as they are entirely for embellishment.

It has thrown the prurient-minded for a disconcerting loss to discover that the matter of utility outranks the steaming-up appeal (in bathing) in bathing suit design, although it must be admitted by any normal observer that the costumers overlooked no opportunities to make the most of the customers' charms and to make loans to ladies who have not been superlatively favored when nature was tossing its curves.

These swimming suits are made for swimming, and by looking at the way the girls have clipped time from swimming records during the past few years you can see that the girls have been venturing away from the hickory limb on which they were supposed to hang their land attire, and now are paddling boldly in the deep. The next development of the bathing suit we'll probably hear of is the police running in some brazen woman who has clothed herself in the skirted, bloomed and stockinged costume of the fresh and frolicsome nineties because she plots to lure some lad to destruction by swishing her mystery.

Maybe the bathing suit people have done dirt to many a maiden who thought she'd look like one of the advertising pictures when she got into the suits the girls are wearing this summer, but at the worst the costumers forced those frustrated coquettes into the water and they learned to swim. It's taken the Army and Navy to do the same thing for men.

And all the profound ads that show a guy in uniform wistfully thinking about the country he'll come home to probably haven't registered with the same strong effect as the nostalgic thoughts G.I. lads think about the maids in bathing suits they'll come home to. From what I've already seen this summer the G.I.'s don't need to worry about the fundamentals of the nation deteriorating while they're away and can't attend to local affairs. Freedom of the bathing suits is taking care of itself and the ladies therein seem to be able to outwit the wolves, if, as, and when so disposed. ##

Complete
UNDERSTANDING



These shoes have a way of "complete understanding" with your feet. That's why you'll want them for that intimate, 16-hour-a-day, you-and-shoes association . . . There are no others with Synchro-Flex construction—the patented process which puts conserving sturdiness and prideful style on a basis as flexible as your feet—and buoyantly support-

ing. Because British Walker Synchro-Flex understand your needs and act accordingly, you'll echo the nation's verdict, "They're sure great!"



BUY
MORE BONDS

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY, CHICAGO 22, ILL.

Makers Smith Synchro-Flex for Men, British Walkers for Men and Women

He won't dodge this-



Don't you dodge this!



The Kid'll be right there when his C. O. finally gives the signal . . .

There'll be no time to think of better things to do with his life. THE KID'S IN IT FOR KEEPS—giving all he's got, *now!*

We've got to do the same. This is the time for us to throw in everything *we've* got.

This is the time to dig out that *extra* hundred bucks and spend it for Invasion Bonds.

Or make it \$200. Or \$1000. Or \$1,000,000. There's no ceiling on this one!

The 5th War Loan is the biggest, the most vitally important financial effort of this whole War.



Back the Attack! - BUY MORE THAN BEFORE

Esquire



WITH PLEASURES Fewer
—MAKE THEM Keener!



SMOKE **Marlboro**
America's Luxury Cigarette

Give up pleasures, for victory? Who wouldn't! But "keen up" those pleasures left! Enjoy extra-rich, extra-mild MARLBOROS... each puff a conscious pleasure. MARLBOROS are firm... and plump... and blended of superb tobaccos cheaper cigarettes cannot possibly afford. Try them! Everyone is.

For Him or Her: PLAIN ENDS, IVORY TIPS.
Specially for Her: BEAUTY TIPS (red)



WATCH WHO SMOKES MARLBOROS!
Just a penny or two more

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Special Event

Carmen Jones—Bizet
(Decca — Hammerstein — Original Cast)

This is a big (12 sides of 12-inch records) job done by the company now playing Billy Rose's version of Nietzsche's favorite opera. As to the lyrics, frequently you hear "Cat is gittin' Kittens" or a lot of the flower song ("Dis flower dat you threw my way")—but, amazingly, you do not follow the opera any more consecutively—many lyrics are not clearly heard and the dialogue is unhappy. The pick-up of the voices is operatic, not record-style. Nonetheless, the album is terrific. There has probably never been a wholly bad *Carmen*—the Jones version is almost wholly good. The orchestra is fresh, finely pointed, brilliant; most of the singing is simple, aware of Bizet's rhythms, enjoyable. For hot jazz fans, Cozy Cole's drum is to be heard.

Present and Presentable

Carolina Balmoral and others
(Blue Note—Johnson)

Jimmie Johnson has been a great man of swing for twenty years—and a composer, too. (His *Old-Fashioned Love*, played by himself, seemed to me the essence of hot piano when I heard it a musical generation ago.) This album has eight of Johnson's recordings—all wonderful in different ways.

Every Day of My Life
(Columbia—Harry James, F. Sinatra)

Musically a more acceptable recording than some of the earlier releases. Reverse: *On a Little Street in Singapore*.

Girl Crazy—Gershwin
(Decca—Judy Garland)

As wrong as wrong can be. Judy is made to sing *I'm Bidin' My Time*—it's not for an ingenue, but for a hill-billy quartet. She sings *I've Got Rhythm*, with her excellent voice—and is driven to forcing her voice. Mickey Rooney also sings a number. Everybody ought to forget this—and Decca ought to withdraw it.

Creole Love Call—Ellington
(Columbia—Ellington)

Listed because its other side is the recording I declared "improbable or impossible" a few months ago—the Bing Crosby-Duke Ellington *St. Louis Blues*. That one isn't too hot, alas. It exists—but only.

Going My Way—Burke and Van Heusen
I Love You—Porter
(Decca—Bing Crosby)

Also *Swinging on a Star*, a "novelty" number for Crosby. The movie is going to be immensely popular—the songs also. Note that not even Bing can make *I Love You* anything but a rehash-Porter.

Holiday for Strings—Rose
(Decca—Fred Waring)
Easter Parade—Berlin
(Victor—Sammy Kaye)

These familiar melodies are noted now as a way of saying that the two bands involved do good simple jobs, with melodies audible, backgrounds interesting; the Kaye vocal by The Three Kadets and the Octette is extraordinarily good.

Darktown Strutters Ball—Shelton Brooks
(Columbia—Benny Goodman)

A sweet-and-swell recording of the grandfather of two thirds of our contemporary rhythm pieces.

Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet
(Bluebird—4 King Sisters)

Funny idea—funny song.

Glenn Miller Album
(Victor)

Four records including the famous *Tuxedo Junction* (available in *Up Swing*), *Star Dust* and *American Patrol*.

A Few Classics

6th (Pathétique) Symphony—Tschai-kowsky
(Columbia—Stokowski and All-American)

An almost superdramatic version of the old favorite.

Concert Favorites
(Victor—John Charles Thomas)

From *In the Gloaming* to *Drink to Me Only*. And some are "concert favorites" because John Charles Thomas made them so.

Why Get a Divorce?

Continued from page 46

nagging, irritable wife would be ostracized by her bridge club if she took her home manners to meetings.

Married partners must behave toward each other as well as business partners do. At least that well. If they don't, the partnership is no go.

The director of one marriage clinic says that the reasons people give for wanting divorces are often laughable. For example, one man refused to let his wife go to the movies because he didn't care for them. This issue led to disagreements and quarrels, the wife finally deciding upon divorce. At the clinic it was brought out that the husband attended fights and baseball games without his wife, who didn't like them. The director suggested that in marriage each partner has a right to a certain amount of entertainment of his own choosing. "Why not arrange it so that Mrs. Doe can go to the movies while Mr. Doe goes to the fights?" he asked.

It has worked very well. In the files of the clinic are hundreds of cases solved as simply.

Even where the reason for divorce is Other Women or Other Men, the marital experts have been able to adjust the difficulties. Every well-balanced woman knows that her husband is somewhat polygamous by nature. She also instinctively knows how to control his wilder impulses. And if a husband hears his wife sigh over the amorous technique of Charles Boyer, his cue is not to be jealous and angry, but to do something about it besides Staying Late at the Office. The philanderer, of either sex, is nearly always one who hasn't found responsive love; he is still looking for it.

In any event, the problems of only a few marriages can be solved or ended by divorce. In those few cases, it would be the part of wisdom for those divorced not to remarry lest they find themselves in the same kettle of fish.

One expert says that marriages most often fail for these reasons:

1. Lack of tolerance.
2. Lack of consideration.

3. Lack of courtesy.

4. Lack of humor.

Given tolerance, consideration, courtesy and humor, he contends, any two persons who were once in love and wished to marry can remain happily married.

The same would hold true in nearly all human relations. Given these four virtues, which we all like to claim, any two persons or groups could get along together.

A school for marriage, besides teaching the facts of life, should seek to develop tolerance, consideration, courtesy and humor. In a few colleges courses in marriage have been given.

Why get a divorce? If you marry again, taking into the new relationship the characteristics that have made your present marriage a failure, you will be repeating the mistake. You might be better off if you solved the problems of your present marriage right where you are.

Significantly, the highest percentage of divorces occurs among motion-picture people, members of café society and others of more or less the same class, where adulthood is not the most observable characteristic.

None of this should be taken as an argument against divorce, or even against easy, quick divorce. When a Navajo woman can no longer endure her husband, she puts his belongings outside the Hogan and he knows he doesn't live there anymore.

There is a story told about Reno.

A man and his wife, traveling in Nevada, stopped at a gas station.

"Is it true," the man asked the attendant, "that you give away a divorce with five gallons of gas?"

"No," the Nevadan replied, poker-faced. "With ten gallons."

Of course that's a pre-war story.

Divorce comes high. It sometimes complicates many lives, including those of children. In about nine cases out of ten, the clinical experts assure us, marital problems could be solved in the home, without going to court.

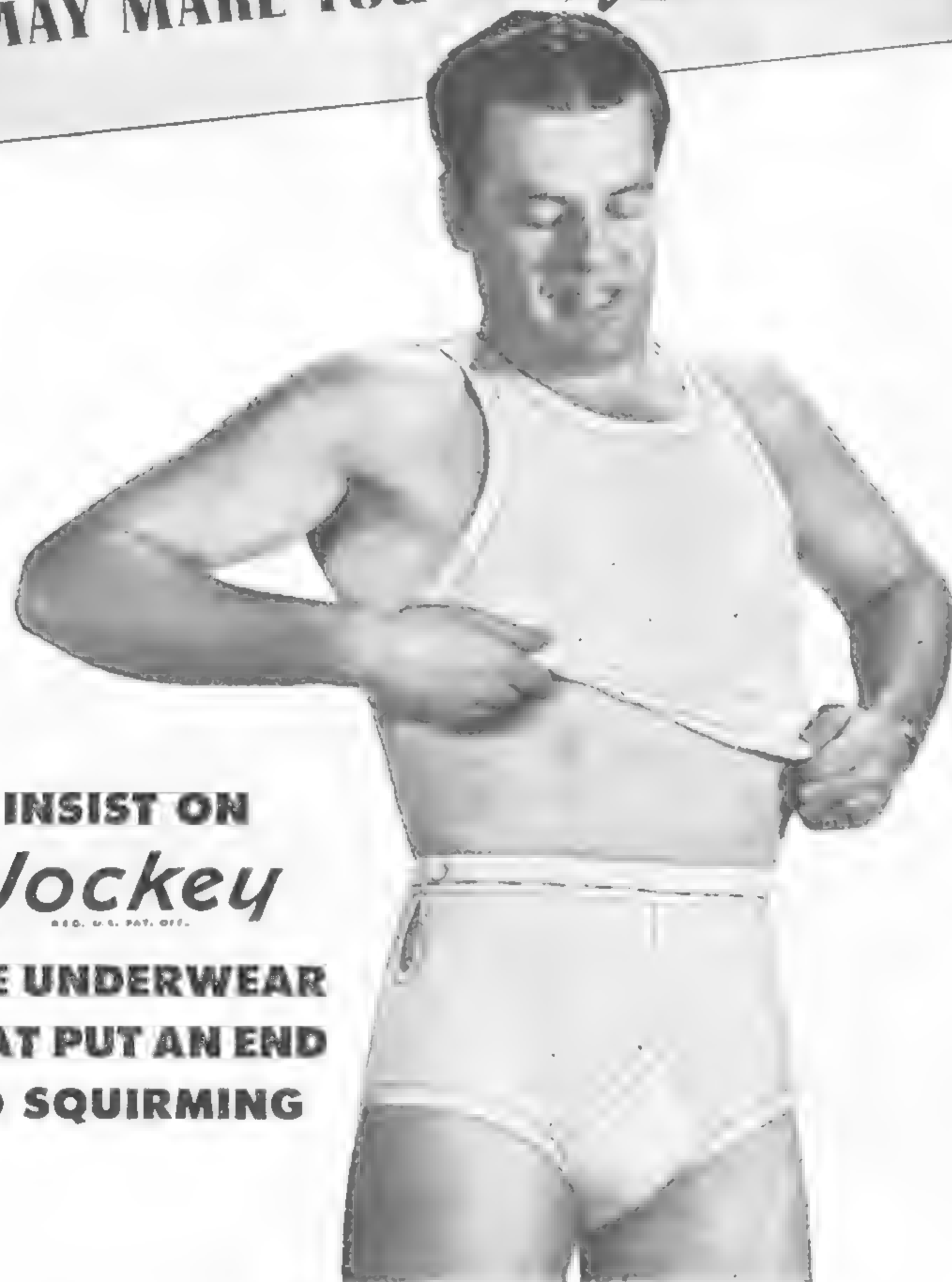
Unless yours is the tenth case, why get a divorce? ##



"Can he talk?—why he talked me into taking him back to the States with me"



FALLING FOR A "SUBSTITUTE"
MAY MAKE YOU A *Squirm*er!



INSIST ON
Jockey

THE UNDERWEAR
THAT PUT AN END
TO SQUIRMING

Wartime shortages may try your patience, but you'll be wise to wait for your favorite products —especially Jockey Underwear! No one has ever duplicated Jockey's famous "squirm-proof" features . . . the smooth, seamless support pouch . . . the design that keeps needless bulk out of the crotch area . . . the convenience of the angled, no-gap opening . . . the patented Y-Front and the comfortable seat construction which together provide firm, unfailing support. Your dealer should get more Jockey Underwear in soon, if he's temporarily sold out. Try him again!



Julien Binford's Southern Charm

Continued from page 73

tion drawings, as well as pastel portraits subsequently executed. McKinney said that these had character and that the boy who had done them should take up painting as a career. To this Dr. Cox, president of Emory, added that not only were the boy's pastels wonderful, but that his school marks were so poor that he would probably flunk his medical entrance exams, which settled the matter.

Mr. McKinney advised the Chicago Art Institute but made Binford welcome to the High Museum of Atlanta, whose plaster casts he could copy until he could raise the funds for Chicago. For two months he copied and then went West, armed with letters from Mr. McKinney. At the Institute he remained for four years, scholarships paying his tuition all the way. He studied with every teacher, only in his third year discovering Boris Anisfeld, noted for his stage designs for the Russian Ballet, whose special student he then became. He met his non-tuition expenses by serving as janitor for the museum, as lunch time relief guard, as bookstacker in the library, as worker in the cafeteria, as poster artist in the Allerton House and as letterer and poster man at the Greyhound Bus Lines. He earned enough money to set aside a surplus.

A traveling fellowship (the Edward L. Ryerson) introduced him in 1932 to Paris, where he remained until 1935, trying to absorb the important elements of French art, living as nearly as he could like a Frenchman. After a year, the decline of the dollar exhausted his fellowship fund and he set about ways of finding means. He painted his head off, limiting himself to small gouaches, found a dealer, arranged an exhibition and began to sell. He exhibited first with Les Amis de l'Art Contemporaine, run by Mrs. John W. Garrett and the Princesa di Basiano, and then at the Charpentier and Castel galleries. The sales

were encouraging and he might have remained, but he was persuaded to return, partly by the bringers of the good news that Americans had begun to buy the works of American artists. He held his first American exhibition in the Karl Freund Gallery in New York in 1936 and sold one picture.

Home was not Atlanta, but Richmond, and home he went with his bride, an American girl who had lived so long in France that she wrote in its language. At

Fine Creek Mills they bought a 50-acre place on which stands a pre-Revolutionary War foundry, roofless, but with walls three feet thick. Lacking the funds to put a roof on it, they invested their energy in making habitable a wooden shack. For two solid years Julien Binford in effect resigned from art, postponing for that period his recognition, and devoted himself to day labor.

In Paris he had leaned toward abstraction. In Virginia he came to the conclusion that it was a far better thing to achieve the same sense of form and design through the things he knew. Eventually he decided to work his knowledge of Negro life and character into pictures that would have a sense of construction no less simple than abstract forms. He discovered, incidentally, that he could convey the expressiveness and distinction of his subject matter in part through the hands of his Negro models. Deacon Bell, who is a postman during the week, is one of his favorite sitters and there is no aloofness or condescension in those Binford paintings for which Deacon Bell sat and stood. But the artist is no prude; he finds in the eloquent hands of crap shooters and in the murderously linked bodies of razor wielders themes for paintings which are admired, exhibited and purchased. Long before his one-man show at the Midtown Galleries in 1942 he had already put his foot inside the door of American art.

As early as 1937 Duncan Phillips bought one of his Paris paintings. He won a Treasury Department commission to do the mural decoration for the Forest, Mississippi, post office, and has executed murals also for post offices in Richmond and in Ahoskie, North Carolina. Among the museums which have bought Binford's are the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the New Britain Museum, the Springfield, Massachusetts, Museum, the Virginia Museum at Richmond and the University of Nebraska. Binford represented his native state in the World's Fair exhibition of the International Business Machines Corporation, which bought his entry. The Art Institute of Chicago and the Addison Gallery possess Binford drawings. Under a Virginia Museum fellowship he taught art to Negroes in a Richmond night school, and at the moment he is meeting the requirements of a 1944 Rosenwald fellowship to paint Negro themes. He has enough ideas for future.



"Anybody remember me—I'm the bride!"

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paintings to keep him busy for a lifetime and one of his favorite future projects is a canvas of a Negro wedding with white children as flower girls holding up the bride's train. He has ideas also for paintings of the Negro in the North, in which he will attempt to express the colored man's lack of fixed status and abiding relationship.

He must also meet the problem of being a farmer, which is for him no part-time affair. With his wife, he takes care of a vegetable garden and of livestock, chickens, pigs and a cow. He has also a few riding horses. The chore of cutting enough wood to keep house and studio warm through the fall and winter is practically the major project of the year. To the original 50 acres, mostly woods, Binford has recently added one hundred acres, part of the maternal estate, as elbow room. The foundry place itself was once part of his maternal grandmother's lands. There is hardly a spot in all that part of the country in which a Randolph, a Blair, a Gilliam or a Kennon has not been at home, at one time or another. Binford has no exact-

ing demands of the future; he hopes that he may some day rebuild the foundry (a new roof being the major item) so that he and his wife can move into it, start a flower garden and hire enough permanent help so that his wife will have leisure for writing and he more time for painting.

Julien Binford has the neat, trim, lean look of the thoroughbred, with the small, angular face, whose bony structure is covered with only a thin layer of flesh. He speaks quietly, briefly and to the point, expressing his view with clarity, but without undue emphasis. He knows what he is striving for and will achieve his aim. He has maintained a high average in the work which he has permitted the public to look at and has attracted the friendship and the loyalty of friends who may be counted upon to see that his work does not rot in obscurity nor go unrewarded when the time comes for calling attention to the works which are deserving of prizes. It is a good thing for an artist to know—as Binford should know—that he is painting not only for himself, but for an audience. #

The Sultan of Swindlers

Continued from page 64

country. There he would single out women whose charms were invisible to others and anesthetize them with flattery. In return, they would eagerly supply him with funds for charities in his homeland.

Only once did a Parker impersonation fall flat. That was when he posed as the captain of the *S. S. Iroquois*. Seamanship was a subject he had not investigated thoroughly, and his oversight caused another brief hiatus in his career. Yet, whatever losses he suffered were more than made up during the early twenties, which has been called the "Golden Age for Con Men."

Speculation was at a hysterical high. Stocks—any stocks—were more in demand than porterhouse steaks now, and it seemed as if there weren't enough swindlers to go around. Parker, then nearing sixty, was quick to join the free-for-all, and he left a trail of empty pockets from Walla Walla to Wilmington.

Bandits were also sharing the spoils of this era, and though Parker didn't begrudge them their living, he deplored their method of earning it. "Why do you have to use a gun?" he'd often ask a mobster. "You can make such a nice few dollars selling things, the way I do. Besides, if you get into trouble, you have a good chance of wiggling out of it."

Parker had learned that through experience. Although he had served several stretches, he had saved himself countless others through trickery which only a con man could use.

If a sucker squawked, Parker would return a small part of his money and give him a promissory note (never collectable, of course)

for the balance. That compromise prevented criminal prosecution. And he would never sell mining stock—his usual commodity—unless his "syndicate" actually owned a mine. The mine was always worthless, but it was there.

Yet, in spite of these precautions, Parker had a very close shave, which he recalled gleefully as "the major legal triumph of my life." By pretending he had reformed, he succeeded in selling stock to a man who had been stuck with the Bridge years before. This time, however, the victim took action. He cried "fraud," contending Parker had misrepresented the value of the mine.

Parker denied this, and while he had an attorney, he was so incensed, he claimed, that he insisted on cross-examining the complainant himself.

"You say I've never been reliable?" he began.

"I sure do!"

"You could never believe a word I said?"

"That's right."

"Yet you gave me money on the strength of promises you claim I made. How was that?"

The complainant was stumped, and the case dropped.

Parker didn't hang around to gloat. He hotfooted it back to New York and laid low for a while. But when he was ready to go into action again he found he wasn't up to it. The hectic years of police-dodging and the gruelling tension of high-pressure selling had weakened the heart he had bluffed about so brazenly in his Bridge days. Consequently, his strenuous routine of old was out of the question.

Not adapted to penny-pinching, Parker soon depleted his funds

Continued on page 124



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The Sultan of Swindlers

Continued from pages 64-123

and debts started to accumulate. It was then that a creditor, a restaurant owner, made him an attractive proposition.

This man was a born fall guy, according to Parker. For a decade, con men had fattened on his donations. Still, he could not resist a gamble, so he gave Parker a weekly stipend and three hearty meals a day to sift the legitimate offers from the phony ones.

The food being excellent, the cagey Parker automatically vetoed all propositions. And, to augment his income, he sold sucker lists to swindlers.

After several years, this sedentary work began to depress Parker. He simply had to return to active duty. His poor health, however, restricted him to petty real estate deals and his earnings were, therefore, irregular. Finally, like most con men at the end of their rope, he started passing worthless checks. A 500-dollar one tripped him up.

Parker was scared now. This was his fourth felony charge and it meant "the book"—life. He begged for a misdemeanor plea. It was refused. Then, when he was found guilty, he attempted to win the sympathy of the judge.

"A life sentence would kill me within a month," he said, with typical Parker brass. "Just send me away for a year, Your Honor. I want to be alive on that glorious day when you become governor of the great state of New York."

The shot didn't come within a mile of its target.

Parker's flattering welcome at Sing Sing soothed the sting of defeat. Everybody there either remembered him or had heard of him, and he became the center of attraction. Few, however, knew what to call him. Some old-timers used his nicknames: "Bridge," "Captain" or "Warden" (commemorating the sale of the Big House); others used his aliases, which could have filled a page of the Manhattan telephone directory. Even George Washington Parker—as the swindler liked to be known in civilian life—was assumed. His real identity he refused to reveal. "I come from a decent New York family and I don't want to disgrace them."

Inadvertently, though, Parker was soon stripped of all his names and given a new one. Because he was too old to do heavy work, he was assigned to open and close the high gates of the mess hall at meal times. From then on he was called nothing but "St. Peter."

"St. Peter," as one might ex-

pect, had no intention of wearing a halo. The temptation to earn someone else's honest dollar was too strong in him. Before long, he was selling hair grower (100 per cent water) to the bald, reading the palms of the superstitious and guaranteeing protection from mythical enemies to the timid.

Parker's wild rumors also kept Sing Sing on its toes. He "knew" the secret plans of the governor, warden and every Hollywood actress. One day he announced that Jean Harlow "would inspect the prison." Hands and faces were scrubbed, combs flew and ties were straightened. When the actress failed to appear, Parker threw up his hands in disgust. "That's a woman for you!" he snickered. "You can't depend on one of them!"

But despite his mischief, Parker would have won any popularity contest at Sing Sing. His persistent good humor was contagious. And his "inside" stories on Steve Brodie, Jim Brady, "Honest John" Kelly and other figures of his heyday, broke the monotony of prison life. What was more, with Parker around, anything could happen—and usually did.

One evening, for instance, a kind but off-key soprano gave a recital in the recreation hall. Parker, like all prisoners, appreciated any entertainment, but her sour notes floored him. "Stuff your ears, boys," he whispered. "We weren't sentenced to hear this!"

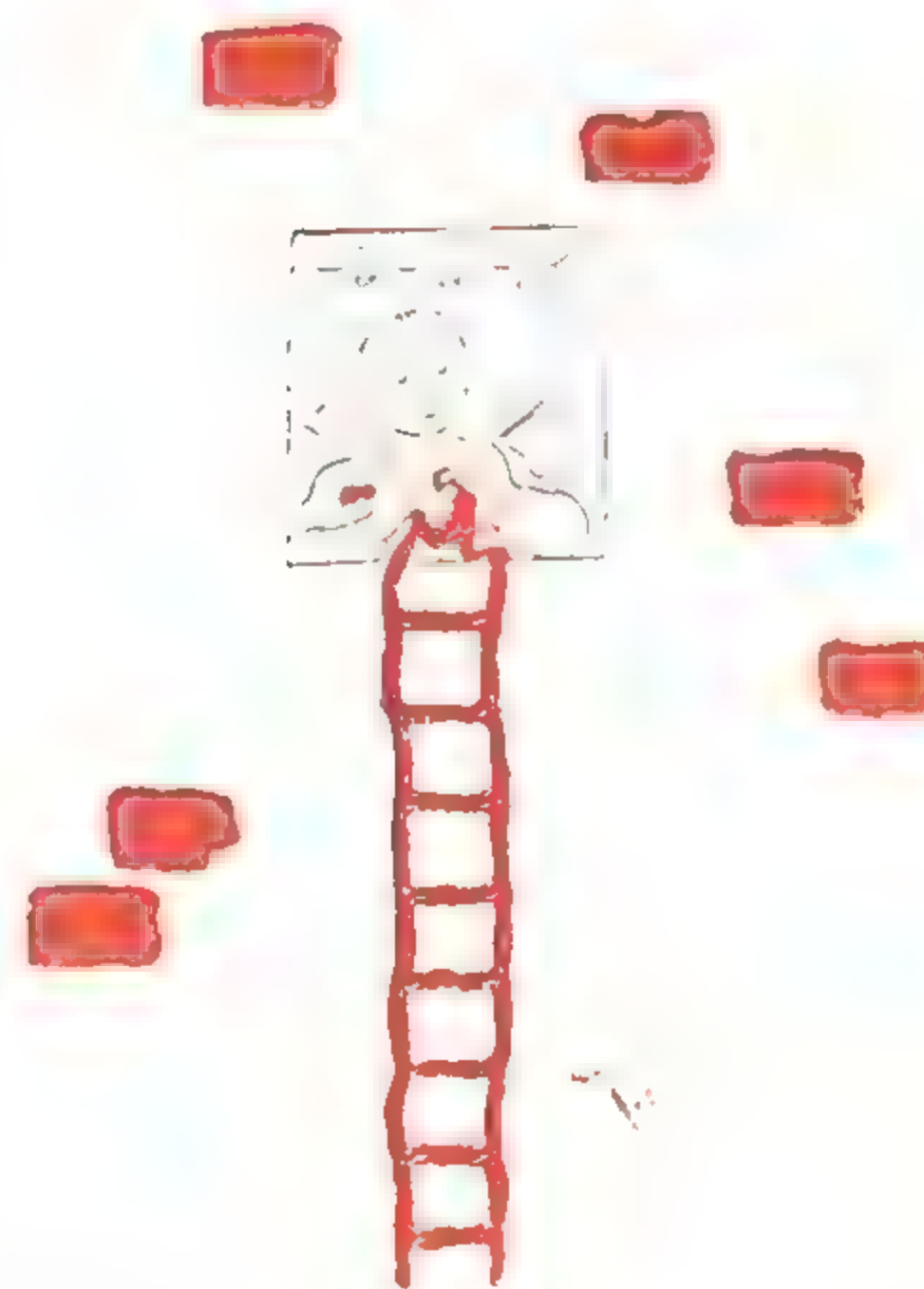
All this buffoonery, however, was only a shield against Parker's growing unhappiness. And, as the years rolled by, he began to complain he felt buried alive. "Had I

known I'd wind up rotting here," he remarked, "I'd have played a cleaner game." That, "St. Peter" swore, was the gospel truth.

Only on holidays, when celebrities came to Sing Sing to put on shows, was there a break in Parker's loneliness. Many performers who had heard of his exploits sought him out as a curiosity. Others he went after, not want-

ing to miss the chance for a chat. When it was over, he always asked for an autograph.

Parker's conning and clowning ended shortly after his seventy-fourth birthday. On the morning of January 9, 1937, he died of pneumonia in the prison hospital. Where "St. Peter" is doing the stretch that lasts forever may be open to question. His pals, though, are sure he's "upstairs." Not that "St. Peter" deserved to pass the Pearly Gates—but he probably talked his predecessor into it. ##



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The Meanest Man in the Army

Continued from page 27

week on laundry day he personally inspects each laundry slip to make sure it's made out correctly. But Private Snafu will slip his laundry onto the pile with the ticket lacking essential information, or with no ticket at all. The supply sergeant battles it out with the laundry for Snafu.

The supply sergeant delivers laundry to a field unit ten miles to the south. When he goes to pick it up he finds it has been taken to a camp ten miles to the north. There he finds it has been taken by another unit sixty miles to the east. And there the trail ends.

"Well, there's just one thing to do," his supply officer declares weeks later. "We'll survey it."

A report of survey is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The sergeant burns midnight oil studying Col. Virtue's admirable book, the supply room Bible. Here is a model form of a report of survey. But every camp, post and station has its house rules and the sergeant tries to guess what variation the case requires. Then for two days he makes up a requisition for every sock, handkerchief, pair of shorts and set of fatigues in 160 bundles. When he finishes, a truck arrives with the lost laundry. Not all but part of it, and loose.

To Snafu leggings are leghorns, a mess kit is a musket, a pack car-

rier is a haversack and a haversack is a mystery. He can be issued an item at the supply room and lose it before he gets back to his barracks. He can stand twelve show-down inspections at the P.O.E. and be waiting at the supply room the first day overseas wanting a pair of fatigue trousers.

Try to teach Private Snafu that in the Army an article "worn out in fair wear and tear in the Government Service" must be laid down in order to get a replacement. Snafu sails the expended light bulb from above his bunk into the bushes and robs one from the latrine. He breaks a wrench and buries it.

Routine paper work is the supply sergeant's nightmare. In battle paper work ceases. One supply man in England tells of going toward his barracks one night and being startled by a brilliant flash behind him.

"Instinctively I turned back," he says. "Then, foolishly, I took a closer look and found a couple of electric wires had touched together in the wind. Unfortunately it wasn't an incendiary bomb. I'll always regret that I didn't follow my first impulse and run back to the supply room and throw the records into the stove. But," he adds with wistful hope, "maybe we'll be bombed yet." ##



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Mum is quick. Takes only 30 seconds to dab on all-day Mum protection. Won't harm your shirts or skin. Try Mum.

MUM Helps a Man Make the Grade

Connie Mack Takes Them Young

Continued from page 30

mistake of underestimating the quickness and enthusiasm with which sports would return to normalcy. When the other clubs such as the Cardinals and Yankees began to form farm systems, I held back, let them gather in the best youngsters and finished in last place too many times for me to want to remember the experience.

"But I'm not going to miss out now. At spring training this year in Frederick, Maryland, we had five high school kids, one a sophomore and the others seniors.

"The mother of the youngest—Jacob Nelson Fox—no relation to Jimmy Foxx—wrote me a letter

in January, said her boy didn't get along with his teachers, that his whole life was baseball and asked me to give him a trial.

"Ordinarily I wouldn't have thought of bringing the boy to camp but his mother's letter touched me and I told her to have him report at Frederick.

"The first day he arrived some of the older men laughed and one

of the veterans asked Lena Blackburne if the 'Old Man' was running a kindergarten.

"Ever hear of a guy named Mel Ott?" asked Blackburne. 'He was sixteen when he reported. You keep laughing and Fox'll have one of your jobs.' I don't think my son, Earl, took the boy seriously at first.

When Fox went home after his first day in camp, one of the sports writers asked Earl if the boy would be back. Earl said, 'I hope so—he wore one of our suits home.' Everyone enjoyed a good laugh but it was the last laugh they had at Fox's expense, except for their chuckles

at the double servings of pie à la mode he ordered at supper.

"Fox got into a practice game the first day and handled himself so well around the first base bag that even the old-timers began to take notice. When he lined out a hit his first time at bat he caused more comment and it was not long before he was the pet of the camp. The boy knew what the score was,

Continued on page 128



Richard Dicker

"I'd rather stay here with you and enjoy that fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh"

Smokes as sweet as it smells

... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

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A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut.

Connie Mack Takes Them Young

Continued from pages 30-127

too, for when one of the sports writers asked him who his hero was, he promptly replied, 'Dick Siebert.' It didn't take long for that news to get back to Siebert and soon Dick was showing him all he knew about playing the bag."

Teaching kids, watching them develop is one of Connie Mack's hobbies. Two years ago he signed Bruce Konopka, a first baseman from the University of Southern California. He was a good-looking hitter, stood up at the plate well and smacked the ball cleanly, but in the field he was clumsy.

Much to the surprise of the critics, however, he began to step around the bag in smooth fashion after three weeks. Connie was pressed for an explanation. "Oh, he's been working out in the morning a bit," said Mack.

The next day two sports writers slipped out to morning practice to watch Konopka go through his stunts. The "kid" they saw on first base was Connie Mack, stepping around like a twenty-year-old, showing the boy how to take throws and not get his feet tied in knots. It was a picture that any photographer would have given a week's salary to get.

Mr. Mack was the first of the magnates to give young college men a chance in big leagues. He picked Eddie Collins from Columbia when the latter was a junior. Collins played one summer under the name of Sullivan. He dug Mickey Cochrane out of Boston University and after Black Mike played one year under an assumed name at Dover, Delaware, signed him for Portland and later the A's. Stuffy McInnis, Jack Barry and Chief Bender stepped from the campus into big time.

Now Mr. Mack believes that the future of baseball is in the hands of the even younger boys—the fifteen- sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds. "They are the lads who are going to be the World Series stars of post-war baseball," he says. One of his best pitching prospects this season is Carl Schieb, a seventeen-year-old chucker from a small high school in Pennsylvania.

During the winter months, when it appeared as if baseball would be hard pressed for material and that the magnates might have to depend on over-age veterans to make up teams, the veteran leader of the Athletics was asked what he thought of it.

Bing Miller, a former star of the A's, now coach of the White Sox, was in the office at the time. "What do you think of the idea?" asked Mr. Mack, turning to Miller. "You have kept yourself in good shape."

"Well," said Bing, "all us old-timers are just like a fire horse we had back home. He had been retired when auto trucks came into use and was enjoying his remaining years chewing grass in a near-

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by field. Every time the fire bell rang he picked up his ears and snorted but went back to his grass. One day the urge was too strong to resist. He jumped the fence, broke his leg and had to be shot. That's what would happen to most of us if we tried to answer the bell."

"That's the way I feel about it," said Mr. Mack. "I'd rather have a team of high school boys than a club of old-timers. Perhaps the game wouldn't be played as skillfully but it would be more spiritedly contested. College football found out last fall that the kids—the high school lads, the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds could carry the torch."

"But in baseball they need training. They must learn the fundamental moves that are the basis for final success. This is one of our big problems—to teach them how to do things properly. The American Legion has given us a helping hand with its thousands of Junior Legion teams, all in the hands of capable men who know their base-

ball. They are not only developing players—such men as Cecil Travis of Washington who is now a flyer in the Army—but are also implanting a love for the game among the boys that is invaluable to the major leagues and baseball as a whole.

"Many times on my way home I stop and watch a boys' game and say to myself, 'Gosh, there's a kid that looks just like Rube Waddell,' or 'I'll bet he'll be another Mickey Cochrane when he grows up.'"

They are the kids that need instruction, organization and inspiration—inspiration that will come from such a game as the All-American Boys baseball game at the Polo Grounds on August 7th, sponsored by Esquire.

Gee, what that would have meant to me when I was a kid—and to millions of others. On my first trip away from home I carried a toothbrush in my pocket and rode a day coach. I thought I was lucky . . . The Esquire kids are really lucky. #



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YELLO-BOLE A NAME TO REMEMBER, WHEREVER YOU ARE—
AND WHEN YOU COME HOME

Autocrat of the News

Continued from page 39

a half million dollars a year—fantastic for that era.

A British visitor expressed to Van Anda his wholehearted admiration for the *Times* of London. He said that within three days after the start of the Spring offensive of 1918, the London newspaper had recognized that this was the final, supreme effort of the enemy. Van Anda said nothing, but sent for the file of the *New York Times*. The *New York* news editor had correctly appraised the situation on the very first, not the third day.

President Harding, who seemed so near recovery that the "death watch" of the press associations had been discontinued, died in San Francisco late on the night of August 2, 1923. Vice President Calvin Coolidge was vacationing in Plymouth, Vermont. James A. Hagerty, the *Times* reporter assigned to Plymouth, took the news to the vice president. He remained to witness Coolidge's father swearing his son into the highest office in the land by lamp-light in a lonely farmhouse. There was just one telephone wire to Plymouth. Yes, Van Anda had tied it up. His office boy chattered inanities over it for an hour. When Hagerty came into the village with his eyewitness story, the wire was his, and ready.

Van Anda roused Washington notables out of bed for comment. He combed Europe for its reaction. No detail was overlooked. The first page of the *Times* that morning hangs in most schools of journalism as a model.

In stalking news, Van Anda had infinite patience. Sometimes it paid dividends. The *World* offered a 10,000-dollar prize for a nonstop airplane flight from Albany to New York. Glenn Curtiss tried time and again to capture the prize. *World* reporters finally lost interest and left Albany.

But Van Anda clung on. Every time Curtiss made a start, a special *Times* train would pull out of Albany. Finally Curtiss succeeded—with the *Times* train following him down the Hudson. Trains were as fast as the planes of that day. Van Anda welcomed the flier at the landing. He was sorry, he said, but he didn't know where the *World* men were. The *World* paid 10,000 dollars to give Van Anda a beat.

When Congress passed the law which permitted publication of income figures of individuals, other papers shied away from the story. Van Anda's approach was different. Although he considered it an odious law, he played it to the hilt—correctly foreseeing that a glare of publicity would hasten repeal. Officials at the collector's office in New York demurred at giving out figures, demanding a specific list of names. Van Anda sent the *New York* telephone book—with a note that this would do



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for a starter, a more complete list was on the way.

Good planning was largely responsible for Van Anda's successes. Within minutes after party chiefs announced where a national convention would be held six months later, Van Anda was on the phone, engaging rooms and leasing wires.

Until Van Anda's time, news editors had rarely troubled with disscience—beyond speculating on whether Mars was populated. Van Anda introduced his readers to the wonders of astronomy, chemistry and physics. The *Times* backed Peary, Amundsen, Scott, Byrd and other explorers in return for the exclusive American newspaper rights to their stories.

Largely due to Van Anda's interest, the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb became the biggest news of its day. Van Anda corrected some of the translations of hieroglyphics found in the tomb. A reporter protested that the original translation had been made by Professor A. H. Sayce of

Oxford, one of the world's foremost Egyptologists. It turned out that Van Anda was right. No one on the staff had known that Van Anda had been an amateur Egyptologist for decades. He even straightened the British Museum out on King Tut's ancestry.

A group of British astronomers studied the solar eclipse of 1919 and noted light rays from distant stars were deflected by the sun, as Einstein said they should be.

To Van Anda this was great news and he played it hard. Readers were baffled by the mathematical symbols that looked like so many hen tracks. But they realized it was important. The *Times* had said so.

Van Anda was the complete autocrat in his own newsroom. A supplicant came to Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *Times*, asking for a job for his son. Ochs replied: "I'll give him a letter to Mr. Van Anda." Then he added: "But it might do more harm than good."

Van Anda was never the chummy boss. "I hope nobody will think I try

Continued on page 132



"You simply must tell me where you get those elastic-topped trunks"

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By Tom Kelley
Illustrated

SHIRTS
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Autocrat of the News

Continued from pages 39-131

to be a good fellow," he said with dry distaste. He had no love for the dashing reporter of fiction or for personal journalism. He wanted full, accurate reporting. Yet he was constitutionally unable to fire anyone. Alva Johnston tells the story of an inept correspondent in New Jersey whom the city editor finally let go. A few days later the correspondent was indicted for embezzlement. Van Anda promptly hired him back. "Maybe he has been worried and couldn't do his best work," he said.

On occasion he could be acid. Alexander Woolcott had written a story fairly dripping with sentiment. Van Anda appraised it: "I haven't been so nearly moved to tears since Hazel Kirke toured the third-class post office circuit in Ohio in 1880."

Van Anda had no regard for the sleeping hours of others. Night after night he hauled notables out of bed for interviews. He ordered a reporter to call Newcomb Carlton, head of Western Union. The reporter came back and said that Mr. Carlton had said to go to hell. "Call him back and tell him to go to hell," Van Anda directed. The reporter willingly obliged.

Van Anda was always absent-minded. Times Square policemen got nervous as six o'clock approached—when Van Anda went out for dinner. He would walk blindly into the snarl of traffic, while shouting and whistling cops tried to clear the way.

Carr Van Anda was born in Georgetown, Ohio, December 2, 1864. He started publishing a family circulated paper when he was six; had a print shop of his own at eleven. He was educated at Ohio University, learned the printer's trade, worked in Cleveland, then in Baltimore and arrived in New York and went to work for the morning *Sun* on the day of the Great Blizzard in 1888. Five years later he was night editor—second in command.

Adolph S. Ochs, a young newspaper publisher from Chattanooga, bought the ailing and failing *Times* in 1896 for 75,000 dollars cash. It was the heyday of yellow journalism. Hearst and Pulitzer were trying to outdo each other in sensationalism. Mr. Ochs thought the public would like a newspaper that just printed news—all it could get, presented calmly and uncolored. Where could he find a news executive who would be content to follow this sober policy? The story goes that Charles A. Dana himself recommended Van Anda to Mr. Ochs. Dana had his own brilliant managing editor—Chester Lord—and Van Anda's progress on the *Sun* thus was stymied. Van Anda went to the *Times* in 1904.

He pioneered with wireless news—his paper printing the first trans-



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Atlantic wireless news dispatch. The first facsimile message across the Atlantic also was a note from Van Anda to a Paris editor. He similarly pioneered with good news pictures. He first saw roto-gravure pictures in a German newspaper. He took the next ship to get the process for the *Times*.

Van Anda always avoided personal publicity—"a doctor doesn't like to take his own medicine." Someone confronted him with the fact that there was virtually nothing in the *Times* file about him. "After all, there is more than was left by Shakespeare and twenty times as much as there was about Homer," he quipped.

In his last year at Exeter, Van Anda's son, Paul, now a New York lawyer, was marked "perfect in every study." Mr. Ochs, impressed, had a little article written on the editorial page—the one page outside Van Anda's jurisdiction. Van Anda didn't like it.

Most men retire so they can play golf. Van Anda retired "to gain a larger leisure for the intellectual life." He has let his

Egyptology get rusty, but at eighty is still keenly interested in astronomy and mathematics. Some time ago, in the publication of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he shattered theories on the formation of our solar system propounded by Sir James Jeans and Dr. Harold Jeffreys of Cambridge. Van Anda riddled their theorizing, found errors in their computations. Both of these eminent authorities backtracked.

One newspaperman eulogized him: "He was in top form night after night. He was like an athlete perpetually sprinting." But the best tribute came from a cub reporter.

A fire destroyed a large resort hotel near Van Anda's summer home in the Catskills. By the time a young

Times reporter arrived, Van Anda had all the facts—when the hotel was built, its value, its guest list. The youngster took notes from this obliging stranger as fast as he could write. When he was through, he smilingly said, "You'd make a good newspaperman yourself." #



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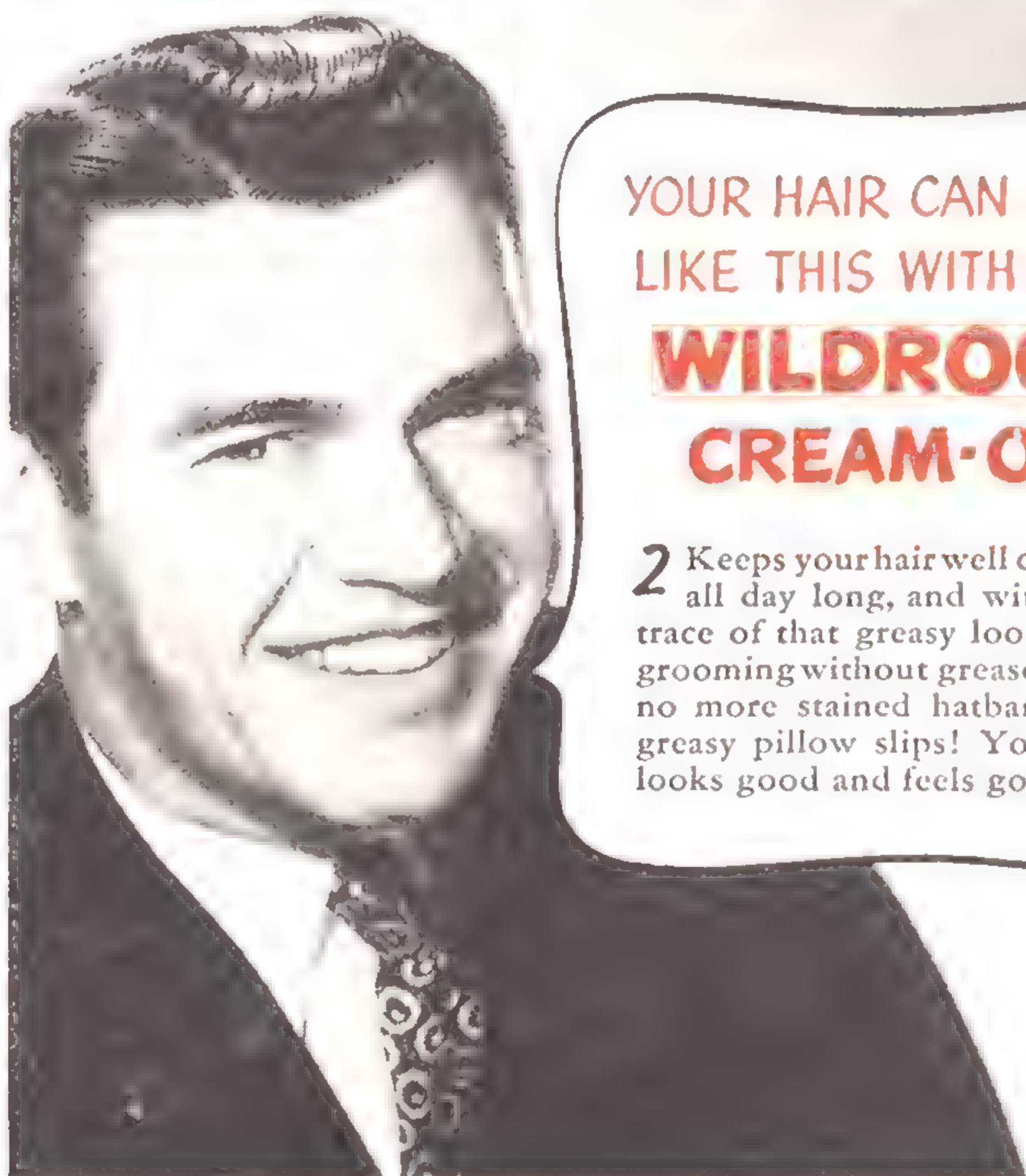
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The Monkey Wrench Murder

Continued from page 29

clutched the slab. Sam smiled at her. "You sho' are looking right pretty these days, Mary," he said.

He walked away, toward the side door after Tom Chester. Mary's scared eyes fairly pushed him out of the store.

Tom scuttled down the street, head jerking this way and that. Sam paused. He saw Chris Acland's body glide out the front door and head toward the river. Face to face with a startled acquaintance, Chris flung a few words:

"Got out on bail—today."

Sam let Chris get way out of sight, then increased his pace. At the river he stopped.

"Cop directing traffic on the other side of the bridge," he figured. "Chris knows a cop would know a man in fo' murder wouldn't be out on bail. Besides—"

Sam turned up the street along this side of the river. He walked past the slips of charter fishing boats. Shortly he blinked his eyes. Ahead of him was Fred Pieta.

Sam followed Pieta as far as the railway trestle. The street became a path here. Sam stopped at the railway bridge. Across the river, Chris's *Colombo* and Paul Novak's *Seminole* lay with other craft at Matt Bond's boatyard. On the top of a motorboat drawn up on the ways Matt was laying canvas.

A quarter mile up the river Sam saw a rowboat. In it Chris was sculling toward the boatyard. Sam walked across the river on the wooden footpath beside the railroad track. At the end, concealed by a girder, he looked around.

Up the river, Chris, standing in the stern of the boat, was having trouble sculling cross current.

"Globular," Sam Robbins said. "Globular is the word. And his wound's hurting him."

Sam walked on to beat Chris to Matt Bond's boatyard, using all the cover offered by the bushy little mangroves. At the yard he detoured around the motorboat on which Matt Bond was working.

The *Chris Colombo* and the *Seminole* lay bow to stern along the bank past the crash boat. Beside them Sam halted.

"Which boat is that boy comin' to?" Sam asked himself. "Figger it ought to be the murder boat if Chris is out after his clue." He crept aboard the deserted *Seminole*. Crouching, he slipped between the ranked seats for the sightseers and worked forward to the triangular cabin in which Paul Novak had cooked, counted his money, slept and died. Sam opened the locker door. He'd fit in there if he needed quick cover.

Something bumped against the riverside of the *Seminole*. Sam heard Chris panting as he climbed up the side.

In the dark cabin Sam peered over the half-shut doors, set for quick retreat to the locker. But Chris, white-faced, ignored the



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cabin. He stood among the seats and leaned out over the landward side. On the eight-inch wide deck edging the boat a ventilating pipe led down to the engine compartment under the seats. Into this vent Chris thrust his arm. But when he pulled his hand up it was empty. He tiptoed forward a few steps in the aisle and bent over. Grunting, he lifted a floor section covering the motor compartment and lowered himself down into the motor space. Sam heard him groping around, as if he were trying the other end of that ventilator.

Chris's head and shoulders showed up again, his face anxious as he unfolded a piece of paper. A fast-moving shadow fell across him. Sam saw Chris duck as the feet of a man thudded on the deck beside the motor hatch. A hammer went sweeping down where Chris Aeland's head had just been sticking up. The hammer swung again before Sam recognized the man behind it. Matt Bond!

Sam sailed up the steps. He grabbed at the hammer as it came

back above Matt Bond's shoulder for another try. He hooked his other hand around Matt's face, in front of his eyes, and jerked backward. Matt shook his head free. He dropped the hammer and reached inside his dungarees.

From the landward side, across the seats, a flying body hit Bond and bent him back from the hatch.

It was Pieta. Matt knocked him off with a blow of his fist.

Sam Robbins flattened out Matt's gun arm. He put a knee on his wrist. Sam wished that Navy medic could see him. Quickly he twisted the automatic from Matt's grasp and tapped him on the skull with it.

"Be about all, Matt," he said. "Chris! You hurt down there?"

Chris Aeland stuck a round, frightened face up through the motor hatch. His ear was bleeding where the hammer had grazed his head. He stared aghast at the boatyard owner while, across the motor hatch, Pieta watched, too.

"Matt Bond!" Chris said. "Why

Continued on page 136



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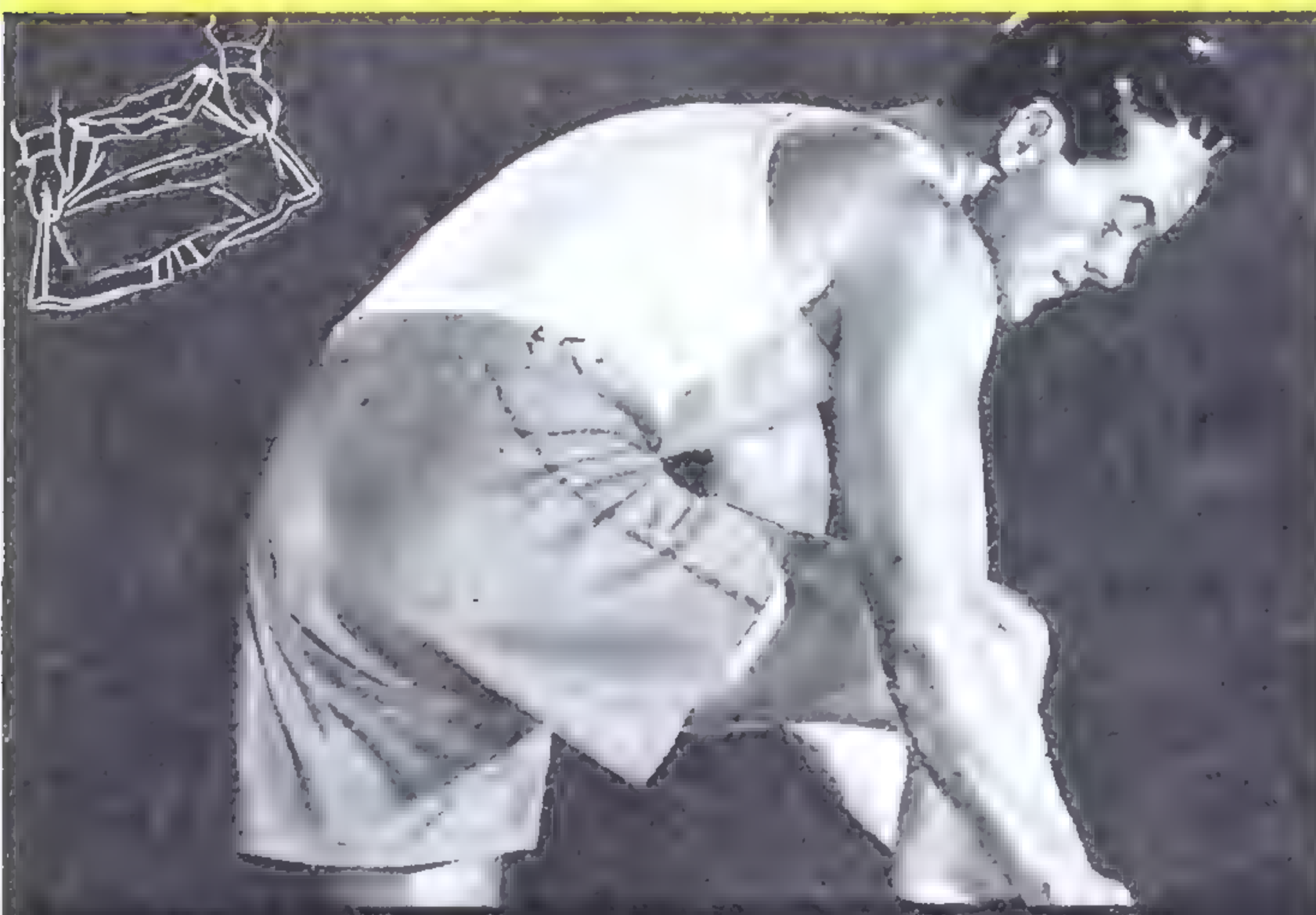
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The Monkey Wrench Murder

Continued from pages 29-135

would he try to kill me like that?"

"I reckon to shut yo' mouth in case you opened it too much in co't," Sam said slowly. "Is that the note left fo' you that night?"

Chris glanced down at the half unfolded piece of paper in his hands. "Yes!" he said. "Novak's note! It said to come over to the Seminole. I chucked it away as I boarded his boat and it fell into this ventilator."

"Did you telephone Matt about it in the drugstore?"

"I asked him if the Seminole was at the yard," Chris said. "I told him I was coming to try to find this note."

"That note'll be in Matt's handwriting, not Novak's," Sam said. "He must have searched both boats for it. When you phoned him today he knew just what to do." Sam studied Matt Bond. "How come you killed Novak? I know you were sho't of money after the Army refused yo' crash boat. Was Novak squeezin' you out of yo' yard like he was aimin' to squeeze Chris out of his boat?"

"That grabber got it in a fair fight!" Matt Bond blazed. "You'll have plenty o' trouble gettin' a jury to convict me of it!"

"Might be," Sam said. "But what a jury won't look kindly on is you planting Chris's wrench for the sheriff to find. And for enticin' Chris across to take the blame and a beatin' an' stabbin' from you on top o' that."

"What gets me, Sam, is how you knew Matt did it," Chris said.

"I didn't until now," said Sam. "Leavin' you out I was figgerin' who made anything out of it. Naturally, I knew you didn't do it."

"I know," Chris slumped on a seat. "I'm fat. A fat man can't even get credit for a murder."

"Well, Chris, fo' witnesses saw you comin' across that bridge but nobody mentioned seeing that wrench on you." Sam was apologetic. "Matt could hide a wrench easy. You couldn't hide a fountain pen. I don't mean any offense, but you just ain't ever built an' dressed to hide monkey wrenches in this climate."

Sam Robbins put a handcuff on Matt Bond. Then he demanded of Pieta: "What you been followin' Chris Aeland fo'?"

"Job, Señor," said Pieta politely. "Job on a sightseeing boat again. I thought to speak to Mistair Aeland."

"Might be Chris won't be so set on doin' everything all alone after this," Sam Robbins said. "Man cain't get along alone. What you really need, Chris, besides a deck-hand, is a ticket seller. A good-lookin' blue-eyed ticket seller girl, honest, loyal an'—uh—used to dealing with the public. But where'd you find anyone like that?"

Sam shook his head at the mystery. "Well, we better be goin' back to town." #

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by RAWHIDE TANNER

"PEGLEG THE ROAD RUNNER"



Here in Texas we've got a bird called the Road Runner. To some he's the Chaparral Cock, or maybe Paisano; anyhow he's a chunk of light'nin' with feathers, and he's death on rattlesnakes.

But none of 'em equaled my pet Road Runner, Pegleg. I found him one day with his leg busted. I tried to splice it, but it was too far gone; I had to amputate. When the little cuss got well I whittled him a new leg out of hickory. And he was so thankful he wouldn't let me out of his sight from then on.

Pretty soon Pegleg was able to run as fast as any Road Runner in Texas. And he was a champion snake killer. He could smell a rattler a mile away. Off he'd go . . . just a blur . . . then you'd hear "sock, sock, sock!" That was Pegleg poundin' the rattler to death with his wooden leg, which was real handy for the purpose. Lord, how Pegleg hated rattlers!

Well, one Saturday night I was at Kelso's Bar, irrigatin' the alkali out of my throat and Pegleg was on my shoulder, sneakin' sips of redevye when he thought I wasn't watchin'. After while a stranger came in. Up went Pegleg's hackles like he smelled a rattler. "Pegleg," I says, "If you think they's any snakes in here you've dipped your beak once too often." But Pegleg was on the prod. Lettin' out a screech, he lit into that stranger, poundin' him over the head with that woden leg! Snock, sock, sock! Down went the stranger, with Pegleg on top, tearin' at the feller's shirt.

In two shakes Pegleg had the stranger's shirt ripped open. By gravy, it was Shellout Crim, the holdup artist! I knowed who 'twas because there in plain sight, thanks to Pegleg, was the snakeskin money belt Crim was famous for wearin'. Yeah, rattlesnake skin.

I collected \$50 reward for capturin' Shellout Crim. But while I was sleepin' off the celebration that follered, some son of a sheepherder stole Pegleg. So, if you ever run across a rattlesnake hatin' Road Runner with a hickory leg, kindly return him to Rawhide Tanner.

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Ten of these original Yoakum Yarns, told by Rawhide Tanner, have been printed in a little book. There's a picture of Rawhide himself on the cover, and each story is illustrated with clever cartoons. A copy of "Yoakum Yarns" is waiting for you—free, of course—at your dealer who sells TexTan Leathergoods . . . the authentic, Texas-styled, Texas-made Texas Ranger and Saddle Craft Belts and Billfolds. Have your dealer show you these unusual examples of Western leather craftsmanship . . . and ask him for your free copy of "Yoakum Yarns." You'll be proud to own a TexTan belt or billfold . . . and this remarkable little book.

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YOAKUM MEANS FINE LEATHER

Energy Career Man

Continued from page 42

young person who ate free at various fraternity houses for a week or so while Red was spending his time trying to line up jobs. The Phi Delt invited Trautman because he happened to be in the room when one of the brothers was canvassing Trautman's rooming partner. Red was asked along because the visiting delegate did not want to embarrass him.

"They were good to me," Red muses. "When I didn't know any more about a fraternity than a hog knows about Sunday they took me in." Naturally, Phi Delt will say the Trautman case shows how the order recognizes true nobility of character and a diamond in the rough. But that is the way destiny always has worked for Red. Red financed himself through Ohio State by being steward of the Phi Delt house, by engaging in the laundry business and by selling ties. If the ties he sold were like some of those he now wears you can believe Red was a very powerful salesman.

Trautman's football career at

Ohio State as a freshman and varsity player was under four coaches, Howard Jones, Harry Vaughan, John R. Richards and Jack Wilce. Under St. John he won letters in baseball and as a basketball center. Honus Graf and Boyd Cherry were the Buckeyes' two stars of that era. Elmer Oliphant, then of Purdue, was plainly one of the greatest football players, in Red's opinion, that he ever competed against.

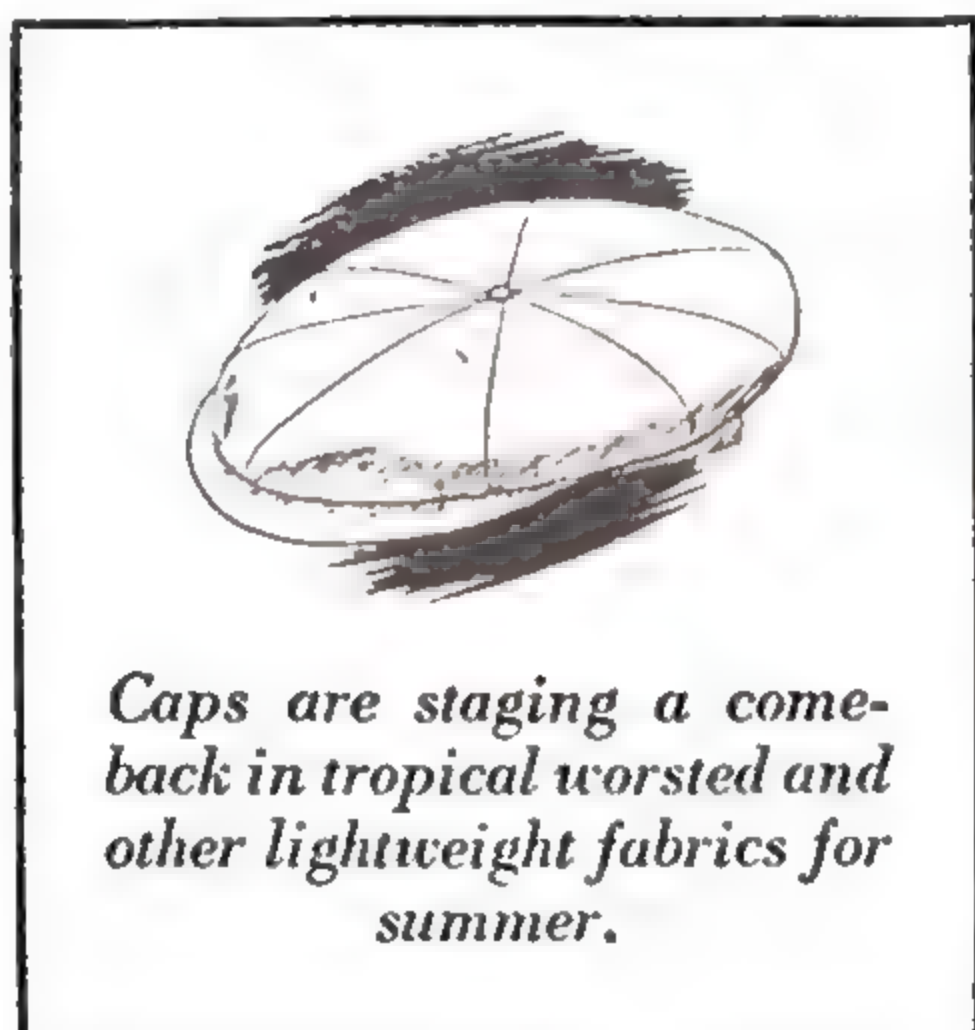
Michigan had some great ones in those days, too, and among them Stan Wells, Trautman recollects in distant review of a 19-0 Ohio State defeat at Ann Arbor, a

recollection made vivid by memory of the finest turf Red ever was tossed upon.

That Michigan game, Red reminisces, was without a single penalty. He believes that the Ohio-Michigan rivalry is distinguished by the hardest, cleanest play he's ever seen between college teams.

After Red graduated from Ohio State in the Spring of 1914 St.

Continued on page 138



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Energy Career Man

Continued from pages 42-137

John got him a job as athletic coach and botany, physical geography and ancient history instructor at the Fostoria, Ohio, High School. Trautman claims that he had some of the smartest students ever collected under one high school roof and that they taught him much. Among other things they taught him was, when a baffling question was asked by one of his pupils, to reply, "authorities differ." The only time his students nearly had him cornered was when he planted peas for a botany demonstration of some sort and beans came up. What the answer to that one was Red hadn't learned as an Ag student at Columbus.

But as a football coach Red did nicely. In two years Red's Fostoria teams won every game except one; that being a tie with North High of Columbus.

Red also had one of his football players on his track team. The player was Pete Stinchcomb, later to become an Ohio State star of stars and All-American selection. Pete scored 205 points as a back-field performer at Fostoria and in one regional high school meet won the 100 and 220 events, the pole vault, shot put and broad jump.

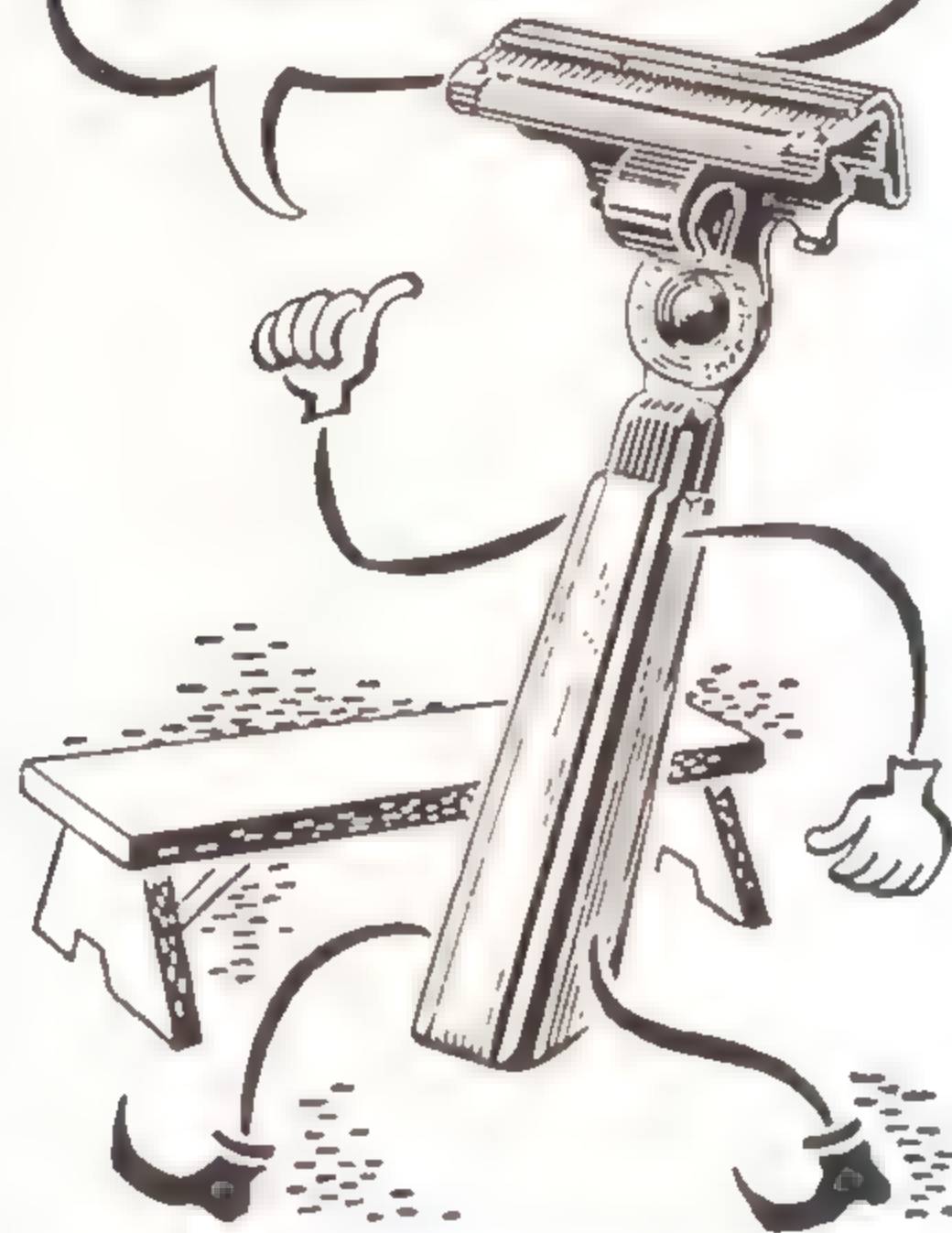
In summer vacations Red went to the Sargent School of Physical Education, which accounts for his Harvard accent. Late in 1915 he went back to Columbus as an instructor on the physical education staff at Ohio State. He coached varsity basketball until succeeded by the present cage coach H. G. Olsen and coached freshman football under Wilce and freshman baseball under St. John.

During 1917 and '18 he was athletic director of the 37th (Ohio) division in camp at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. The camp had no football team until a motorcycle courier came to Red one day bearing orders from the commanding officer, General W. G. Smith, to assemble a squad and play the Camp Sherman team originally scheduled to play the University of Cincinnati in a week. The stands were sold out and General Smith was prevailed on to supply a substitute attraction.

Red recalls that Major Menhor immediately issued orders to have all football players report to division headquarters. The order was not out a half hour before 150 players were assembled. For five days the squad was excused from all other duty and practiced all day. Lt. Lawrence Watt went to Cincinnati as advance man and without money or credit managed to procure the best in uniforms and equipment for the Sheridan team.

Yip Owen, a great kicker, and of Denison University before joining the Army, kept the game undecided by making one kick from Sheridan's one-yard line to the one-yard line of Sherman. The one scoring chance Sheridan had

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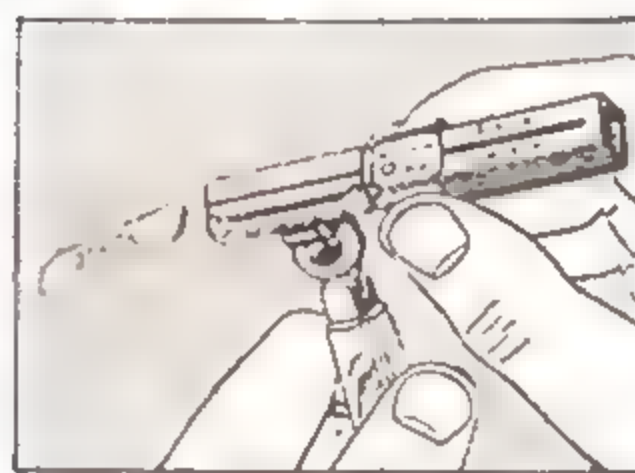
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was when Captain Teddy Baer, a former University of Cincinnati back started a run from the opposition's 20-yard line and was in the clear with 10 yards to go when he collapsed from exhaustion. Thus ended the greatest run of the game. Sheridan lost, 13-0, but the customers saw a grand game.

Back at Ohio State after the war, Red saw a fine parade of athletes including Chic Harley, Wes Fesler, Harry and Noel Workman and Wayne Wright, who later pitched for the Browns. One of the most magnificent football performances he saw during that time, Red says, was that of Wes Fesler against Navy at Baltimore. Fesler was in on every play and although the Navy was beaten when Fesler left the field the Annapolis men cheered him until he was out of sight. "It was something that made me shed sincere tears, hearing fellows cheer like that for another fellow who'd beaten them," Trautman relates.

Red stayed on the Ohio State

athletic staff as assistant to St. John until the Columbus Chamber of Commerce acquired him as general manager of its Convention and Publicity Bureau. Trautman had given a convincing demonstration of his capacities as a promoter by being the prime mover and conductor of the 1926 National Open golf championship

at the Scioto Country Club. That was won by Bobby Jones on the last hole. Joe Turnesa was in with 294. If Jones took a five on the 72nd hole there'd be a play-off on the following day, Sunday. Red's heart was torn between thoughts of an extra day's gate and admiration for the fight Jones was putting up after almost blowing his chances on the short nine, where he'd taken only one par 3

and the two 4's and a 5. But when Jones whacked a long one off the tee and was past the pin with a 4-iron second, Red knew Sunday was out. Jones holed out in two putts and won by a stroke.

That tournament produced an

Continued on page 140



"Dear George—I wish you were here; the night is so romantic you would get fresh and I sure would like to slap your face"



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SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1905

Energy Career Man

Continued from pages 42-137-139

incident that has been adopted into Red's philosophy. The club had let the rough grow. A member asked Walter Hagen what he thought of it. "What rough?" asked Walter.

Red doesn't think of the rough, either. When he had the American Bowling Congress during the bank holidays in 1933 he got through that rough spot in good shape.

As a golfer of better than average capability and interest, Red, and George Sargent, now the professional at Atlanta's East Lake, brought the Ryder Cup international professional matches to Columbus in 1931 and, with St. John, was a spark plug in getting the excellent Ohio State University courses constructed.

Under Trautman's management, Columbus became one of the major convention cities of the country. Trautman was going along minding his own civic business with the Chamber of Commerce in 1932 when Larry MacPhail left as head of the Columbus American Association Red Birds, a St. Louis Cardinal subsidiary. Branch Rickey telephoned Trautman offering him the job. Without dillydallying Red took it. The club, with Ray Blades as manager, won the American Association championships in 1933 and 1934 and finished second in 1935.

When the American Association was selecting a successor to Pres. Thomas J. Hickey in 1936, five candidates were proposed, and Red was unanimously elected to the position he's held since.

In this war he was a colonel in the Army Specialist Corps, Fifth Service Command, until the corps was discontinued.

Now Red is a member of the National Committee on Physical Fitness and chairman of its War Memorials Commission, president of the University Alumni Association, chairman of the Conservation of Natural Resources Commission of the State of Ohio, honorary member of the Executive Committee of the American Bowling Congress and of other commissions, committees, societies and organizations to a lengthy number.

His son is a lieutenant (j.g.) on a destroyer in the South Pacific, his daughter is the wife of an Army captain, and his grandson, George Christian Larsen, wonders whether Grandpop is a star at making funny faces or is the old man acting?

Mrs. Trautman is a prominent sportswoman and has a noted kennel of hounds. George, Sr., who now is 84 and has never missed a high school or college game in which Red played, is waiting for the time when Red puts on a flaming red coat and goes yoicksing after the hounds. That I gotta see, too.

But there is no telling. It might happen, and Red will be good at it. He always is. ##

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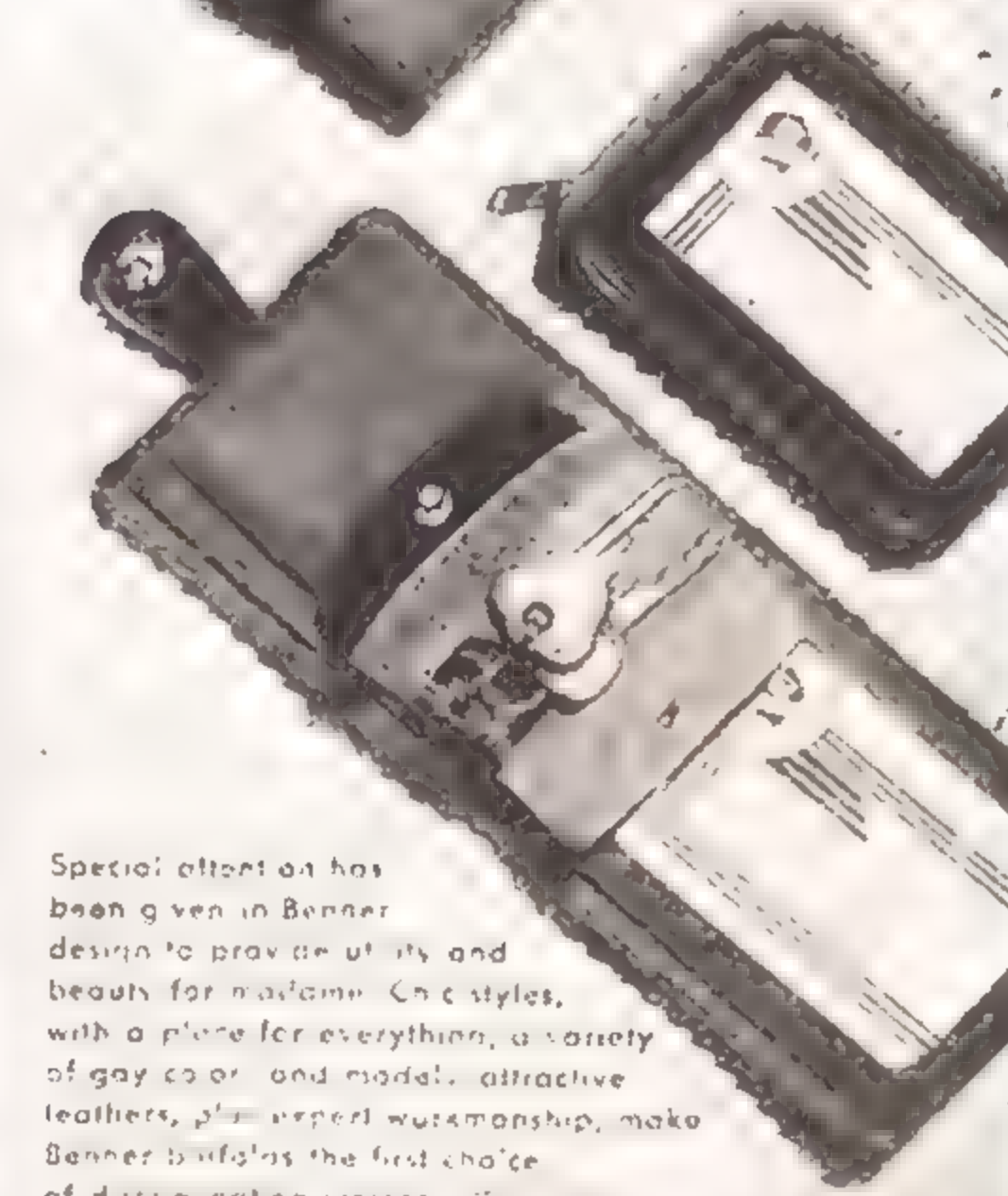
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So You've Written a Song

Continued from page 89

plex as Jack and Jill and they will offer not only to publish it for you, but, by gosh, they'll supply the music; and if you have copied the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth, they will set words to them for you—and publish. Of course you will pay—for everything. And by some miserable system they have, they'll keep you paying, for a long time.

This is one of the nastiest rackets in America; and ASCAP has indeed warned aspiring song writers against the pirates. But—although I beg you *not* to be tempted—I can see how a desperate youngster might want at least to see his music with proper printed notes, with clean clef marks, with his name printed under "words and music by." It's harlotry—but legitimate wedlock is barred.

I am told it is barred by the jealousy of the song writers and of the publishers. The big money is made in several ways: sheet music, recordings and the income from radio.

This last is divided through ASCAP by an intricate method which gives seniority to compos-

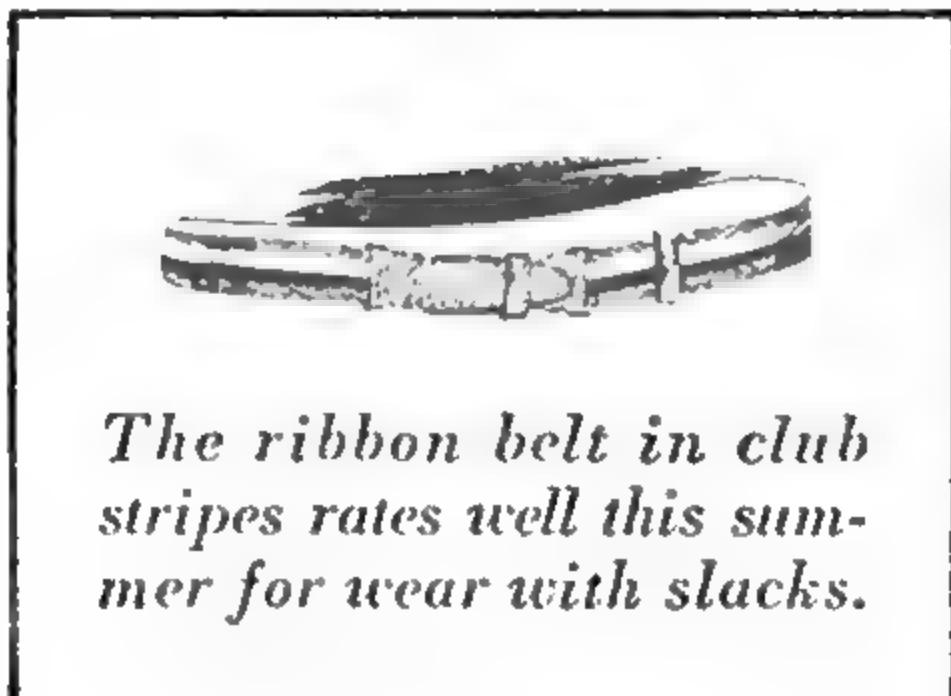
ers of many hits; it protects composers in their dotage, guaranteeing them an income for life. But it has the appearance of a tightly closed shop. For the more members it has, the more sharers there must be in the take.

Between this limitation and that of the publishers, with their stable of kept composers, where does the new writer head in? Nowhere at all. I am told, unless he (or she) is actually in New York (with a possible chance in Hollywood). You've got to be where the music is published, where the managers book the orchestras, where the gossip is spread, where you get to know people. And even then, it's good to be able to play the piano, let's say as rehearsal

coach for a musical show; or to know a tenor... or to have money enough not to starve.

I think this is a lousy system. I can do nothing about it except describe it—as above. But maybe someone can go a step farther. I'll be happy to help...

But, as the editor said at the beginning, I can't help with manuscripts. Sorry. #

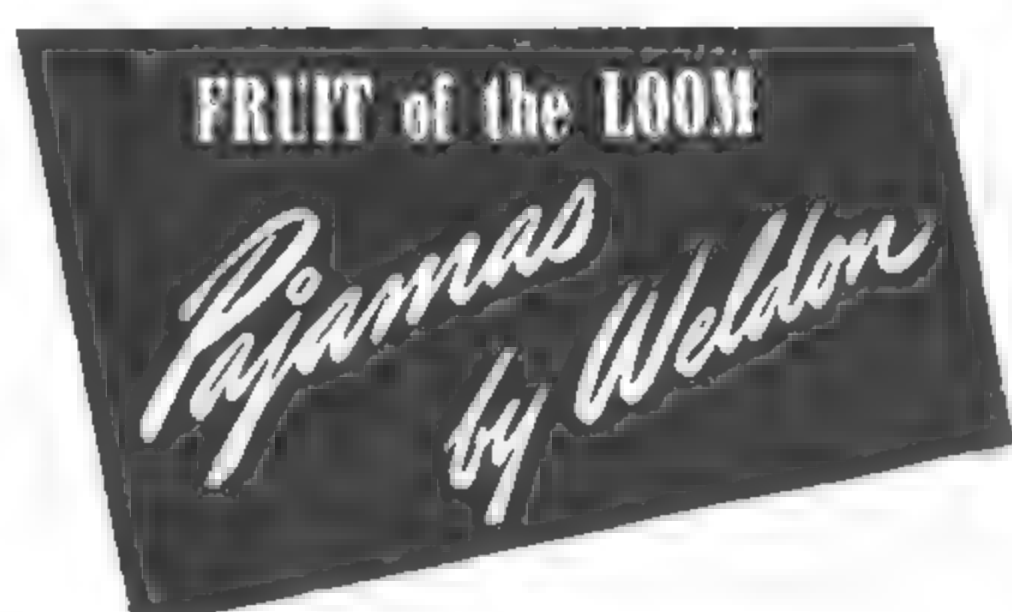


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Jazzmen's Greatest Kicks

Continued from page 61

memory of Louis Armstrong blowing his trumpet into the morning breeze. . . ."

I met Art Tatum at the Three Deuces, where he was then making the piano sing. I asked him the question once and then I asked it again. He said the question needed reflection, and a lot of concentration . . . I'd have to give him at least one day.

Luckily I was saved by Oscar Pettiford, one of the basses in the All-American Band. While Art Tatum was reflecting in silence Oscar told me that his finest memory is of an evening in Minneapolis in 1937. He had been saving up for a week in order to hear Duke Ellington. On that evening he was completely dazzled. Because he was already playing a bass viol, he was most excited by the playing of Jimmy Blanton.

I've heard Coleman Hawkins improvise in France, Belgium, and Holland. Therefore it's always with nostalgia that I meet him. I looked him up at Kelly's Stable, where Clark Monroe's orchestra was accompanying him.

Hawkins laughed and fingered the cord of his saxophone.

"It happened a long, long time ago. Around 1925, at the Roseland on Broadway. Fletcher Henderson's band was playing and there were thousands of dancers, all yelling and clapping. I think that was the evening I met Red Nichols.

"What an orgy of music! The musicians were like demons. The high spot came when Louis Armstrong began *Shanghai Shuffle*. I think they made him play ten choruses. After that piece, a dancer lifted Armstrong up onto his shoulders. Fletcher Henderson kept right on beating out the rhythm on his piano and I stood silent, feeling almost bashful, asking myself if I would ever be able to attain a small part of Louis Armstrong's greatness. . . ."

Roy Eldridge listened to my question and then thoughtfully put on his glasses. His best memory, naturally, was of a night at the Metropolitan. I explained that I wasn't looking for memories of a performance in which he had played himself. He took off his jacket, displaying a shirt of prairie green, then picked up his trumpet, warmed it up, and thought out his answer while he played a few notes.

"My finest jazz evening was at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, in 1928. There was a huge ball where thousands of French Canadians were dancing and shrieking. Fletcher Henderson was there. In the orchestra was Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins, who had never been better than he was that evening. I've never heard such rhythm and such harmony. After the dance, when the lights should have been turned off, the applause was so terrific that the



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musicians had to begin again. Jimmy Harrison sang, sang again and sang still more, until, at fever pitch, he played the finale on his instrument. Delirium broke loose! The dancers blew kisses and shouted, 'Adieu! Adieu!' and they were right, though they didn't know it at that time. Jimmy Harrison died not long after."

One must have seen the enthusiasm of such great musicians in order to estimate Fletcher Henderson's importance. What astonished me was the unanimity of the musicians' fervor for Fletcher.

When I talked to Barney Bigard, I was not such a fool as to mention Fletcher Henderson. I even hoped he might mention someone else, since repetition made my reporter's job dull.

"What is your best jazz memory, Barney?"

"What do you mean?"

"What evening of jazz music excited you the most?"

He took no time to think it over. The evening was still prominent in his memory. He tucked

his clarinet under his arm and said:

"At the Roseland, in 1925."

"Good Lord! Not Fletcher Henderson?"

"Why? Don't you like him?"

"Very much. But..."

"I had two days in New York, and decided to visit all the spots. The first evening I went to the

Roseland and stayed until they closed the place down. And I was right back the next day."

"So your favorite jazz evening is in reality two evenings?"

"Exactly. They had Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Don Redman..."

"I've always remembered the emotion I felt that evening, and the certainty I had then that jazz

was a great thing. You see, that night has had a lot to do with my musical career."

Just then they called Barney back and he burst into his sublime improvisation on *Rose Room*.

And I stood there, thinking that Fletcher Henderson was truly the king of memories. . . . #



"He has never actually killed anybody"

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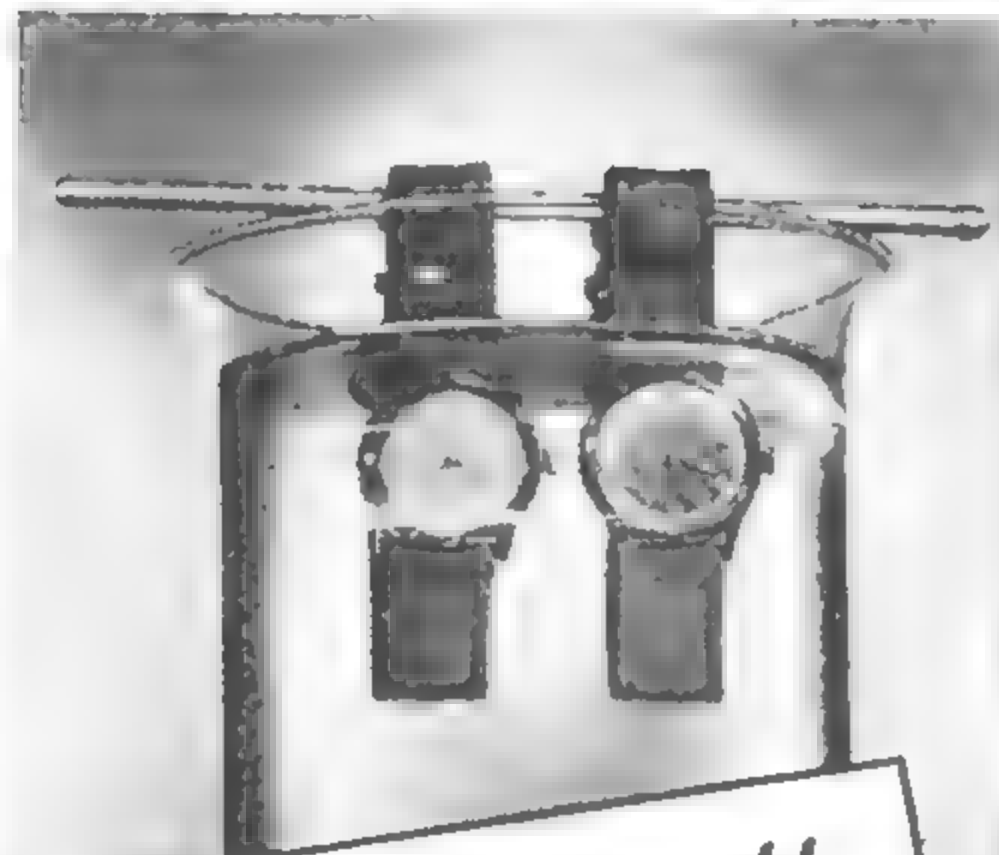
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The War Without Guns

Continued from page 63

origin, home towns, families. What an old man keeping a diary might find of interest. Then he found in an old envelope the letter in German he had shown Captain Hardtberg, reread it with attention. He would have to change some details. Minor details—like adjusting the sights of a rifle.

"My dear and respected Sir —:

Tomorrow I shall sail from Europe with no possible return until your party has been crushed. I am a man and a physician and the one conflicts with the other. You will recall that I was compelled to separate from my wife and my children in 1935, because she had Jewish blood. This fact was known only to a few friends and I wondered who had informed the authorities. I eliminated names one by one and remembered that I had confided in you, although you were not among my intimates, little more than a frequent patient. It was very early in the troubles when one might still talk openly, and I remarked that racial prejudice was nonsense, as my wife was half-Jewish, and my children, healthy German youngsters, one fourth.

"I was not sure that you had spoken, tried to harm me. But I gradually became convinced of it, in a 'normal' desire to blame one person instead of a system. Then I did something for which there is no excuse, used my profession to assist my revenge. When you came for your treatment as usual, I gave you an injection, as usual. I watched for results which did not come. I was grieved at first, then immensely relieved. Very soon after, I contrived to reach Holland, where my wife had died. People do not die of grief, no, but homesickness and poverty in a foreign country may contribute to death.

"Once in comparative safety, with my children and the hope of the future renewed, I understood that many individuals such as yourself were not to blame when the nation as a whole had gone mad. I remembered that had my own slate been clean, I might have closed my eyes to injustice and lived on in Germany as you did. Oh, then, I felt immense relief that the injection had failed. Recently, I spoke of the matter to an old friend, my former professor, whom I consider somewhat as a confessor. The unethical act had weighed on me more and more. My friend told me not to worry, so long as no evil had come. But he is a scientist and my plan to inject you with a special form of dementia, which he was amused at—at first—intrigued him, and we talked it over.

"His conclusion is serious for me, serious for you. You carry in yourself what might be called a virus of insanity, which may lead to homicidal mania. You will find

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the data enclosed. I imagine an ordinary physician would smile, so I suggest taking up the matter with a serious research man. My colleague's opinion is that the condition may remain latent for several years, may never develop. But he advises bringing this letter and the enclosed papers to a specialist if you find yourself unusually depressed, excitable, nervous, over a prolonged period within the next five years.

"He states also, and my own opinion agrees with his, that if you sired a child during this period, it might not be normal mentally. That is all speculation, my dear sir —, and may end in nothing, as I hope. I hesitate to name symptoms, aware of the power of suggestion, especially upon you. The first symptoms would resemble so much those of ordinary sadism, latent in most of us, you understand. An uneasiness, not unmixed with pleasure, at the sight of suffering and blood, increasing with time. The first seizure may strike without much ini-

tial warning. A competent. . ."

The letter ended there, as if additional pages had been lost or destroyed. Breguel sat for a long time, reading the pages over and over again. The point of his pen made tiny dots beside items in the biographies of his new guests.

"Which one shall I show this to?" he mused.

"Which one? I'll have to study them more, wait three weeks or a month. With Steinwer, it was all indicated—he was so obviously nervous. Bah, one of these will be before long. Drafts for Russia, executions right and left, the fear of a British raid. The poor chaps have their worries.

"Easy does it, Breguel. Careful. Prepare the way a bit, if

necessary, with hints. Slow work, but well worth it. This last game was very nice, excellent results. Two of them gone, as quickly and as permanently as if I had shot them myself." His benign smile widened, his hunter's eyes beamed: "Three, three—here I was, forgetting the sergeant!" ‡



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## The Field Marshal's Scoop

Continued from page 75

guard were filing past. The guard stopped for a mug of tea and tea was offered to the prisoners. Only one refused.

"I don't drink it," said the captured German lieutenant, twitching his fingers uncomfortably. He wanted to smoke. The correspondent watched him.

"Have a cigarette," he said.

"Very kind," was the reply.

"Glad to be out of it?" the correspondent said.

"To be taken prisoner is not a happy moment," said the German.

"Then why be taken?" said the correspondent.

"Your tanks were around us. The situation was hopeless. Only a fool would die under the circumstances. I prefer to live to try again," said the lieutenant.

"Try again?"

"We have tried twice before. Each time we have learned something. This lesson, too, is a costly one. It was worth the price," the lieutenant said.

"And we... haven't we learned?" said the correspondent.

"You forget too quickly."

"There are those among us who say we mustn't forget this time. We will remember in the peace terms, perhaps," the correspondent said.

"Yes. They will be hard and we will suffer," the lieutenant said. "For two years, three, maybe five. And then we will start."

"To violate the terms?" said the correspondent.

"Not necessarily."

"But you will not be allowed great armies and war production will be forbidden," the correspondent said.

"Germany will begin by building quietly a new architecture... surely no clause against architecture will be written into the peace," said the lieutenant.

"Listen," said the prisoner. "Germany will conquer the world from cities under the ground. No bombs will reach her factories in the next war. Her people will sleep quietly in safety in cities deep in the earth. They will be lighted, ventilated, healthful cities."

The prisoner was talking loudly. The guard turned around. "Okay, George," he said. "Don't get excited. Let's get moving." The tea mugs were handed back.

The lieutenant wrapped his coat about him.

"Who will build them?" the correspondent asked.

"I will," said the prisoner. "If you don't mind my saying so, this, in ages to come, will be known as the little war—the war of preparation. The big war is coming."

The file of prisoners moved down the muddy road. The correspondent drank his tea.

"This war is big enough for me," he thought. "I wish I could go to Bari for a couple of days."

Over the hill the evening artillery barrage was beginning... #

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## Americanism in Little White Pills

Continued from page 58

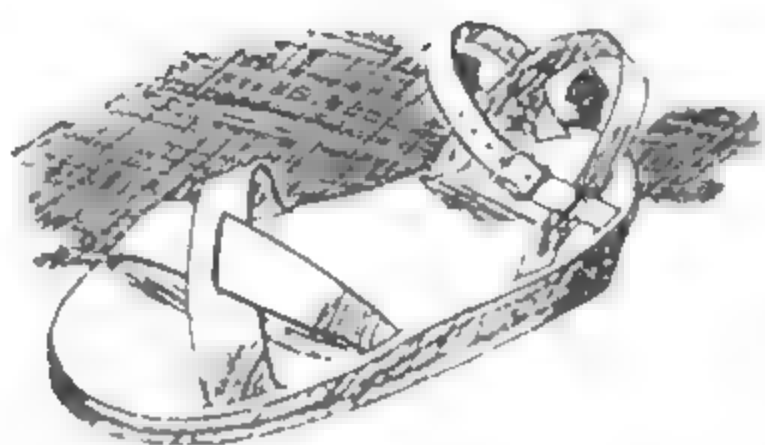
one Legion finals played to about 400 in Chicago; but at Miles City, Montana, they had crowds of 9,000 to 10,000 every day for a week.

Chaillaux regards this baseball program as the most dramatic and effective way of combating un-American ideas among American boys. The sportsmanship of baseball has been one of the cleanest influences in American life, and the Legion properly chose this seedbed to implant American ideals in the minds of American boys. The Legion chose wisely in selecting a man with the get-up-and-go, persistency and friendly approach of Homer Chaillaux to keep the good work going.

Forty-seven years old, Chaillaux is the sort of fellow who doesn't fuss too much about his shoeshine, who wears no vest and pulls off his coat and loosens his collar and tie when he sits down to his desk. He's a man's man; and about him you feel the masculine attitude; you get the impression of his past without knowing

it; you can comprehend dimly in the background, somewhere far off, the dust and din and confusion of some old-time battlefield.

Born in Orange County, Indiana, near the spa town of West Baden where his French grandfather and Irish grandmother had settled and established an abrasive whetstone business that is still in operation, young Chaillaux drove a road cart twelve miles daily to near-by Orleans to attend high school. His great regret was that he was unable to make the first-string basketball team in that hotbed of basketball, either in high school or later at Indiana University. Size and stature were his handicaps; he was short and



Comfortable and durable sandal has buffalo hide sole with wedge heel and natural cordovan strappings.

weighed only 100 pounds when he entered college.

Always impatient for action, he attended summer school in order to try to finish college as soon as possible. His second April in college found him already a junior on the day in 1917 when Congress voted war. Before sunset that very day he was at National

Continued on page 148

# JUVENIA

# JUVENIA

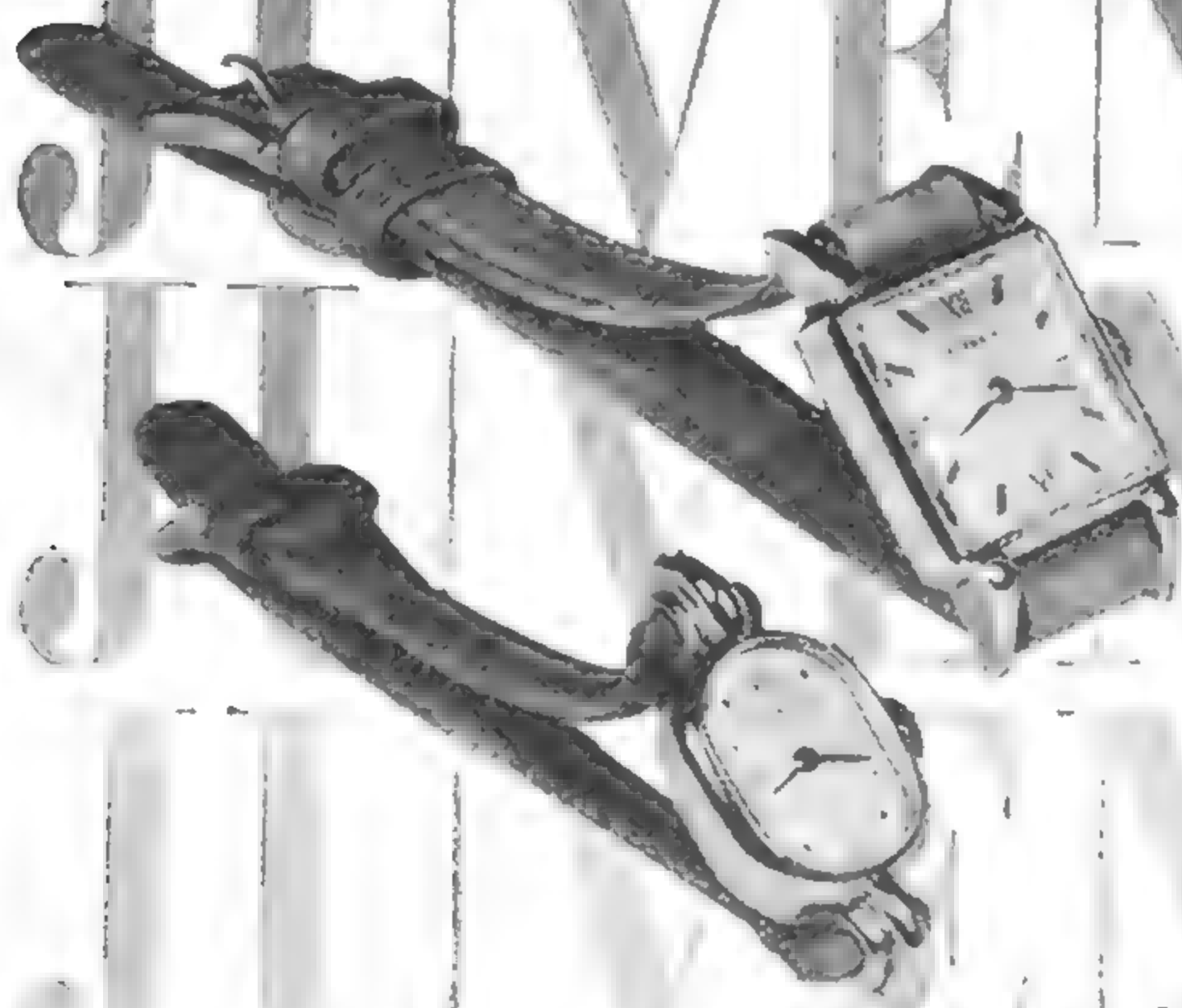
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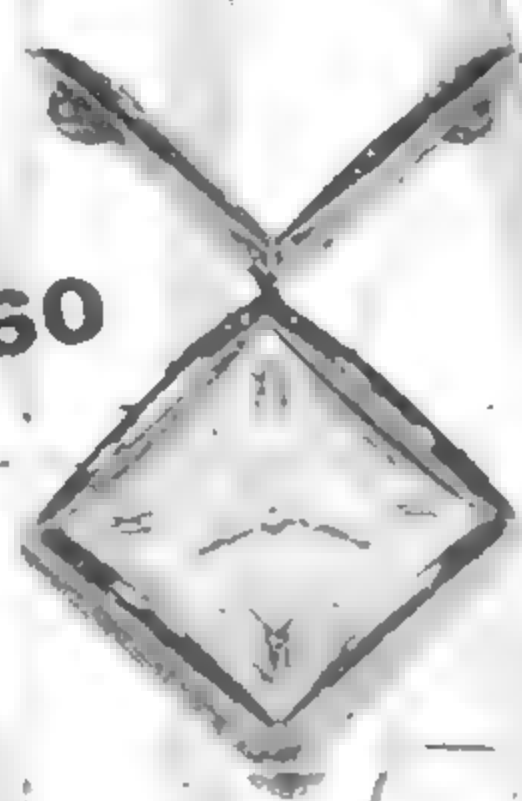
# JUVENIA

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# JUVENIA



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### Recipe for Chicken Louisette by The Ritz Garden Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City

#### CHICKEN SAUTE LOUISETTE

- |                                  |                                     |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 3 lb. Chicken                    | 4 tomatoes, peeled, seeded, chopped |
| 2 tbs. butter or salad oil       | 1/2 glass white wine                |
| 1 small onion, chopped           | 1 tbs. flour                        |
| 1 clove garlic, crushed          | 1 teaspoon chopped parsley          |
| 1/2 cup stock or canned tomatoes |                                     |

Cut chicken in 8 pieces. Brown in hot fat. Add onion, cook until onion is golden brown. Add wine, cook two minutes. Sprinkle with flour, add garlic, fresh tomatoes and stock. Cover, cook 20 to 25 minutes. Remove chicken to another pan, strain sauce, add to chicken. Cook 10 minutes. Arrange in a ring of cooked rice, chopped ham. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4.



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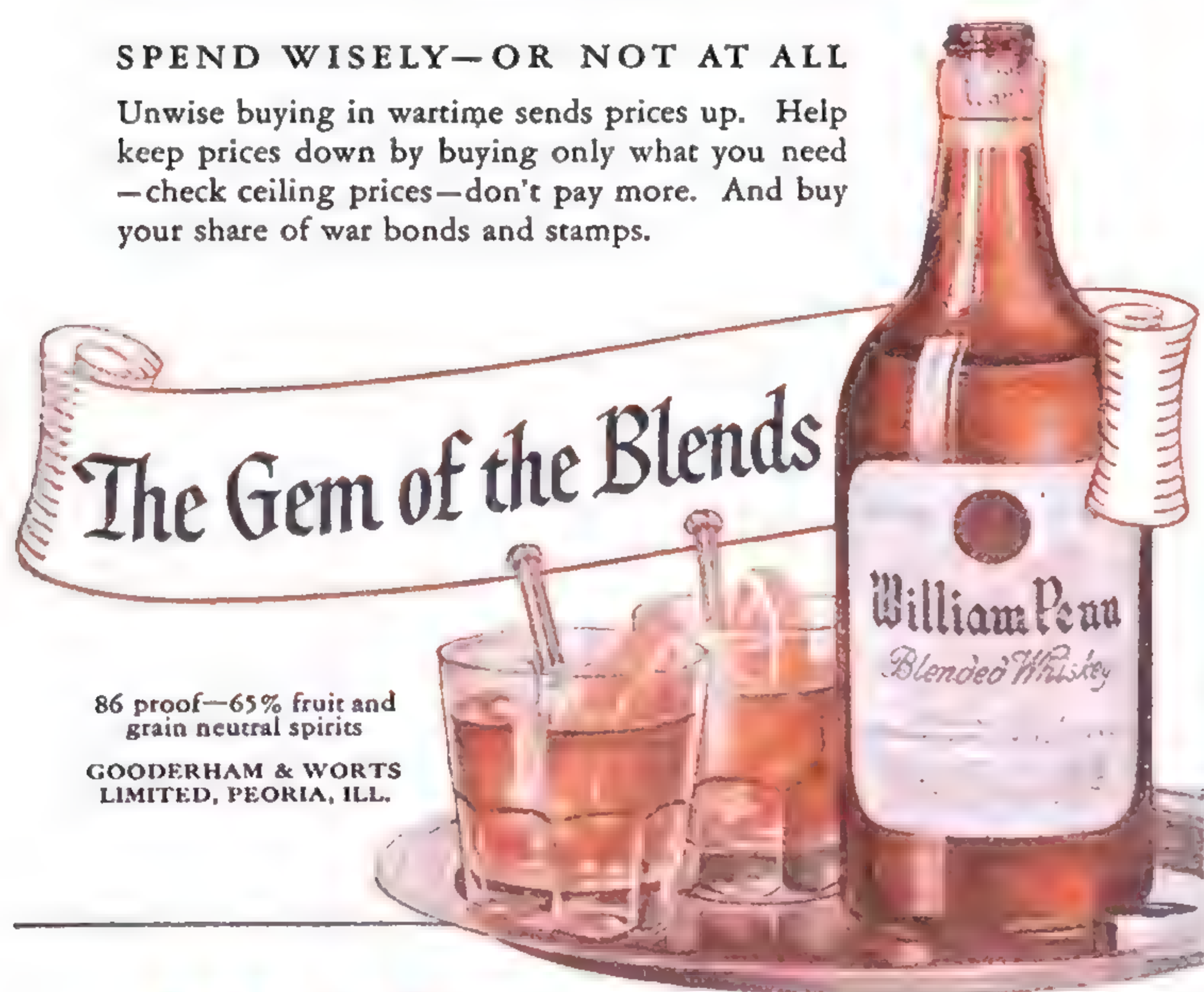
In 1905 the world's largest diamond was discovered—the 3025 carat Cullinan! Since 1898, Americans have been discovering William Penn—the gem of the blends! Millions say "When" with William Penn.

### Diamond...diamond...who's got the diamond?

The brown bag, strapped and padlocked to the wrists of two men from Scotland Yard, was a trick to deceive international jewel thieves. Actually, the nine priceless stones into which the huge Cullinan diamond had been divided were transported to England in a *bandana handkerchief*. Even two detectives might be kidnapped—but who would pay any attention to the inconspicuous little man with the red handkerchief in his hand? Like the Cullinan diamond, every bottle of William Penn you buy deserves to be guarded with care—and saved for special occasions. A premium whiskey in everything but price, William Penn should be reserved for your closest and most discriminating friends.

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### Americanism in Little White Pills

Continued from pages 58-147

Guard headquarters in Indianapolis volunteering for action. He was a member of the National Guard, but it wasn't ready to call him up, so he started looking elsewhere. The next day he was in Terre Haute where he enlisted in the 9th Infantry of the Regular Army, neglecting to mention that he was already on the roll of the National Guard. By the time the National Guard got around to calling him he was in France with the 2nd Division. At various times a member of the 9th and 64th Infantry and the 1st and 2nd Engineers, he shipped overseas as a corporal. Six months later he was a second lieutenant.

Lieutenant Chaillaux was in almost all of the major actions of the A.E.F.—Château-Thierry, Soissons, Champagne, St. Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne. After hostilities, he was put on duty as a supply officer at the A.E.F. training center at Bellevue and later was at the Peace Conference.

While at Bellevue, Chaillaux met an English-speaking French secretary, Mlle. Emilie Burbage. When he returned to the States in October, 1919, she was the most vivid memory of his twenty-seven months overseas. So in February he went back to France to bring her to America. They were married at Courbevoie, the Parisian suburb, where Mrs. Chaillaux's mother still lives. The Chaillauxs have a twenty-two-year-old son who is a staff sergeant in the Army Air Forces. He has served almost two years training Netherlands Air Force personnel in Florida.

On the way back to America with his bride, Chaillaux met the vice-president of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, a paper products firm. Chaillaux went to work for the firm in Washington, D.C., and remained with them until failing health forced him back first to West Baden and the stone business and then later to California. That was in 1925. At Inglewood, west side suburb of Los Angeles, he nursed his 124-pound body back to health in six months and then plunged at once into a myriad of activities. His first Legion office was that of sergeant-at-arms of the Inglewood post. That was in 1927. Three years later he was post commander. That's the way he always seemed to catch on. Just give him a foothold and he will move. He started a football team composed of former college stars to play the Navy teams from San Diego and San Pedro. Soon they were playing a twelve-game schedule each fall. Every year the big Armistice Day game drew from 8,000 to 12,000 and put money in the Legion post's treasury. When the national Junior Baseball Program began, he was one of the first to organize a post-sponsored team. Bobby Doerr and Steve Mesner are two of his district players

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who have reached the majors. His progress was so outstanding that he was recognized by being elected commander of the Los Angeles district, serving from 1931 to 1933, when he became state commander.

Here he did the same sort of progressive, constructive job, promoting all athletics, supervising recreation and play and buying and building playgrounds and swimming pools. The consequence was that he made himself the logical and inevitable man to step in as director of the Americanism phase of the national program of the Legion just when it needed a new shot in the arm right after the Depression.

His Legion-sponsored film, *Make the Most of Playtime*, has been shown all over the country, with perhaps as many as 6,000,000 people seeing and enjoying it. It foreshadows the nationwide community athletic program he aims to launch as soon as possible. The idea is to have supervised recreation in every community under paid supervisors.

I think that all this will give you the idea that he is a young man going somewhere, always on the move. Nothing interferes with his keeping on the move. He doesn't smoke, no doubt because he never slows down long enough to light a cigarette. His only recreation is sports, either as a voluble spectator at any and every kind of athletic contest or as a 150-average bowler or a high 90's golfer. His job right now, he thinks, is the greatest thing in the world. There is a great work still to be done in getting more activity in athletics among the youngsters of the nation. That, he feels, is a work worth doing.

The good old homoeopathic doctors used to give youngsters medicine in sweet-tasting pills. The American Legion and Homer Chaillaux have found that one of the most effectual methods of instilling Americanism in the minds of young boys is also in the form of little white pills—little white pills made up of cork and rubber and yarn and horsehide. ##



"That the new ball turret gunner?"

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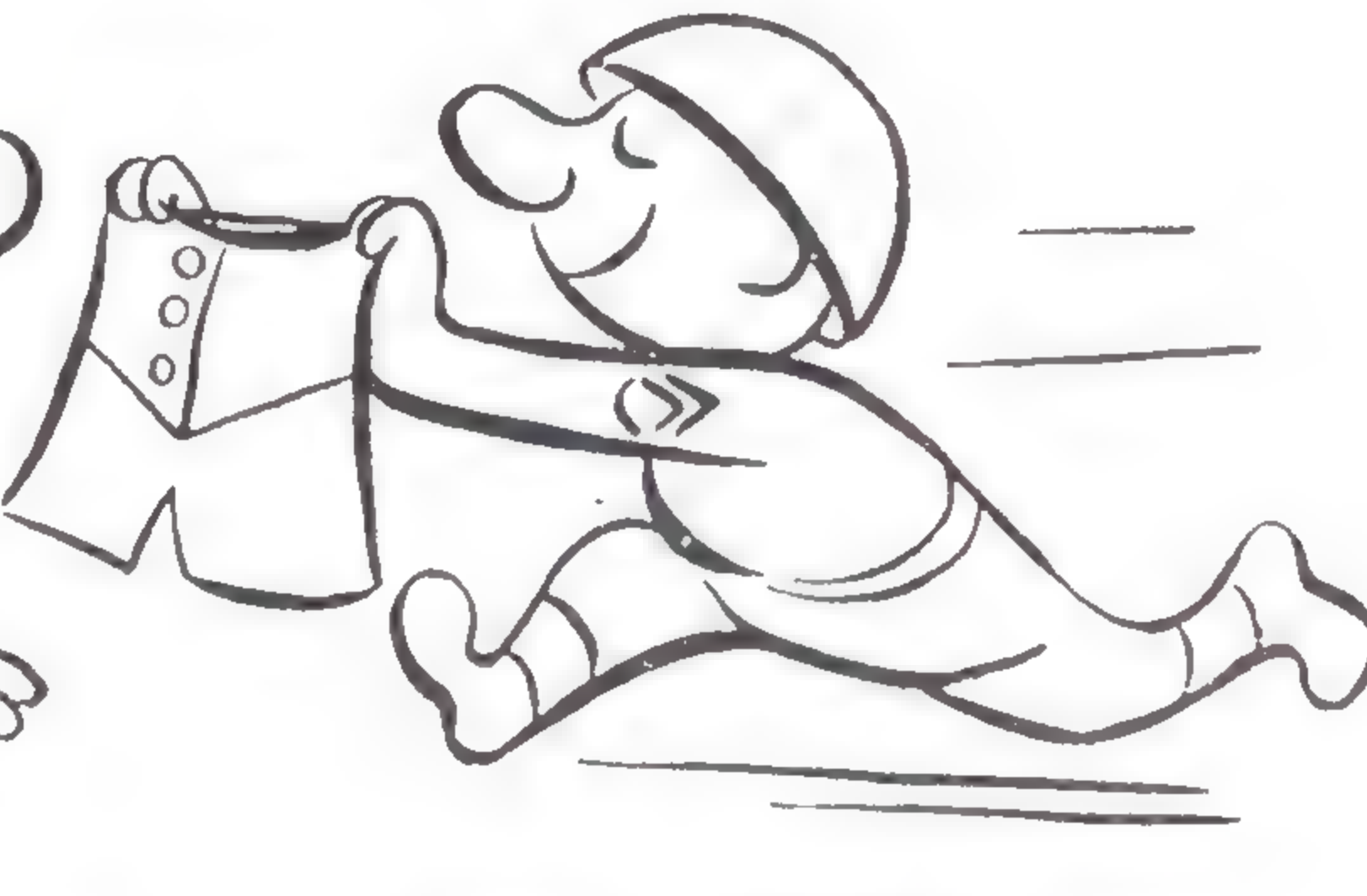
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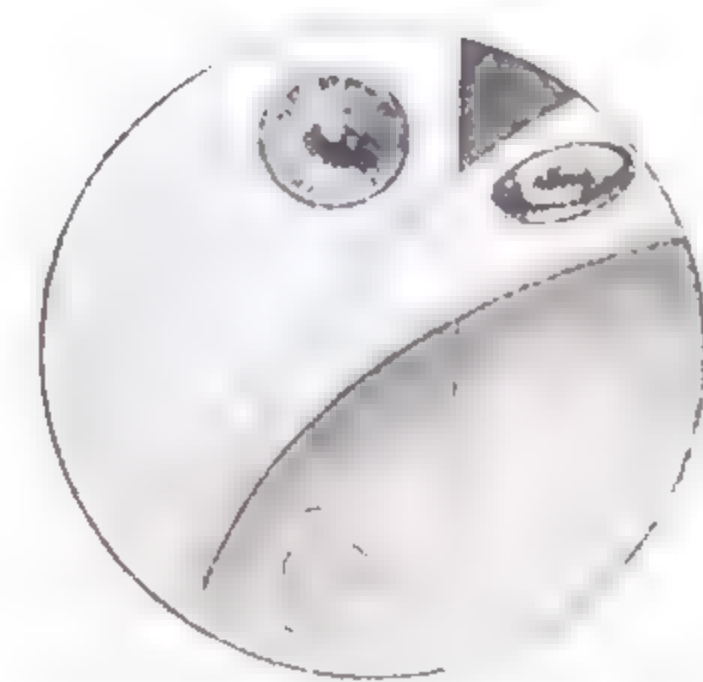
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## Whatever Happened to Big Head

Continued from page 45

is to keep your balance. Everything else takes care of itself."

"Try again, Big Head."

Clem tried once more. This time he was able to steer around the tree and continued sixty feet before the shelving bank stopped him. He dismounted expertly and as he returned saw White Wolf nod approvingly. A pace behind the Indian chief was Luke.

That night a buffalo robe was spread for Clem in the chief's lodge and he ate boiled venison with the chief. There were a dozen Indians in the smoky lodge, and propped upright in the place of honor was the bicycle. White Wolf leaned against a back rest of willow rods and looked at the shine of it in the firelight with satisfaction. Luke Smith ate little and took only a quick, distasteful puff at the pipe when it was passed around. The tobacco, mixed with red willow bark, had a strong, burning taste.

After a time a tall Indian entered, spoke to White Wolf. Luke glanced up and got wearily to his feet. He took the bicycle from the corner and wheeled it out into the moonlight. White Wolf walked behind him and Clem followed. They crossed to another lodge, where there was a pile of buffalo robes for Clem, a place of honor for the bicycle. Bowls of meat appeared and the pipe was passed.

After the third feast at the third lodge Clem dropped out of the procession and went back to the chief's teepee. He was half-asleep when Luke Smith dropped wearily beside him hours later.

A hand on his shoulder, shaking him, awakened Clem. White Wolf stood over him and morning sunlight was focused through the smoke-flap. Clem glanced around. White Wolf was watching him and he asked, "Where's Luke?"

"Have big pow-wow," the chief said. "Him go."

"Go?" Clem jumped to his feet, his hair bristling. "Go where?"

"You big hunter, Big Head," White Wolf said. "You great warrior. You ride saddle-on-wheel good. You stay. Show me how."

Clem saw it now. Luke had purposely left him with the bicycle and the admiring boys to tempt him, brought the chief to watch him ride it, had gone and left Clem in his place.

White Wolf gave an order and two Indians brought the bicycle out of the red lodge. White Wolf waved. "Ride him, Big Head."

An Indian helped him mount and gave the bicycle a starting push. Clem thought as he wobbled in a circle around the chief's lodge that he had made a big mistake. He had trusted a homesick Yankee. Luke was miles away by now, riding an Indian pony on the way to Fort Sill.

The sun rose high and Clem's buckskin breeches chafed his thighs as he pumped, around and



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around the red lodge. It was the time of day when the core of a man's mind softened in the focus of the heat, and in the burning middle of the morning a plan came to him.

He headed for the bank of the creek, where the bluff rose twenty feet above the shallow water, closed his eyes and drove his legs hard. There was an awful moment of suspension before the crash. The pain was acute and his breath was knocked out of him, but as he lay in four inches of water, he grinned happily. He knew that his leg was broken.

They brought Luke Smith in at sunset. Clem lay on a pile of buffalo robes in the chief's teepee and heard the shouts as the party rode into camp. They had tied Luke's hands behind his back, and his face looked white and forlorn.

When he entered the lodge Clem said, "That was a low Yankee trick, sonny."

"I ain't proud of it, but I got to get out of here. I got to go home. And you said you like In-

dian life." He put his hand out and touched Clem's shoulder. "I'm sorry, but I had to do it."

"Oh, forget it," Clem said, touched. "I know you want to see that girl in Philly."

"Is your leg broke?" Luke asked with an air of deep concern.

"I believe it is."

"How long will it take to heal?"

Clem stared at the bland, innocent young face.

"Oh, no you don't," he shouted. White Wolf came running.

"I got to go to Fort Sill," Clem said. "I got to go right away, White Wolf."

"You sick, Big Head. You stay. We make medicine for you."

"No, sir," Clem said. "I got to have white man's medicine. I got to go."

Saddle up my horse."

In the infirmary at Fort Sill the major listened with a smile.

"Clem," the major said. "The Indians ought to call you Big Mouth instead of Big Head. Expect me to believe that?"

But the major dispatched a de-

*Continued on page 152*



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## Whatever Happened to Big Head

Continued from pages 45-151

tail at once. Already the Kiowas had moved on to the Antelope Hills and when the soldiers found the camp they found no white man and they found no bicycle. Clem heard the report, nodded, and spoke no more of Luke Smith and the high-wheeled bicycle. Clem felt that he had done his duty, but as his leg healed he often thought of the young Yankee and the girl he had left in Philadelphia. In the sutler's quarters he sometimes snuffled over it as he drank the red whiskey which invariably made him sentimental.

By the time the Comanches rode in to get their rations, Texas cattle on the hoof, Clem was able to hobble around on a stick and in the cantonment he saw a fat little Indian he knew, wearing a headdress of buffalo horns with a hood of buffalo hide and looking like a plump buffalo calf as he waddled around the post. Clem called to him, "Jumping Eagle, I want to pow-wow."

They squatted near the well, and Clem passed his sack of tobacco. "I see White Wolf two-three moon," he said. "Him got fine saddle-on-wheel. Shine like sun. Silver like moon. Fast like war pony."

Jumping Eagle shook his head. "Saddle-on-wheel like wild pony. Hard to ride."

"No, it ain't. It's easy when you learn the knack."

Jumping Eagle's fat face had a look of interest. "You can ride him, Big Head?"

"Sure I can." Clem nudged Jumping Eagle where his ribs were, but felt only layers of soft fat. "You want saddle-on-wheel bad. You lose already one scalp." His voice dropped lower. "Saddle-on-wheel easy to get. Listen. Every day, between full sun and sundown, White Wolf goes out on the prairie to ride it. No Kiowa with him; only paleface boy. Saddle-on-wheel easy to capture."

Jumping Eagle puffed his pipe, bobbed the buffalo horns. He gave Clem a smile, a singularly sweet and friendly smile, and got to his feet. They touched hands and the Indian walked away.

The next day the Comanches were gone and Clem waited anxiously for news. He could not ask direct questions, but he learned from the sutler all that went on at the fort. No reports came of a clash between the Kiowas and the Comanches.

After two weeks had passed Clem saddled his horse and rode away. He was on his way to Santa Fe, completing his interrupted journey, but he rode well to the north in order to pass around the Kiowa country. He had done his best for Luke and the more distance he put between himself and that bicycle the better it would be for his skin.

At Fort Sill the major often chuckled over Clem's story of the



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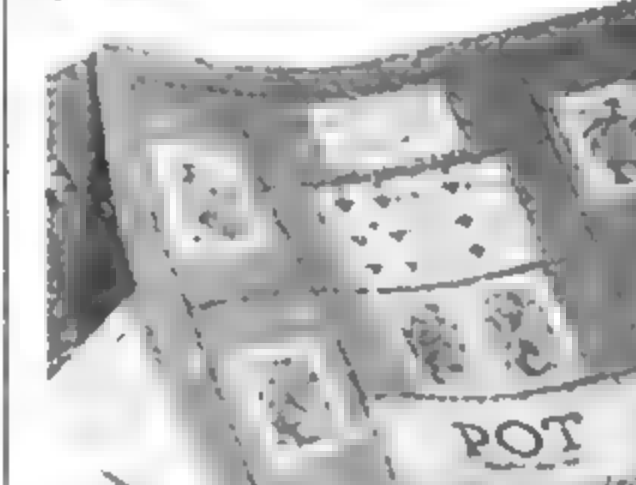
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Yankee and the bicycle and as time passed he sometimes wondered whatever had happened to Big Head Turner. He questioned other plainsmen who stopped at the post, but none had word of the old scout.

The major never knew that on the third day out of Fort Sill Clem had come upon the lodges of an Indian camp in a draw of the hills, and as he rode past the camp a fat little Indian had galloped out to meet him and serenely smiling had called out, "Big Head, you good fren'. Come, we smoke pipe."

They rode to the largest lodge, with the brightest colors marking the exploits of the chief, and as they dismounted Jumping Eagle said, "Me find White Wolf, like you say, galloping on saddle-on-wheel." He called out in his own language and a squaw wheeled the bicycle out of the lodge.

Clem's eyes followed the chief's pointing finger and saw that there were now two scalp locks on the bicycle, one on each handlebar.

With his serene smile Jumping Eagle said, "Him White Wolf."

An awful thought paralyzed Clem's voice. He licked his dry lips, whispered, "How about pale-face boy?"

"Him get away. Jump on White Wolf horse and run."

Clem sighed in relief, but there was a placid assurance in the Indian's expression that disturbed him.

"Big Head, you better for me," Jumping Eagle said. "You big warrior. Big hunter. You ride saddle-on-wheel. You stay."

Clem backed away. "Sorry, Jumping Eagle. I got to be on my way."

"You stay, Big Head," Jumping Eagle said, and Clem was immediately ringed by Indians. One of

them led his horse away.

Clem looked at the grinning, unyielding face of the chief. He sucked in his breath and examined the round body, soft as a papoose, and the short, waddling legs and he knew that he would never be able to teach this fat little Indian to ride a bicycle. ##



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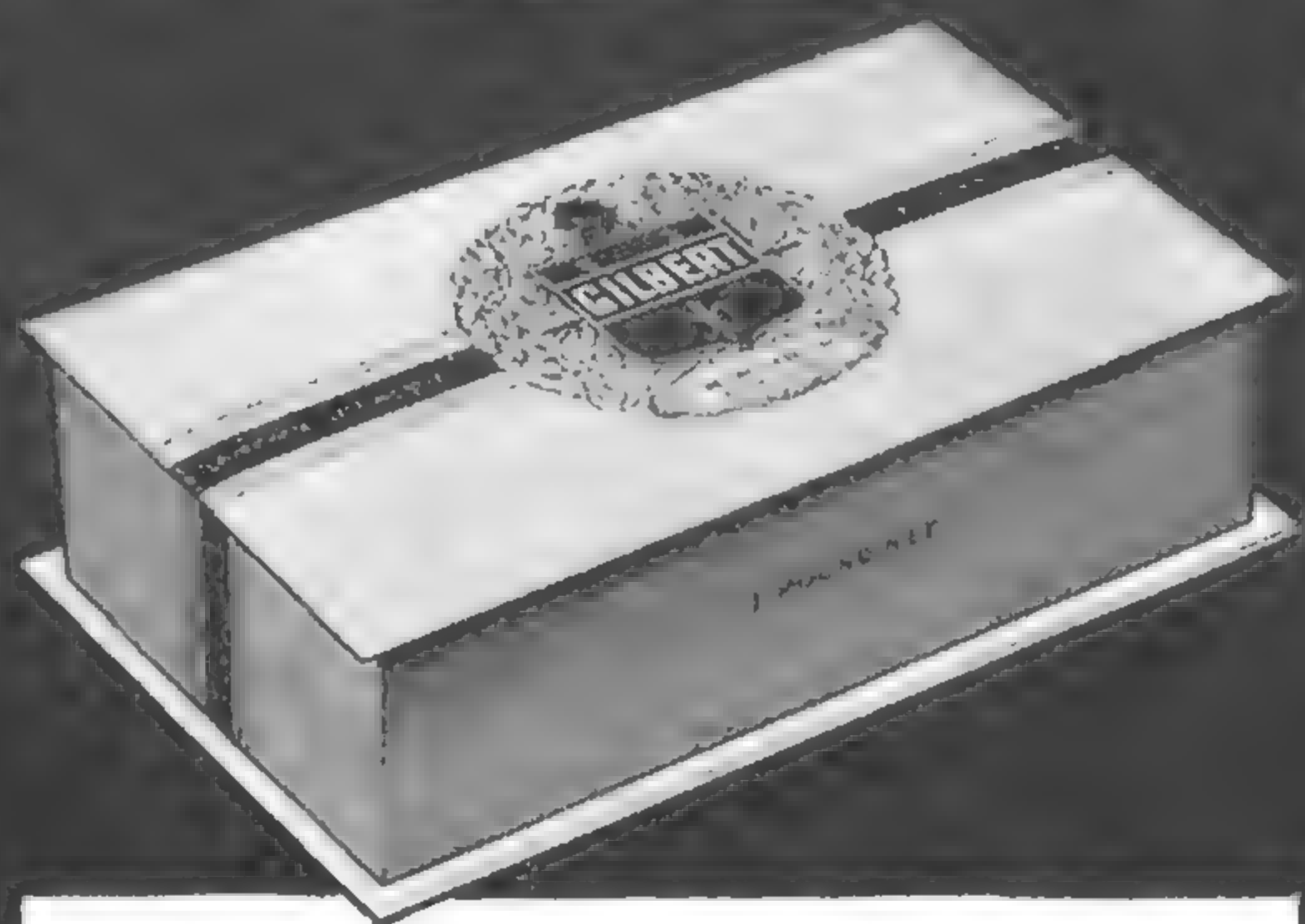
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THERE will continue to be a shortage of Gilbert Chocolates as long as the boys and girls in the Service need them. . . . Gilbert's, the rare candy treat from Michigan's rich countryside, is going to Africa—to Alaska every day. Those who appreciate Gilbert fine quality will find this same quality available again after the war. . . . John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan.

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THE CHOCOLATES OF CONNOISSEURS

## KEENER RAZOR BLADES

SPECIAL  
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does it!

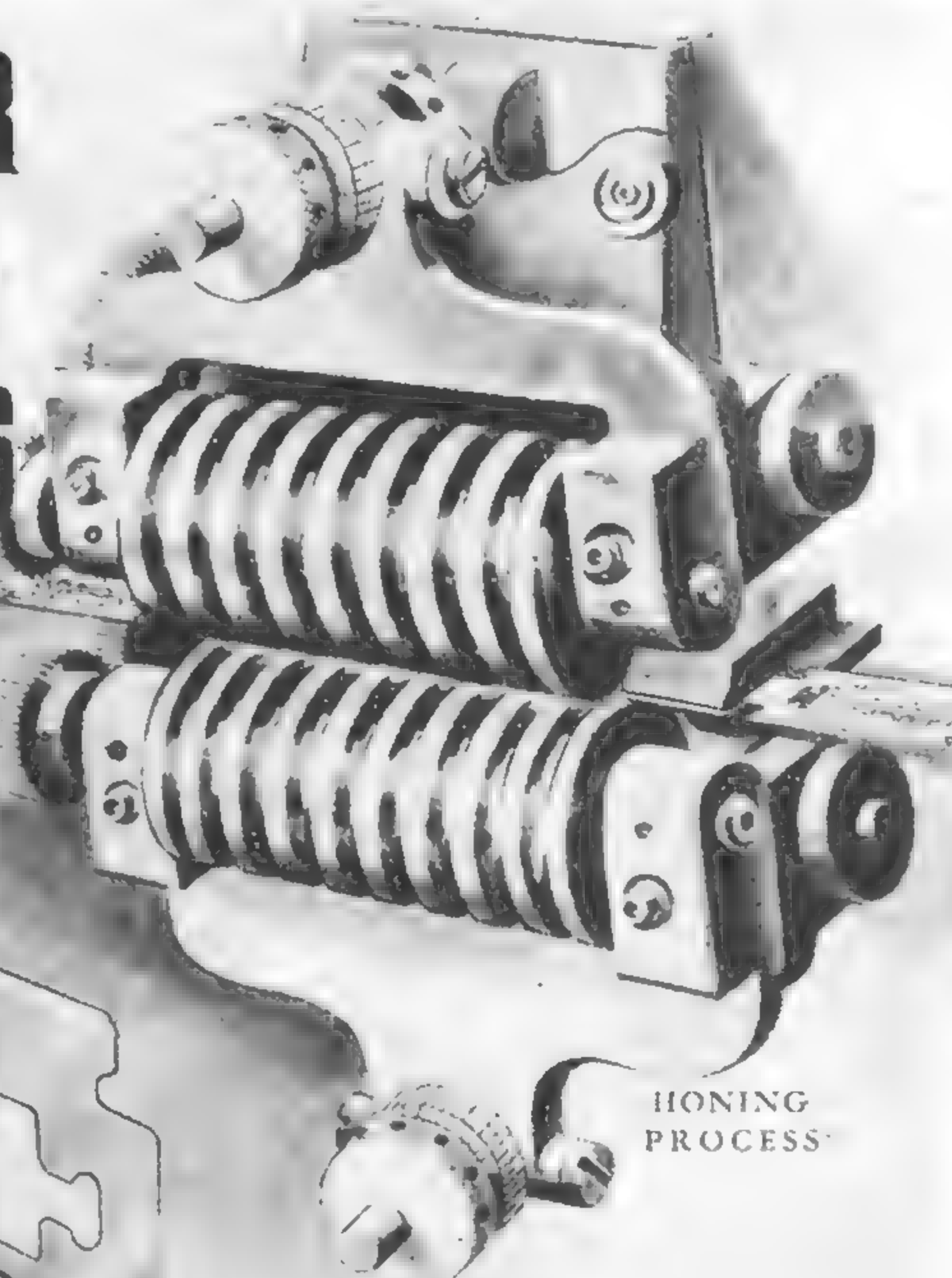


## Professional

PRECISION-MADE ★ RUST-RESISTANT

## BLADES

PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO., 32 GREEN STREET,  
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HONING  
PROCESS

It's no secret why PROFESSIONAL Blades give better, cleaner, crisper shaves—shaves that last through even the longer days.

Scientific electro-tempering, honing, rust-resisting and precision-testing processes—plus the use of quality steel—make each PROFESSIONAL shave start your day right!

## The Dare-Devil's Last Jump

Continued from page 55

shroud lines! Open that gap? He wasn't that crazy. He just hung there, praying to the Lord to let him down easy. The Lord musta been pretty busy with some other damn fool right then for he set old Slim down on the edge of a big coal pit on the leeward side of the field, in a big gust that took him hell-busting across the full length of it a quarter of a mile.

When we got to him he was bruised and bleeding in a dozen places. You could tell both his ankles was broke and he had a knot on the side of his head about the size of a nickel baseball. He was hurting real bad but worried more about tearing up them tights. We started him to the hospital—he sure was a God awful looking sight—but he raised so much hell we had to take him up on the platform, so his public could take a look. We half propped and half held the bloody mess up before them. The crowd went wild and some old lady started 'em taking up a collection; that night they brought a hundred and sixty-eight dollars over to the hospital.

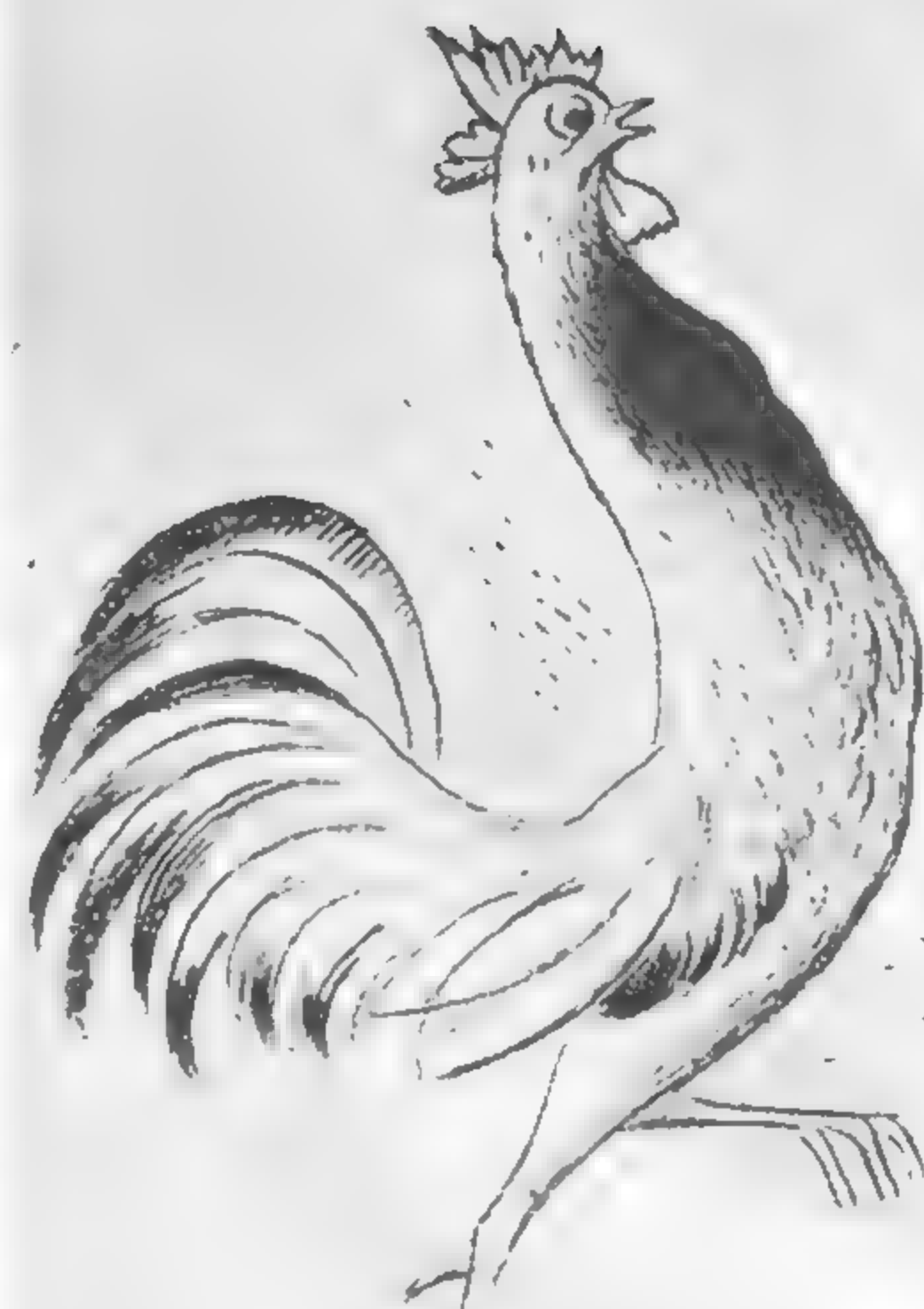
It was at Joplin—the Fourth of July, 1921, that Slim became the undisputed champion—"the dare-devilest jumping son of a so-and-so in the whole wide world." No, I wasn't there—I'd sold him to Vern Trotter.

Vern said he'd just won the dead-stick landing contest and was taxiing in to the line when Slim cornered him. Vern noticed at the time he was acting kinda funny, said Slim took him aside.

"I ain't heard a handclap nor a car horn all day," Slim said to him. "I reckon you know by now that I'm the dare-devilest jumping man there is. Well, by God, they'll all know it by supper time. You just watch me!"

At four thousand feet Vern throttled back and Slim went out on the wing and give him the high sign before he was even near the bag that held "The Princess." Vern made a sign that he didn't want no by-God silly horseplay; it was getting late and Vern said he was tired as hell. Then Slim give him the high sign again. Three times he give it to him. He wasn't even in reaching distance of the bag and he's giving Vern the high sign! Vern said he was scared as hell. That's when he throttled all the way back to yell to Slim for Christ sake to be careful. When he did, Slim turned loose the strut he'd been holding to and stood there for a flash of a second—just agrinning. Then he raised both his arms up even with his shoulders and went off the trailing edge in a perfect swan dive. Vern said he didn't look no more after Slim. He was looking at that dirty old barracks bag tied to the strut; its sides still bulging . . . with "The Princess."

Hey, Stanley! . . . the house? Thanks, pal. ##



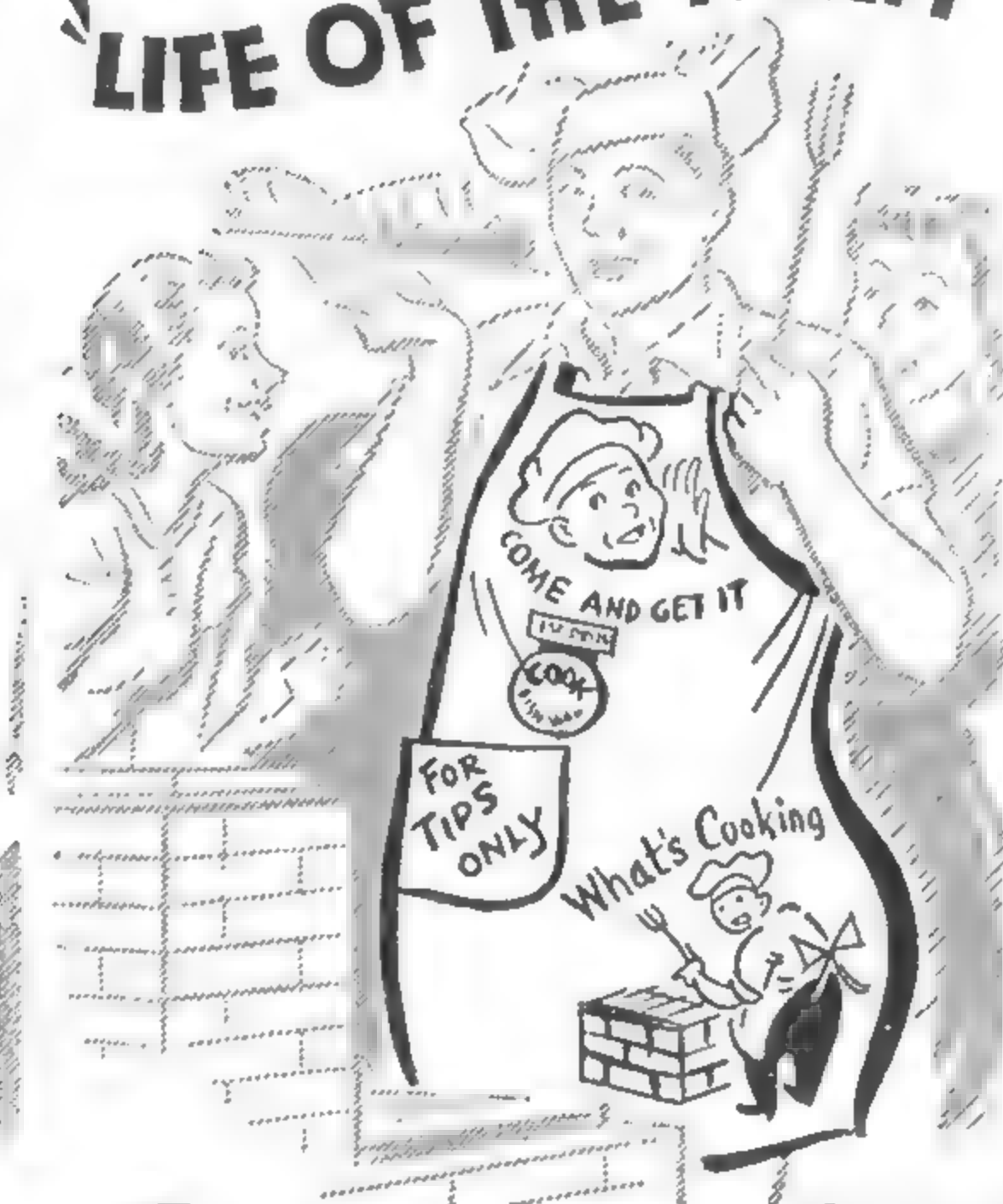
you'll find me only on fine  
Handkerchiefs



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You're Master of Ceremonies, Bartender Extraordinary or Chef de Luxe in Clark's gay, amusing Party Apron. Strong, heavy-duty white cotton decorated cleverly in fade-proof red and black...modestly priced...at leading department stores.



W. L. M. CLARK, Inc.  
1900 ST. LOUIS AVE. • ST. LOUIS 6, MO.



## This Man's World

Continued from page 80

from the very hot Antilles sun.

Was Johnson knocked out by Willard? Or did he lay down to the white man, and why, and for how much? Arguments on both sides have been going on ever since the afternoon of April 5, 1915, when the fight took place.

I don't say that this story settles the controversies. But I'll give it to you as I heard it from Jimmy and then *you* make up your own mind.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston, Texas, in 1878. In 1910 he knocked out Jim Jeffries in Reno to become undisputed heavy-weight champion of the world. Shortly thereafter he was exiled from the United States. With all his fame, the person that Johnson loved

most in the world was his mother.

Word reached Johnson in Paris that his mother was ill in Galveston and might not live very much longer. He made frantic attempts to get back into the United States, but to no avail. But the match with Willard in Cuba was a step.

It brought him that much nearer to home. He was a very lonely, homesick colored man.

A few days before the fight in Havana, a deputation of "The Boys," came to see Johnson. They said: "We understand you'd like to get back home to see your mother."

Johnson's eyes began to shine. He said, "Ah certainly would give anything to get back to see her. She's mighty sick..."

So the boys put it up to him. They were "Big" boys and could talk like that. They told Johnson that if he left the ring the day of the fight no longer champion of the world, they would see that his difficulties with the law were fixed up and he would be allowed to return.

There was some trouble over the payment of the 30,000-dollar guarantee to Johnson. He was suspicious of a double cross and demanded the money be paid before he entered the ring. He was persuaded to go on with the fight with the understanding that the

Continued on page 156



Conservation and fashion notes in shoes with gabardine and leather uppers.



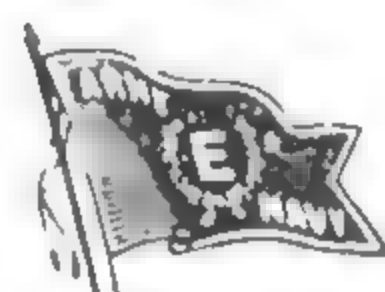
For the epicure and bon vivant, this pleasant mildly-mannered peppermint liqueur, snow-white in appearance, and quite exciting to the taste. It enhances its service to your guests by the optic loveliness of the sugar crystals, permanently spreading branch-wise within the liqueur. Simple to serve "neat" in a liqueur glass, or with ice cubes and sparkling water in a highball glass.

\* Twig is a registered and copyrighted brand. D. J. Bietzoff Products Co., Chicago, U. S. A. 60 Proof.

THIS PAIR  
OF SHORTS HAS  
KLIKITS.

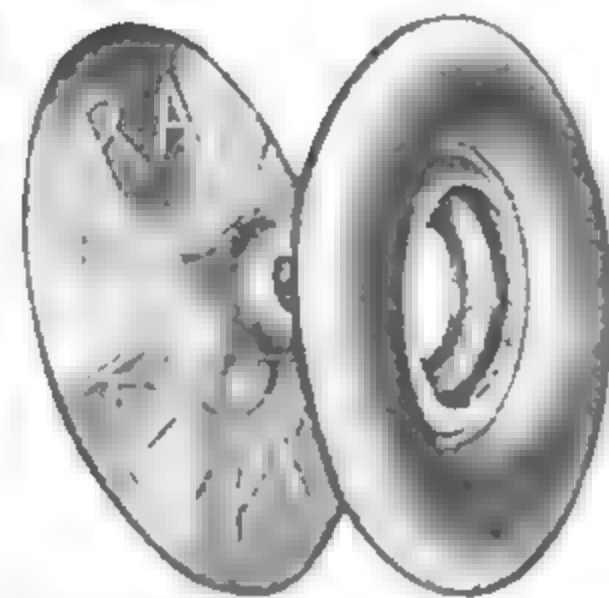
THIS PAIR  
OF SHORTS HAS  
NONE!

THE SHORTS  
WITH KLIKITS WILL  
BE FASTENED TIGHT  
WHEN THE OTHER PAIR'S  
DAY IS DONE!



YOU can depend on KLIKITS!

Their patented *floating spring* construction makes them completely reliable. They'll continue that snappy efficiency as many as 10,000 times of use.\* They come back from the laundry... the rubbing and tubbing... as good as new, because they're laundry-proof. No split metal, no wrecked fingers, no ruined tempers! The responding snap tells you they're fastened securely. That's KLIKITS!



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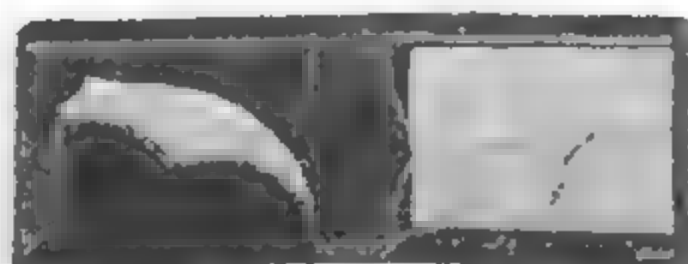
**Put America's No. 1 Gift  
Into America's No. 2 Gift  
and Give Them Together!**

Tuck War Bonds or Stamps Into  
a MEEKER Double-Duty Billfold

This combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case is stylish, trim, compact — yet has a place for everything. Pass Case alone, holds 8 passes, cards, snapshots, etc. Remove Pass Case — and there's a sleek, thin billfold.

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MEEKER-MAID Billfolds for Women  
This beautiful creation has bill compartment, coin purse, and space for cards. Several stunning color combinations.



**Hollycourt**

*The Miracle Pipe — It Stays Dry*

**HAS GONE TO WAR....**

We're sorry your requests for Hollycourt Pre-Smoked Pipes can't be filled today... But Hollycourt, the pipe with *the patented groove in the bottom of the bowl*, will be back.

That's a promise.

FASHIONED BY M. LINKMAN & CO., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

**This Man's  
World**

Continued from pages 80-155

money was to be given to his white wife.

During the twenty-fifth round of the fight Johnson's wife came down to the ringside and waved to him, the signal that the money had been paid.

In the twenty-sixth round Johnson was counted out.

After the fight, Jimmy Johnson went around to see Jack. He asked him: "Jack, did you lay down?" He could ask him because they were friends.

Jack Johnson didn't say yes and he didn't say no. Instead, he told Jimmy of the promise that had been made to him and said, "What would you do, Mr. Johnson? Supposing you loved your mother and she was sick and goin' to die and they promised you if'n you wasn't champion any more they'd fix it so you could go back to see her. What would you do?"

So then The Boys double-crossed Li'l Artha, as Tad used to call him, because when he went around to find them the next day and remind them of what they had promised they would do for him, they had simply vanished from Havana. None of them could be found. Eventually he managed to get back into the United States again, but by that time his mother had died. Jack Johnson never saw her again.

So that's the story. I'd never heard it before. I'm not saying that's the way it was; I'm just telling you what Jimmy told me Jack Johnson told him.

A lot of people have speculated on what Jack Johnson was thinking about, lying there on his back that afternoon and shielding his eyes from the sun. There's no harm in speculating. Might have been he was thinking about walking into a shack down near the Galveston docks and seeing the dim eyes of an old, sick Negro woman light up as he picked her up in his arms and said, "Hello, Mammy—I'm back..."

*The Pretty Boys*

The other night I ran into an Afrikaner, a chap from Johannesburg, who had flown warplanes for England and been through the worst of it, including Dunkirk. He was a settled man of forty.

We tinkled the ice in our high-ball glasses and got to talking about the London we had known in the days shortly before the war.

He said, "Do you remember the boys of the Berkeley Buttery? The ones with the slightly over-accentuated pin stripe in their suits and the hair worn just a little too long in back?"

I remembered them and I remembered the Buttery, the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Berkeley just off Piccadilly, done all in red leather and chrome. They were the pink-cheeked boys with the curly hair, the languid cigarette



From "somewhere in Italy" comes this letter — so typical of thousands pouring in from our fighting men:

"Owned a Harley-Davidson before this war came along and since I've been in the Service I've put plenty of rugged miles on one of your 45's. Am certainly convinced of their dependability in all kinds of terrain and weather. Am looking forward to the day I can again own my own cycle... I sure miss the races and other events."

—Pic. P. E. T.

Every letter tells of that same longing for motorcycling days to come — and they can't come too soon for most of the fellows. More reason than ever to Buy More War Bonds. Make sure of having your own Harley-Davidson after Victory.

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Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON**  
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Tomorrow, know the shaving luxury you've always yearned for... a new kind of shave—a fast once-over that leaves your face perfectly smooth and perfectly comfortable. Every Personna blade seems perfect—incredibly keen and true in both its leather-stropped edges, incredibly comfortable in the speed and smoothness with which it shaves you, day after day..."

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Swedish high-carbon steel... hollow ground and leather stropped to a precision edge. Mercilessly inspected 17 times.

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holders and the handkerchiefs up their sleeves, who came to the Buttery regularly at five in the afternoon, or the bar at the Ritz, or the Mayfair, with their girls.

Oh, yes, they had girls. They weren't peculiar in that sense. They were just rich, sappy-looking, utterly useless hothouse blooms, the pretty boys who had never done a lick of work in their lives, parasitic extroverts living off the fat of the land. London was full of them. They never appeared before five in the afternoon. At eight they vanished for an hour to reappear uniformed in white tie, top hat and tails to dance and drink the damp nights through.

I said, "Yes, I remember them. They used to give me the creeps. Why do you ask?"

The Afrikander studied his drink a moment and then had some. His eyes had the shine in them that you will get to know better when our own kids begin to come back home, the glow that is in men's eyes who have looked upon brave and gallant deeds.

He said simply: "They won the Battle of Britain. They were the ones sitting in those early Spitfires who went up and had it out for keeps. All the pretty boys. They flew Jerry right into hell and went along with him to see that he stayed there. Nearly all of them are dead now...."

The Afrikander held his drink up to the light and squinted at it. He said, "They were all that was left of the line of England's former greatness. They were soft and rotten and decadent. It was their last hour. The war caught them at the brink and yanked them back before it was too late.

"By God," continued the Afrikander, "the blood was in 'em. They won the Battle of Britain.

They wore their hair too long and shifted their handkerchiefs to their tunic sleeves, but they were the ones who flew the Spits and the Hurricanes to Hellangone. They saved England."

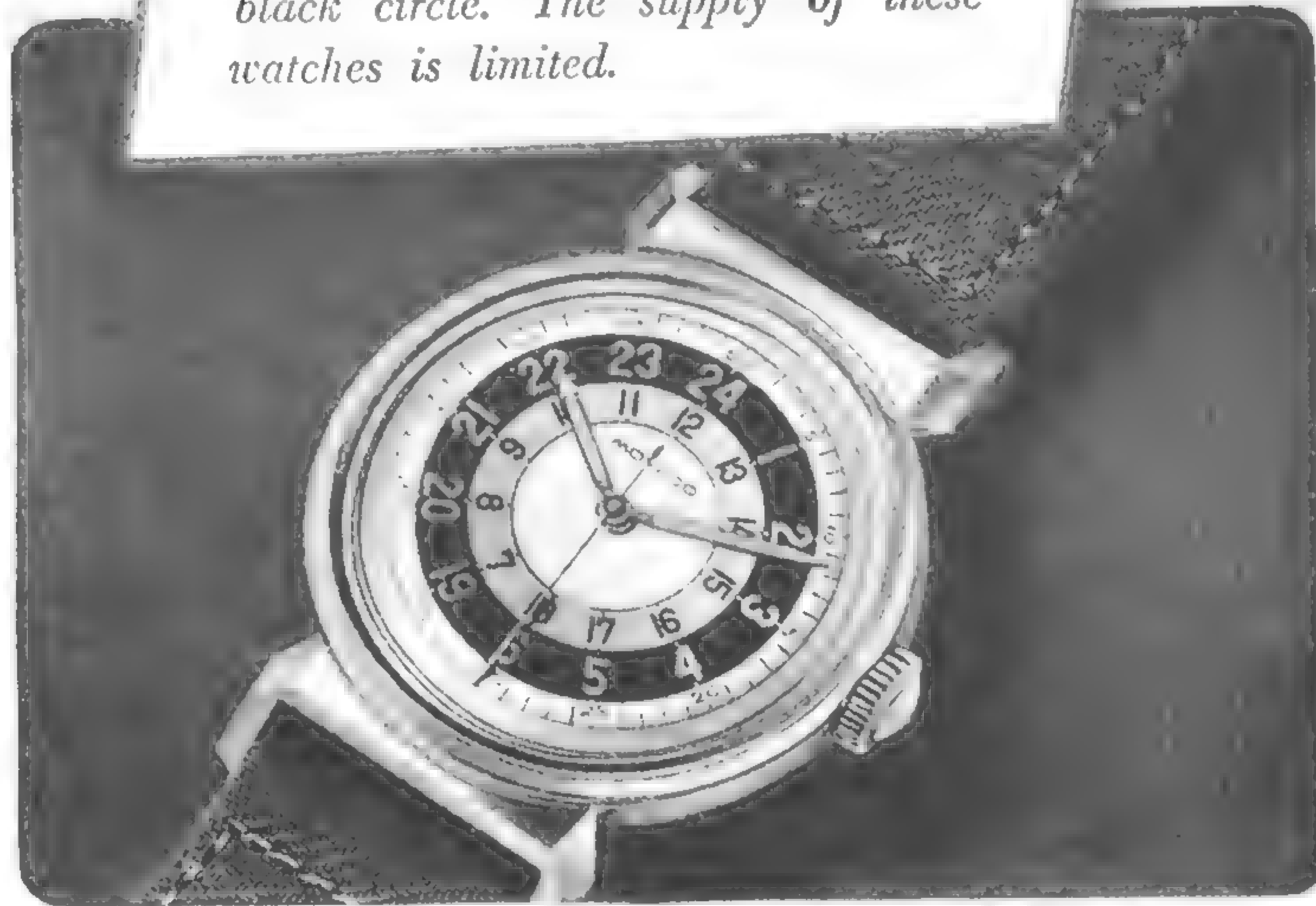
He raised his glass slightly. "To the pretty boys...."

We drank. ##



## MOVADO ASTRONIC

*The new watertight 24-hour watch, made with Movado's characteristic precision and sturdiness. Day time hours are shown in black on gilded circle—night hours in radiolite on black circle. The supply of these watches is limited.*



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Dry clean it if you will

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Blinding reflected sunlight often makes a mystery of many scenes even though ordinary sun glasses are worn. Glare obscures details, blurs vision, tires eyes.

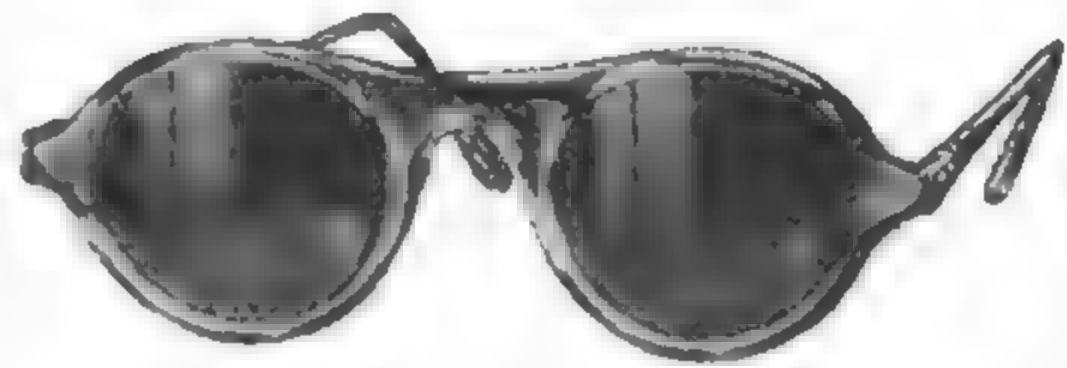
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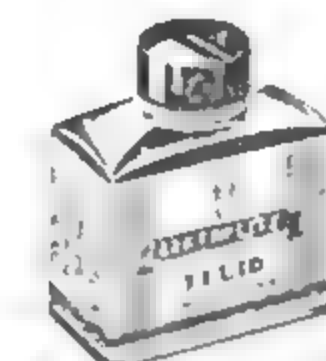
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*Needs*

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NO TAMPERING**

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\*Reprints of letters we have received from service men overseas are available on request.



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IT'S THE FIGHTER'S LIGHTER  
TODAY.. YOURS TOMORROW

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# The "E" for Baseball

Back to Class E or sandlot teams to pump fresh blood into anemic major leagues

by REIDAR LUND  
• SPORTS •



"He just got cookies from home"

WHAT to do about baseball has the game's post-war planners scratching their noggins. Nobody yet has had gumption enough to suggest some pruning in the upper branches of baseball's family tree. It is agreed only that the trouble lies in the roots of the national pastime.

Apparently the answer to the problem is Class E league baseball. Class E baseball has been a part of organized baseball's family for six or seven years. Properly promoted, Class E leagues will give baseball back to the people where it belongs; it will give the game a talent proving ground it never has had before; it will open the gates of opportunity to every kid in America who wants to be a big league ballplayer. Class E league baseball will give the smaller circuits a barrel into which they can dip for talent.

Class E league baseball was born in 1937 at a meeting of the minor leagues in Milwaukee. It was fathered by Judge W. G. Bramham, president of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues, incidentally, with the idea of developing talent and with the probable purpose of strangling some independent circuits, sponsored by industrial plants for advertising purposes. At the Milwaukee meeting, representatives of the minor leagues in the South demanded that something be done to remove this so-called menace to Class C and D clubs in the Southern states.

Previous to the meeting in Milwaukee, the late Mike Sexton, former president of the National Association, had recommended a classification below Class D at the convention at Catalina Island in 1926. He repeated these suggestions at Dallas in 1927 and again in 1930, but it was not until the Milwaukee meeting that any action was taken.

One provision in the Class E setup frightened away the victims it was intended to tangle in its meshes. That provision stipulated that no Class E team would be allowed more than one player

(the manager) with more than forty-five days of previous experience in organized baseball. Industrial circuits were invited to join organized baseball as members of Class E leagues, but Class E ball would be novice ball. The industrial boys weren't interested.

But when the war came, Judge Bramham yanked the Class E plan out of the closet, moderated the "one experienced player" rule and permitted more than one club in each city. Yet only one minor league club owner in the country took the waif to his heart. Frank Wade, owner of the Duluth Dukes in the Northern league, sold the idea to others in Duluth and Superior, and on Memorial Day, 1943, the first Class E league in history made its debut. The four-club circuit lasted until July 13 and then, failing to get help from the National Association, folded up. Wade, however, had seen enough to be convinced that it could be done. At the annual winter meeting in December, 1943, he sold the idea, to a degree.

Here are his proposals for Class E league baseball:

That the minimum salary limit be removed. (No other baseball league has a minimum limit.)

That the maximum be kept at 750 dollars per month per club.

That the minimum number of games be set at one per week per club.

That all restrictions as to class and experience of players be removed except that players be free agents and in good standing in organized baseball, with none to be used unless permission first is obtained from the National Association.

That all contracts be signed and handled by the league president. This would concentrate and minimize the clerical work for the National Association and the league's several clubs.

That each club designate an official statistician.

That the schedule of games must cover a period of not less than 12 weeks.

That each league deposit a guarantee fund with the National Association of 100 dollars to be in lieu of a salary guarantee as now required.

Make these changes in the present Class E framework, Wade says, and baseball will soon have the greatest talent laboratory it ever has known. #

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